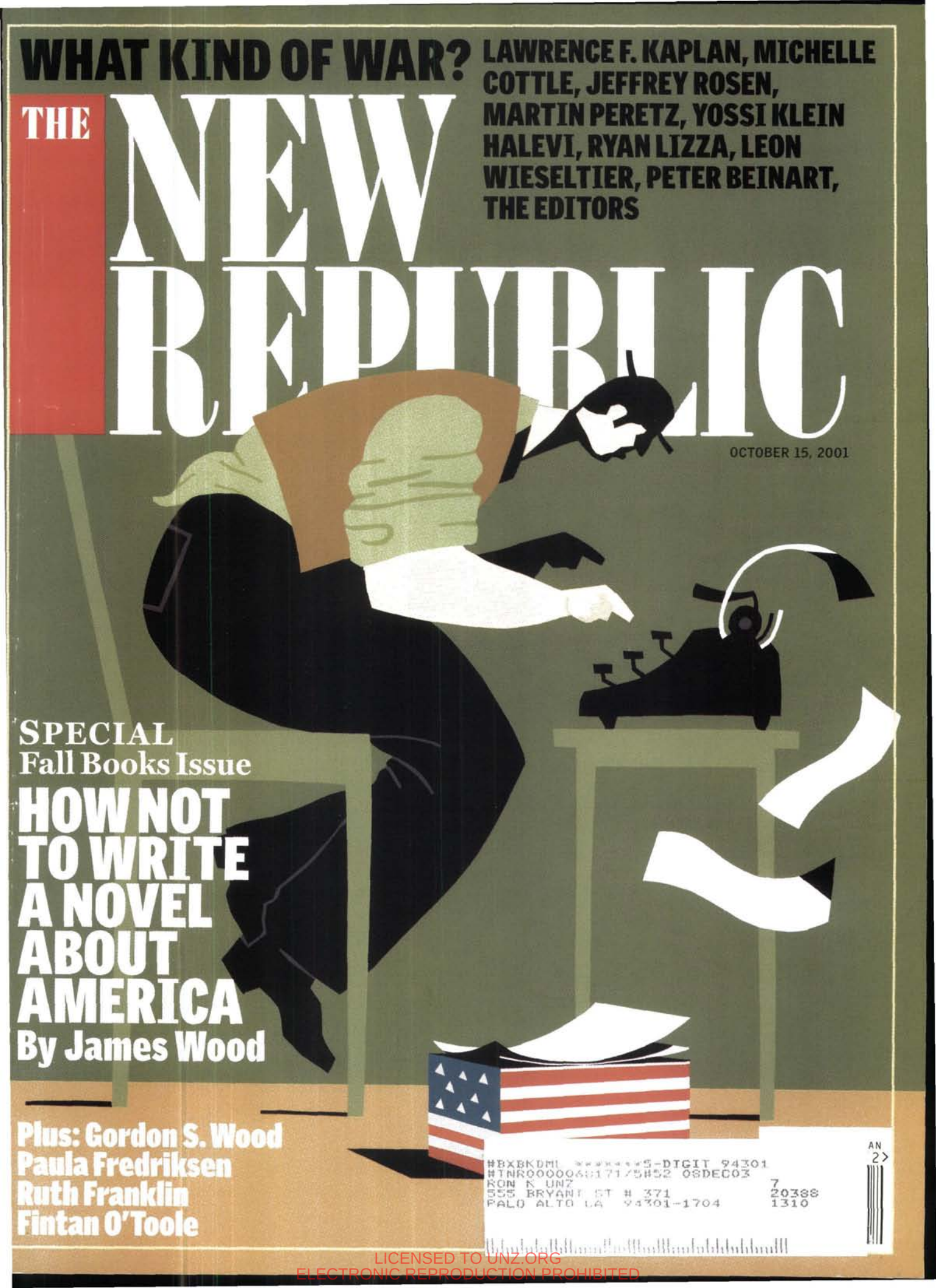
WHAT KIND OF WAR?

LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN, MICHELLE COTTLE, JEFFREY ROSEN, MARTIN PERETZ, YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI, RYAN LIZZA, LEON WIESELTIER, PETER BEINART, THE EDITORS

THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 15, 2001



SPECIAL
Fall Books Issue

HOW NOT TO WRITE A NOVEL ABOUT AMERICA

By James Wood

Plus: Gordon S. Wood
Paula Fredriksen
Ruth Franklin
Fintan O'Toole

#BXBKDML ********5-DIGIT 94301
#INR0000048171/5#52 08DEC03
RON K UNZ 7
555 BRYANT ST # 371 20388
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704 1310

AN 2>

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fannie Mae **helps save** home buyers as much as $30,000 over the life of their loans.

©2001, Fannie Mae. All rights reserved. The house logo is a registered mark of Fannie Mae.

(That allows the Lee family to move into their first home, and start **saving money** for their firstborn.)

Families have a lot of plans and dreams for their money. And buying a home is a big one on the list.

So at Fannie Mae, we're dedicating our energy toward lowering mortgage costs so that more families can afford homeownership and still have some money left for other important things in life.

And we're succeeding. For example, we help lenders offer mortgages to home buyers that save them as much as $30,000 over the life of a 30-year fixed-rate conventional loan.

And our investment in technology for the mortgage industry, such as Desktop Underwriter,® is helping lenders reduce origination costs by as much as $1,400 per loan.

Savings like that add up. And that's important to us because there are a lot of families out there with big plans and big dreams. And fortunately, now they are affordable dreams.

FannieMae
www.fanniemae.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts

WASHINGTON, D.C.
OCTOBER 15, 2001
ISSUE 4,526

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND CHAIRMAN
MARTIN PERETZ

[redacted]
EDITOR
PETER BEINART
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Executive Editor
CHRISTOPHER ORR
Senior Editors
JONATHAN CHAIT, JONATHAN COHN, MICHELLE COTTLE, GREGG EASTERBROOK, JOHN B. JUDIS, LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN, ANDREW SULLIVAN, JAMES WOOD
Legal Affairs JEFFREY ROSEN
Managing Editor SARAH BLUSTAIN
Assistant Managing Editor AMANDA FAZZONE
Films: STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater: ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry: CHARLES WRIGHT
Art: JED PERL
Architecture: MARTIN FILLER
The New Republic Online
MARTIN EDLUND, ARI GERSEN, DANIEL HALPERN, BARBARA KOPELOFF, JEREMY MCCARTER, AARON PAGE
New Republic Books (BASIC BOOKS)
VANESSA MOBLEY
Contributing Editors
FOUAD AJAMI, AKHIL REED AMAR, PETER BERKOWITZ, PAUL BERMAN, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN, NATHAN GLAZER, ANTHONY GRAFTON, DAVID GRANN, YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI, ANN HULBERT, TONY JUDT, ROBERT KAGAN, MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, SHERWIN B. NULAND, DAVID RIEFF, MAGGIE SCARF, LEE SIEGEL, RONALD STEEL, CASS R. SUNSTEIN, MARGARET TALBOT, E.V. THAW, HELEN VENDLER, MICHAEL WALZER, SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE, ROBERT WRIGHT
Contributing Artists
JACK COUGHLIN, VINT LAWRENCE, DAVID SCHORR, TOM TOLES
Special Correspondent ANNA HUSARSKA
Associate Editors
MICHAEL CROWLEY, FRANKLIN FOER, RYAN LIZZA, JASON ZENGERLE
Associate Literary Editor RUTH FRANKLIN
Art Direction JOE HEROUN/H2C
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Information-Technology and Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE
Production Manager HENRY RIGGS
Assistant Editors
NOAM SCHEIBER, BENJAMIN SOSKIS, SARAH WILDMAN, SACHA ZIMMERMAN
Assistant to the Editor ASHER PRICE
Assistant Literary Editor ERIN LEIB
Assistant Poetry Editor MELANIE REHAK
Reporter-Researchers
JULIE BOSMAN, DAVINA COHEN, REIHAN SALAM

[redacted]
President
ANDREW MCCOLOUGH
Publisher
STEPHANIE SANDBERG
General Manager
ANNETTE POCICA

ADVERTISING SALES AND MARKETING
Director of Advertising, West
JOAN STAPLETON TOOLEY
Directors of Advertising, New York
DAVID NUDO, TIM WHITING
Marketing Director SARA ZYSKOWSKI
Associate Advertising Manager ANN ROSSAKI
Marketing Assistant ETHAN FISCHER

CONSUMER MARKETING
Consumer Marketing Director
HOPE ROBERTS
Consumer Marketing Manager
KELLY SPRING
Assistant Consumer Marketing Manager
SARA DEGRAEVE

FINANCE AND ADMINISTRATION
Controller GWYNETH ASDORIAN
Accounting Assistant VANESSA WILSON
Accounts Payable Coordinator ALITIA NEBLETT
Assistant to the Publisher TOBY SKLUTE

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Not forgiving Joschka Fischer, &c.

6 **PETER BEINART** TRB: WARTIME LIES Why Russia's war on terrorism isn't ours.

9 **THE EDITORS** WAR GAMES Is Bush going wobbly?

10 **NOTEBOOK** Idiocy Watch continues, &c.

12 **JEFFREY ROSEN** TAPPED OUT A terrorism bill that's not about terrorism.

14 **RYAN LIZZA** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: SPIN-OFF How not to flak a war.

18 **YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI** JERUSALEM DISPATCH: HOLY TERROR Praying for protection.

20 **MARTIN PERETZ** ENTRY LEVEL Can we stop terrorists from becoming Americans?

24 **MICHELLE COTTLE** EASTERN UNION How an ancient South Asian financial institution you've never heard of could sink the war on terrorism.

28 **LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN** DOVE TALES Ten years ago, Colin Powell trounced his administration rivals and emasculated America's war effort in order to preserve an international coalition and make sure an evil regime remained in power. Sound familiar?

30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: PARIS AND REALITY Agreeable acting can't help the muddled *Va Savoir*; *In Search of Peace, Part I* takes a clear, if abridged, look at Israel's history.

32 **JAMES WOOD** ABHORRING A VACUUM *The Corrections* by Jonathan Franzen

40 **GORDON S. WOOD** THE STATIST *Alexander Hamilton: Writings* edited by Joanne B. Freeman

48 **PAULA FREDRIKSEN** WHO HE WAS *The Changing Faces of Jesus* by Geza Vermes; *Providential Accidents: An Autobiography* by Geza Vermes

54 **RUTH FRANKLIN** IMMORALITY PLAY *Flights of Love* by Bernhard Schlink

58 **JACQUELINE OSHEROW** POEM *Camouflage (Useless Bay, Whidbey Island)*

61 **FINTAN O'TOOLE** TRYING NOT TO AWAKE *Irish Classics* by Declan Kiberd

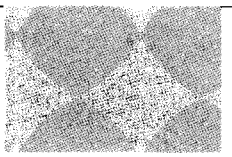
66 **LEON WIESELTIER** WASHINGTON DIARIST: HEROES

[redacted]

On the Cover : Illustration by CRAIG FRAZIER
On the Web : www.thenewrepublic.com

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 225, Number 16, Issue 4,526, October 15, 2001. (Printed in the United States on October 3, 2001.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 1 & 8, April 9 & 16, July 9 & 16, August 27 & September 3, 2001 and December 31, 2001 & January 7, 2002) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. For advertising inquiries, please contact Ann Rossaki at (202) 331-7494 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $59.94; foreign, $99.94 (U.S. funds); Canada, $79.94 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $4.00 (includes postage & handling). **© 2001 by The New Republic, Inc.** **(ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 331-0275. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue, and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: tnr@aol.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call 1-800-827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEW REPUBLIC ON

PRIVACY

LIBERTY/SECURITY

Please join *The New Republic* for a discussion on Privacy

Thursday, October 18, 2001
6:30 pm
National Press Club
429 14th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Moderated by
New Republic Editor
Peter Beinart

Panel in formation.
Confirmed panelists include:

Jeffrey Rosen, *New Republic*
Legal Affairs Editor

Marc Rotenberg,
Executive Director,
Electronic Privacy
Information Center

RSVP 202-331-7494 ext. 3501

SPONSORED BY:

EarthLink

CORRESPONDENCE

Passion play

TO THE EDITORS:

I am pleased to learn that Joschka Fischer has grown up ("The Passion of Joschka Fischer," by Paul Berman, August 27 & September 3). But his delayed entrance into political maturity neither expunges nor excuses the blunders and crimes of his prolonged youth. By Berman's own account, Fischer joined with anti-Semites, consorted with homicidal terrorists, and more. He feared Western democracies as the continuation of Nazism and acknowledged no moral distinction between the United States and the Soviet Union. These were terrible mistakes, recognizable as such at the time. Fischer took a full decade longer than many other New Leftists to see them for what they were. And he has paid no price for all this—not now, not ever.

Berman's article is a vivid piece of historical reconstruction. But in the end, he would have us believe that Fischer's "idealism" somehow rights all wrongs. This is Berman's ultimate defense of the "'68ers." It cannot go unchallenged. Idealism does not excuse brutality, paranoia, and moral blindness. Nor does youth. To understand all is not to pardon all. I am astonished that THE NEW REPUBLIC has lent itself to this sophisticated exercise in moral evasion.

WILLIAM A. GALSTON
Professor
School of Public Affairs
Director
Institute for Philosophy and Public Policy
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

TO THE EDITORS:

Berman's excellent essay on the evolution of Joschka Fischer grasps the core moral, intellectual, and political issues of the West German New Left with eloquence, clarity, and keen political and moral judgment. It is a tour de force. Berman is very much on the mark in stressing the crucial significance of the 1976 hijacking of an Air France plane to Entebbe, the separation of Jewish and non-Jewish passengers by West German terrorists, and the Israeli commando raid. When I was in Frankfurt in 1978-79 doing doctoral research, passions were still raw and intense in the cafés, seminars, and local newspapers of the left-wing scene.

Fischer and other veterans of the New Left were indeed shocked; but there were others, Jews in Germany and their friends, who drove the point home: The historian Dan Diner; museum administrator Cilly Kugelmann; sociologist and future Green

Israel Defends Itself THE EDITORS
THE NEW REPUBLIC
George W. Spins His Vacation RYAN LIZZA
Robert Johnson Exploits His Race JONATHAN CHAIT
THE PASSION OF JOSCHKA FISCHER
THE SURPRISING ORIGINS OF LIBERAL INTERVENTIONISM
By PAUL BERMAN

politician Micha Brumlik; and the social theorist and historian Detlev Claussen, a non-Jewish former student of Theodor Adorno, all fought a very persistent fight to point out the moral absurdity and leftist anti-Semitism that reached their horrific conclusion in Entebbe. These contributors to *Babylon*, a journal of political commentary that gave voice to a particular moment of German and Jewish consciousness, played a key role in helping to forge, perhaps against their initial expectations and intentions, a fervent German left-liberalism. As Berman points out, Fischer emerged out of the Frankfurt cauldron of the 1970s and did so with a sensitivity to the burdens of German history after Auschwitz that had come from outside the radical left in the persons of Kurt Schumacher, Theodor Heuss, and Willy Brandt. The debate over Jewish questions within the left, suppressed in Communist East Germany in the anti-cosmopolitan purge of the early 1950s, was reopened in the Federal Republic of the '60s and '70s. Berman's careful and shrewd assessments are an occasion to reflect more on this moment when some West German New Leftists faced Jewish questions and Jewish friends and colleagues, after which most of them walked a winding path to the post-leftist liberalism expressed by the foreign ministry of Joschka Fischer.

JEFFREY HERF
Professor
Department of History
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

Continental divide

TO THE EDITORS:

In the early 1960s I went from my small Minnesota town to an East Coast summer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school where I became friends with a "New York Liberal Jew," as he called himself. One of the things we would talk about was the puzzling fact that our two entirely dissimilar home states were the two main strongholds of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party ("Mittel Way," by Peter Beinart, August 27 & September 3). We weren't able to come up with the answer then, but I believe I have found it: It's the absence of a significant "British-American" demographic. According to the 1990 census, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota (together with neighboring Iowa, Nebraska, and Montana) include the vast majority of the counties within which the British demographic (English, Welsh, Scottish, and Scotch-Irish) is less than 10 percent.

As Beinart points out, the Midwest is heavily German, but it is also heavily Scandinavian. In terms of Beinart's argument, my theory would explain why Kansas, which does have a very significant German population, is so sympathetic to the religious right: It has much more British influence than do the other states. Much the same might be said for Ohio and perhaps even Michigan and Indiana, in all of which the German/Scandinavian influence is balanced by a strong British influence.

JOHN EMERSON
Portland, Oregon

Burned

TO THE EDITORS:

In his review of my collection, *Rorty and His Critics* ("The Professor of Complacence," August 20), Simon Blackburn offers as evidence of what he takes to be Rorty's characteristic irresponsibility his openness to my suggestion that the moral significance of physical pain is not intrinsic, but a consequence of the way it interferes with our capacity to conduct our lives discursively. Blackburn figures that such an "inhumane" view could only be held by someone who does not sufficiently appreciate the experiential dreadfulness of pain. Now I do think pain is awful, and I certainly try to avoid it. I think lots of other things are awful, too—the designated hitter rule, purebred dogs, and eating the bodies of recently deceased relatives. But I'm not at all sure that the wrongness in question is moral wrongness, and introspection seems the wrong way to try to settle the issue. He further describes the displacement of pain from the center stage of moral theory as suspicious because it is a "really original idea" in moral theory. But that merely betrays an unduly parochial perspective. Neither traditional Christian religious thought nor Kantian moral philosophy treats physical pain—or, for that matter, any sensuous inclinations or preferences—as having intrinsic moral significance. We may all be wrong about that (and inhumane to boot), but one cannot show that by putting one's hand on a hot stove.

ROBERT B. BRANDOM
Distinguished Service Professor
Philosophy Department
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Please address letters to Correspondence, The New Republic, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20036 (letters may also be sent electronically to tnr@aol.com). All letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be fewer than 200 words. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please do not send letters via fax.

BARNES & NOBLE COLLEGE BOOKSTORES

Barnes & Noble 18th Street
212.807.0099

Barnes & Noble at Boston University
617.267.8484

Columbia University
212.854.4131

University of Chicago
773.702.8729

The Harvard Coop
617.499.2000

College of William & Mary
757.253.4900

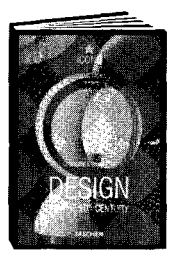
Southern Methodist University Bookstore
214.768.2435

University of Pennsylvania
215.898.7595

Oberlin College Bookstore
440.774.7722

* Prices good through 11.15.01

Icons of Art



ICONS Design of the 20th Century
by Charlotte Fiell, Peter Fiell

This incredibly detailed book displays the most important and memorable artistic works of the 20th century. From textiles and furniture to graphics, electronics, and appliances all types of design are included and listed alphabetically by designer.
*(Taschen) softcover, 20% discounted price: $7.99**

ICONS Classic Rock Covers
by Michael Ochs

The best 50's to 90's rock album covers have been compiled by music archivist, disc jockey, journalist, and ex–record publicity executive Michael Ochs. This book is a perfect journey down memory lane and an excellent study in the evolution of album cover art. This under–appreciated art form deserves your viewing.
*price: $7.99**

ICONS Atget's Paris
by Andreas Krase

Atget roamed the streets of turn-of-the-century Paris with a bulky large format camera, systematically cataloguing everything. His wonderfully atmospheric photos of Paris, from parks and buildings to workers, prostitutes, and door handles, are pure magic to view. This volume contains a selection of Atget's best photographs. A wonderful starting point to view his work.
*(Taschen) softcover, 20% discounted price: $7.99**

The Finest Books. The Greatest Minds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Wartime Lies

THE WAR AGAINST terrorism is still in its infancy, but it has already claimed at least one casualty: the West's conscience about Chechnya. When the Bush administration called on Moscow for assistance in the days after the World Trade Center attacks, the Russians said they were already on the case. In fact, they explained, they have been battling terrorists for years. And they would gladly support America's new war as long as America backed Russia's old one: in Chechnya. "The war on terrorism has been Russia's priority for years," explained Yevgeny Kozhokin, head of the Kremlin-funded Institute for Strategic Research. "Now that the U.S. sees what we've been facing, perhaps they'll understand us better."

And, indeed, America and its NATO allies have understood Russia's position on Chechnya a lot "better" since September 11. German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder explained last week that the West would "reevaluate" its position on the war. A top official in Schroeder's party put it more bluntly, telling *The New York Times*, "Silence on Chechnya is the price for this new solidarity." As if on cue, President Bush the next day said, "To the extent that there are terrorists in Chechnya, Arab terrorists associated with the Al Qaeda organization, I believe they ought to be brought to justice."

In short, we're selling out Chechnya. And tactically we probably don't have any choice. The people who killed 6,000 Americans must be punished. To punish them, we need Russia's military bases and Russia's military intelligence. And unless the Bushies hold their tongues about the most brutal war on the European continent, they won't get it. It's that simple.

But intellectually we have a very important choice. Vladimir Putin badly wants Americans to believe, as he put it, "We have a common foe." And suddenly many Americans are inclined to agree. They shouldn't. Morally, America's war on terrorism and Russia's war on "terrorism" are night and day. And if we conflate the two, our struggle against the perpetrators of September 11 will not only fail, it will deserve to fail.

The war in Chechnya has, from the beginning, been about one thing: nationalism. At the end of Gorbachev, the Soviet Empire was peeling away like an onion. Eastern-bloc satellites like Poland and Hungary were breaking free. Non-Russian territories within the USSR—such as Lithuania, Ukraine, and Kazakhstan—were doing the same. And so several ethnically distinct territories within Russia itself—like Chechnya—followed suit. Chechnya's leaders were inspired by the independence movements in the Baltics. And Chechnya's people—hundreds of thousands of whom were deported to Central Asia by Stalin—viscerally distrusted Russia. And so in November 1990, a thousand Chechens convened a national Congress and declared their homeland independent.

The declaration wasn't entirely serious. Even after the Chechens elected a president and a parliament in 1991, they still used Russian currency and Soviet passports. Chechnya still competed in the Russian soccer league. Tatarstan, which also declared independence, eventually agreed to stay within the Russian federation in return for political and economic autonomy. And there is evidence that the Chechen leadership might have accepted something similar. But Chechnya's erratic and authoritarian president, Jokhar Dudayev, repeatedly insulted Boris Yeltsin. And, as time passed without a deal, hard-line nationalists replaced reformers within Yeltsin's inner circle. After chauvinist demagogue Vladimir Zhirinovsky's stunning success in Russia's 1994 parliamentary elections, Yeltsin decided that a showdown with Chechnya would help his reelection chances in 1996. And so, in December 1994, Moscow invaded—initiating a hideous war that ended in stalemate two years later.

What does all this have to do with Osama bin Laden? Not a lot. The Kremlin calls the Chechen rebellion a fundamentalist jihad. But in their excellent book *Chechnya: Calamity in the Caucasus*, Carlotta Gall and Thomas de Waal write that "Islam was not a big factor in the 1991 nationalist movement." In fact, at the time of independence, they found in the Chechen capital of Grozny a grand total of one shariat court—manned by an Islamic judge who smoked Marlboros.

It's true that as the years passed, religious zealotry gained a foothold. By 1996 Russia's assault had left barely a building standing in Grozny. And conditions deteriorated even further after 1999, when Putin—facing an election campaign himself—whipped up nationalist support by invading Chechnya once again. The two wars have made roughly half of Chechnya's population refugees or homeless. And this summer, even the commander of Russian forces in the area admitted that his troops had committed "widespread crimes" against civilians. So it's not surprising that, as they have all over the world, Islamic zealots exploited the chaos and hatred. In particular, fundamentalists beyond the control of Chechnya's elected president launched raids into neighboring Dagestan. (They may have blown up buildings in Moscow as well, although many Russian liberals think they were framed.)

Putin has seized on this to portray the rebellion as the work of outsiders. Moscow has suggested that Arabs constitute as much as 70 percent of the guerrillas fighting in Chechnya. But that's absurd. American intelligence recently estimated that the war involves no more than several hundred Arab militants. In July of last year, *The Economist* noted that of the thousands of Chechens captured during the war, Russia had produced a grand total of four foreigners. As Sergei Grigoryants, head of the Russian human rights foundation Glasnost, puts it, "There may be terrorists in Chechnya, but to say the 10-year-old Chechen rebellion is an expression of Islamic terrorism is fundamentally wrong."

And until the World Trade Center fell, the United States understood that it was fundamentally wrong. "We know," said a Bush official last week, "that Al Qaeda has exploited the war in Chechnya, [and] may have even helped to provoke it." But they seem not to have known it before September 11, because as the *Times* pointed out, the administration had never before said anything of the sort. Indeed, during the campaign, George W. Bush considered Russia's Chechen war so indefensible that he demanded that international aid be withheld in protest.

What was true then is true now: The idea that Russia—which is helping Iran build a nuclear reactor—is seriously concerned about international terrorism is laughable. Russia's leaders are concerned about their survival, and since they have nothing genuine to offer their people, war is their best way to guarantee it. So they have resuscitated old cultural and religious hatreds and sent them into battle. America may have to temporarily lower its voice about the Chechen war, but eventually, it must raise it again. Because Russia's war in Chechnya is premised on a lie that America's war on terrorism must at all costs avoid: that every Muslim who takes up arms for his homeland is Osama bin Laden. It wasn't true in Bosnia. It wasn't true in Kosovo. And it isn't true in Chechnya, no matter what Vladimir Putin and George W. Bush say.

PETER BEINART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freddie Mac was created so more people can own homes. It's working.

1970 was an expensive year to buy a home. Mortgage rates were relatively high. And mortgage loans were far too costly. Congress looked for ways to improve the system. And Freddie Mac was born.

Freddie Mac, Congress envisioned, would increase the supply and decrease the cost of mortgage money by attracting mortgage funds from many new investors. It would pass the savings on to homebuyers in the form of lower interest rates. It would build a steady, reliable pipeline of mortgage money from Wall Street to Main Street. And it wouldn't cost the taxpayer a dime.

Today, more families own homes than ever before. The supply of affordable mortgage funds is strong. And experts calculate that without Freddie Mac, those lucky enough to own a home would pay $30,000 more in interest over the life of a $250,000 mortgage.

The system, it seems, is working. It's working for you.

Freddie Mac

We Open Doors®

www.freddiemac.com

©2001 Freddie Mac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

A commentary on public education and other critical issues

Survival Lessons

By SANDRA FELDMAN, President
American Federation of Teachers

On September 11, some 8,000 children were at school in what Americans have come to know as "ground zero." Many of the children saw, from their classroom windows, the World Trade Center towers, which were part of their everyday landscape, swallowed up in flames. Within minutes, the children were plunged into darkness, breathing air thick with smoke and fear. But every single child escaped and was safely delivered to grateful parents; not one was lost. What saved them? The courageous and clear-headed actions of their teachers, principals, and other school staff.

These city schools are so close to the epicenter of the disaster that several are still being used as command posts for the police and firefighters (whose heroic work we can never praise enough). The teachers and principals and other staff in these schools had no preparation for dealing with a catastrophe of this magnitude. They reacted partly out of their instinct to protect their children and partly out of what they knew how to do as educators.

Over and over again, the teachers told us that, without the normal orderly routines of schools and the respect students had been taught to have for the adults and one another, the children could not have been evacuated safely. Teachers lined up the kids, got them to hold hands—even carried some of the littlest ones piggyback—and led the children to safety through falling debris and black smoke so thick that only the person directly ahead was visible. One teacher saw the plane hit the World Trade Center building right where he knew his brother worked. Yet he stayed with his colleagues and the students until every child was taken home. Then he started to search for his brother.

A community responds

Parents helped, too. Many were already there—for some of the youngest children, this was only their second day in school. Other parents from the neighborhood ran to the schools to see what they could do. One parent told us he had been a Marine platoon commander in Vietnam and he'd never seen anyone perform better than the principal and teachers of his child's school. Each of these schools responded the way schools across the country would—as a community.

None of this takes away from the grief we personally feel. We lost three teachers and three star students from Washington, D.C., on the plane that hit the Pentagon—they were on their way to an awards ceremony where the children were to collect prizes for essays they had written. Other union members and loved ones of members were among the innocent and brave who perished in the fiery collapse of the twin towers. But amid all this devastation, it's important to recognize the civility and humanity demonstrated by thousands of ordinary citizens.

America's future rests on what schools teach every day.

They came from every neighborhood to help in whatever way they could. Tourists wrote long letters of love and encouragement and posted them everywhere. And when daily life resumed—it would be difficult to call it "normal" because all Americans are forever marked by what happened—liberty never missed a beat. That is because democracy is so much a part of who and what we are.

A different world

We know that our lives and our world are changed, but whatever awaits us will not threaten this great republic. Americans will continue to find hope and inspiration in the individual acts of courage and heroism that we witnessed on September 11, and we will grow ever more appreciative of those American institutions and values that nourish us and make our nation a beacon of freedom and tolerance throughout the world. As we do this, it is worth remembering that our civic life and the development of our values rest heavily on our public schools. They are the centers of our communities; they safeguard our children and teach them not just to read and write and count and know about the world around them but also to respect others unlike themselves and to live by the rules a diverse democratic society imposes.

Yes, there is room for improvement in our schools, as in all our institutions, and we have to keep working at it. We must also count our blessings and, as we do so, give praise to the indomitable spirit of a city, to a nation that prizes its commitment to diversity, democracy, and tolerance; to a president who is working hard to lead his country in a terrible time; to a mayor who is having his finest hour; and to all the heroes who emerged in this disaster, including the teachers and principals and school staffs—not just those at ground zero but in all our public schools—who work every day to ensure America's future. ▮

Where We Stand **is published once every month in *The New Republic*.** **© Sandra Feldman 2001.** **To comment, write to Sandra Feldman, AFT, 555 New Jersey Ave. N.W., Washington, DC 20001. To see previous columns and access other resources, visit our web site at http://www.aft.org.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War Games

WHEN PRESIDENT BUSH declared war on terrorism just after September 11, he promised something very important: America would not merely punish the terrorists; it would punish the states that sponsor them. And so when Bush stood before Congress two weeks ago, he issued an explicit ultimatum to the Taliban, the medieval fanatics who harbor Osama bin Laden and his Al Qaeda terrorist network. "The Taliban must act, and act immediately," Bush vowed in his speech. They must "close immediately and permanently every terrorist training camp in Afghanistan and hand over every terrorist and every person in their support structure" or "share in their fate."

The Taliban, unsurprisingly, has not backed down. But there are signs that Bush may. With each additional invocation from a Bush surrogate, the "war on terrorism" seems to shrink in scope and moral purpose. "[M]ilitary force will be one of the many tools we use to stop individuals, groups and countries that engage in terrorism," Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld wrote in a *New York Times* op-ed last Thursday, "... [but] this is not a war against an individual, a group, a religion or a country." In recent days Secretary of State Colin Powell has gone further, questioning whether "we should even consider a large-scale war of the conventional type." In other words, we're not really fighting a war against states, using weapons and soldiers, so much as a metaphorical war—a "war-like" effort—in which military operations play a vastly reduced, largely complementary role.

Practically and morally, this is lunacy. The Bushies worry that a war on terrorism would prove messy and difficult. But a "war" on terrorism would be just as messy and difficult, and would hold out no chance of really solving the problem. Consider what would happen if we pursued bin Laden and his lieutenants simply as criminals. Because American officials have no jurisdiction in other sovereign countries, they would be at the mercy of foreign governments—governments that, in the past, have proved far from helpful in anti-terrorist efforts. The Saudis, for example, were notoriously resistant to our attempts to bring to justice the Khobar Towers murderers. The government of Yemen continues to impede our investigation into the attack on the USS *Cole*. Treating September 11 as a police rather than a military problem may actually give the United States not more room to maneuver, but less.

At various times, Rumsfeld has called on men and women dressed in "bankers' pinstripes" and "programmers' grunge" to wage the conflict against terrorism in the world's electronic databases. But while perfectly appropriate as a subsidiary measure, the cyber "war" will not be effective on its own. As Michelle Cottle explains this week ("Eastern Union," page 24), if you limit Al Qaeda's cash flow, it will simply find other ways to transfer money. In fact, Rumsfeld's suggestion that programmers and bankers can beat terrorism sounds like a relic of the globalization mania of the late 1990s—a refusal to recognize that the threats that September 11 brought home are not primarily technological and financial, they are political and military.

This is not to say that overthrowing the Taliban would be easy. But it would be far more effective. Lately Colin Powell has been implying that if Kabul hands over bin Laden, the United States will make peace with the regime. But that would probably keep bin Laden's infrastructure intact. Quite likely, some successor terrorist group would simply take Al Qaeda's place—utilizing the same camps with the same regime's quiet blessing. Were the Taliban replaced with a friendly government, however, international terrorism would lose its primary base of operations. Al Qaeda is almost completely reliant on the Taliban—for freedom to operate training camps, freedom to move across the border, and freedom to transport arms and other supplies. With the Taliban gone, those freedoms would disappear, and the United States could not only strike a blow against bin Laden, but also make sure his followers didn't rebuild his network.

But the problem with the Bush administration's new rhetoric is not only practical, it is moral; it threatens to undermine America's outrage and sense of purpose. The way Rumsfeld and Powell have been talking, the war on terrorism sounds like the war on drugs—a battle against a morally ambiguous, multi-causal plague directed at no particular nation. But the enemy today is not ambiguous, it is not abstract, we are not complicit in its evil, and it is not directed at "the international community"—it is directed at us. Which is why President Bush was right the first time: Fight the war on terrorism with guns. Go after both the terrorists and the regimes that protect them. And save the metaphors for the victory speech. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDIOCY WATCH, CONT'D: "In a war on Afghanistan, Osama bin Laden will either be left alive, while thousands of impoverished, frightened people are bombed into oblivion around him, or he will be killed in a bombing attack for which he seems quite prepared. But what would happen to his cool armor if he could be reminded of all the good, nonviolent things he has done? Further, what would happen to him if he could be brought to understand the preciousness of the lives he has destroyed? I firmly believe the only punishment that works is love."—Alice Walker, *The Village Voice*, October 9 issue

"I don't know how you wage war against one person; it doesn't make sense. I can imagine a commando-type raid to capture Bin Laden, then a trial, with evidence, before the world court. But that would not address the vast global inequalities in which terrorism is ultimately rooted. What is so heartbreaking to me as a feminist is that the strongest response to corporate globalization and U.S. military domination is based on such a violent and misogynist ideology." —Barbara Ehrenreich, *The Village Voice*, October 9 issue

"Force will get us nowhere. It is reparations that are owing, not retribution."—Vivian Gornick, *The Village Voice*, October 9 issue

"The attack on September 11 was certainly not about people hating our freedoms. It was purely in response to America's foreign policy; and it was primarily about our monetary and military support of Israel.... We cannot afford to be manipulated by powerful lobbies who owe their allegiance to Israel over that of America. You must also certainly recognize that the agenda of the Jewish-dominated news media can seriously conflict with the interests of the American people. I pray that you as our President will single-mindedly put the interests of the American people first, last and always."—"An Open Letter to the President of the United States," by David Duke, September 21

"We've been treated to some astonishingly vile images over the last two weeks: Office workers hurling themselves into a 100-floor-high abyss. A gaping, smoldering hole in the financial center of our greatest city. George W. Bush passing himself off as a patriot, even as he disassembles the Constitution with the voracious glee of piranha skeletonizing a cow.... It may have seemed meaningless at the time, but now we know why 7,000 people sacrificed their lives: So that we'd all forget how Bush stole a presidential election."—Cartoonist Ted Rall, Philadelphia *City Paper*, September 27

"Only the most enlightened society could evolve so highly as to put itself into a position to be held hostage by some lower, alien species.... Only could an enlightened society do something like inform a cockroach that it's sitting on top of oil—then drill it for him and pay him for it. Instead of doing what every other great power in history would have done and just conquering the cockroach and taking the oil, we set up diplomatic relations.... So what now? Retaliate? A more appropriate verb would be 'erase'.... Indeed, it seems our enemies are practically begging us to put them out of our misery. And we should heed their call—before the Islamic fundamentalists become indestructible and emerge as the only life form left to reign the earth after a nuclear holocaust. Them and the cockroaches."—Journalist and stand-up "comic" Julia Gorin, *Jewish World Review* (*www.jewishworldreview.com*), September 17

Idiocy Watch would like to thank *The Village Voice* for its

I NEED TO CHECK YOUR PURSE FOR SECURITY.
LET'S SEE... CREDIT CARD STATEMENT... BANK BOOK...
401(K) ACCOUNT... THIRD QUARTER STOCK STATEMENT... WOW, YOU ARE REALLY IN DEBT!
OKAY, YOU CAN GO SHOPPING NOW.
TOLES ©2001 THE NEW REPUBLIC
TRY NOT TO ACT INTIMIDATED —

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considerable contributions this week. An expanded version of Idiocy Watch may be found at THE NEW REPUBLIC ONLINE (*www.thenewrepublic.com*); readers are also invited to submit nominees for consideration to online@tnr.com.

OOPS! ... I DID IT AGAIN: When last we heard from Pat Robertson, he was falling all over himself to apologize—and with good reason. On September 13, just two days after the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks, Robertson invited fellow televangelist Jerry Falwell onto his Christian Broadcast Network show, "The 700 Club." During the now-infamous interview, Falwell said abortionists, feminists, gay rights groups, and the ACLU were partly to blame for the attacks because they had offended God—to which Robertson responded: "I totally concur." When the comments offended not just liberals but also many conservatives (including President Bush), Robertson quickly threw Falwell overboard, calling his fellow minister's comments "totally inappropriate" and claiming that he and the show's other hosts had "not fully understood" them. He continued backpedaling in a subsequent letter to newspaper editors, calling Falwell's remarks "intemperate and inappropriate." You might almost believe that it really had been an inadvertent slip—except what Robertson had said on the program, moments before Falwell's rant was, "We have insulted God at the highest levels of our government. And then we say 'Why does this happen?' " The "insults" he listed as causes for the attack (and later confirmed in a press release) tracked Falwell's closely: pornography, secularism, abortion, separation of church and state, etc. And while Robertson may have avoided this line of reasoning for a while following the Falwell controversy, he was back at it earlier this week. According to the Associated Press, Robertson promised an audience of about 1,000 people in Virginia Beach that "[t]he Lord is getting ready to shake this nation. We have not yet seen his judgment on America. ... This thing that happened in New York was child's play compared to what's going to happen." Robertson added that he stood by his earlier comments that God's wrath had been incurred by abortion and pornography. Better start writing those apology letters again.

ME, ME, ME (PART I): "Several people who know Mr. Clinton said he could not help but lament that he was not in the thick of the action.... A close friend of Mr. Clinton put it this way: 'He has said there has to be a defining moment in a presidency that really makes a great presidency. He didn't have one.' "—*The New York Times*, September 28

ME, ME, ME (PART II): "Oh I am well aware that [murderous anger] is out there. One of the most difficult experiences that I personally had in the White House was during the health-care debate, being the object of extraordinary rage. I remember being in Seattle. I was there to make a speech about health care. This was probably August of '94. Radio talk show hosts had urged their listeners to come out and yell and scream and carry on and prevent people from hearing me speak. There were threats that were coming in, and certain people didn't want me to speak, and they started taking weapons off people, and arresting people. I've had firsthand looks at this unreasoning anger and hatred that is focussed on an individual you don't know, a cause that you despise—whatever motivates people."—Hillary Clinton, quoted in the October 8 issue of *The New Yorker*.

NO ATTRIBUTION: An item last week on Reuters's decision not to use the word "terrorist" used several quotes from a *Washington Post* article by Howard Kurtz, which initially broke the story, without citing their source. We regret the oversight. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The terrorism bill does too much and not enough.

Tapped Out

By JEFFREY ROSEN

IMAGINE THIS: FBI agents get an anonymous tip that a red van with biological weapons has just dumped anthrax in the Central Park reservoir. They'd like to search all the red vans in the area, but by law they can't. Once a crime has occurred, an anonymous tip can't create reasonable suspicion for an investigative search, according to the Supreme Court.

Now imagine this: You illegally download a copyrighted MP3 file, violating your terms of service contract with America Online. Without your knowledge, AOL proceeds to authorize the federal government to monitor every e-mail you send and every website you visit in order to collect evidence to prosecute you as a "computer trespasser."

Welcome to the unintended consequences of the Anti-Terrorism Act of 2001, which is being debated in Congress this week. The central insight of the bill is sound: that law enforcement officials should have greater powers to investigate potential acts of terrorism than when they investigate less serious crimes. But in some respects, the bill doesn't empower the federal government to investigate genuine emergencies nearly enough. And in others it carelessly expands the definition of terrorism to cover low-level computer crimes. In other words, it threatens privacy without increasing security.

The Fourth Amendment says, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." The more secure a search or seizure makes us in our persons, houses, papers, and effects, therefore, the more reasonable it should be considered. Our existing wiretap laws recognize this; and in some areas, the proposed Anti-Terrorism Act does too. For example, the act sensibly amends electronic privacy laws to make clear that an Internet service provider, or ISP, such as AOL may not disclose the communications of its customers *unless* the "provider reasonably believes that an emergency involving immediate danger of death or serious physical injury to any person requires disclosure of the information without delay." Provisions like this strike a sensible balance: Of course traditional privacy protections should yield in the face of immediate threats.

But in other areas, the bill would dramatically expand surveillance authority—for the investigation of *all* crimes, not just those involving terrorism—even where there is no immediate threat of harm. For example, one provision of the Anti-Terrorism Act would give the government essentially unlimited authority to install recording devices to monitor the "dialing, routing, addressing, or signaling information" of any citizen's electronic communications, including e-mail or Web browsing. In the past the Supreme Court has allowed law enforcement this kind of unregulated access to relatively public information, such as the local telephone numbers that we dial from home, on the theory that the phone company knows the local numbers anyway so no one expects them to remain private in the first place. But the e-mail and Web browsing information that will now be available to the government is far more revealing than a local phone number: It includes the subject lines on our e-mail and the URLs on which we click—which may contain, for example, the search terms we plug into Amazon or Google. This expanded monitoring authority might be defensible if it were limited to cases of potential terrorism. But it isn't. To begin monitoring, a federal agent need merely insist that the monitoring is relevant to the investigation of a crime, even a minor one. *The Washington Post* calls provisions like this "hitchhikers"—items that have long been on law enforcement wish lists but have nothing to do with terrorism.

Another troubling provision of the Anti-Terrorism Act allows the government to intercept the communications of computer "trespassers"—even those who can't remotely be considered terrorists. The act defines a computer trespasser very broadly as "a person who accesses a protected computer without authorization." Once someone is defined this way, an ISP like AOL or Microsoft can give unilateral consent to the government to monitor all of his or her communications as long as the monitoring is relevant to the investigation of some crime, no matter how minor. "If you were technically in violation of your ISP's terms of service—and given how broad they are that can happen quite easily—you suddenly forfeit privacy rights and the ISP can consent to surveillance of your activities," says Alan Davidson of the Center for Democracy and Technology.

Peter Swire, privacy czar under President Clinton, notes other examples of unauthorized computer access that the current legislation would define as federal terrorism offenses, punishable by up to life in prison: employees of a credit agency tampering with their customer's credit history; a store manager fraudulently using the store's computers to pay off gambling debts; and the unauthorized use of an ATM. These are certainly crimes, but they're not terrorism. Swire also points to another new federal terrorist offense created by the bill: "intentionally causing damage without authorization to a protected computer" by transmitting a "program, information, code, or command." This language, intended primarily to prohibit hacking and the intentional spread of viruses, has been applied in the past to former employees who inadvertently delete files after accessing an old account. By defining these computer abuses as terrorism, the versions of the bill currently being debated would subject a great deal of low-level crimes to federal scrutiny.

IN ADDITION TO eroding electronic privacy, the terrorism bill contains a series of important amendments to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, or FISA. By certifying to a secret court that a particular individual is an agent of a foreign power, including a terrorist organization, FISA allows the government to wiretap and otherwise surveil someone without reasonable suspicion that he or she is about to commit a particular crime. This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wind for Sale

Laura E. Huggins is a public affairs fellow at the Hoover Institution.

In the 1850s Chief Seattle suggested that the wind could never be sold. But Seattle never witnessed the new economy. Wind rights are now for sale and they're going fast. Brokers are offering cash to farmers who are willing to plant a crop of wind turbines, and farmers are discovering that investing in wind power can be more profitable than raising traditional crops. In Minnesota, for example, a typical annual harvest nets $40 an acre; a single wind turbine, which takes up about one-eighth of an acre, generates about $2,000 in a year.

Turning wind into power is nothing new. Europeans have been using windmills since the 1500s. Windmills were also used throughout the American West in the early 1900s until the arrival of rural electrification. Modern windmills are once again sprouting up across the United States as wind farms become a viable option for utility companies struggling to meet high demands in the face of rising oil and gas prices.

Much of the growth in wind-produced energy is due to the development of more efficient turbines, making wind power competitive with other energy sources—and more than just a green power fad. Today's turbines have sophisticated sensors and blades that are able to rotate and change direction automatically to capture the most wind. A modern 1.5-megawatt turbine can produce electricity for 3 to 4 cents a kilowatt-hour, which is comparable to coal-fired plants, according to a recent analysis by Stanford University engineers.

In addition to being cost-effective, turbines are environmentally friendly. Wind power produces no air pollution. It does not threaten the earth's climate. It does not deplete our natural resources, and no land must be strip-mined to extract wind.

With capacity expected to double in the next year, wind is the nation's fastest-growing source of electricity. According to studies by the Earth Policy Institute, Texas, Kansas, and North Dakota combined have enough wind potential to generate electricity for the entire United States.

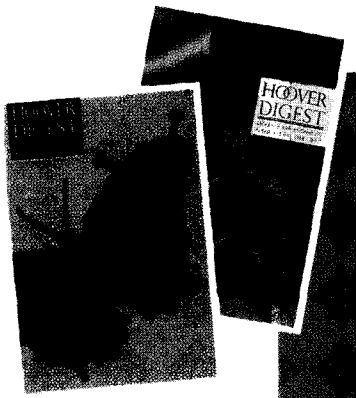
But what happens when the wind stops? Until a storage mechanism can be created, utilities are forced to rely on backup power sources. Another obstacle facing wind power is a shortage of adequate transmission lines—a key component in getting energy from rural areas to population centers. New technologies, however, such as the development of compressed-air energy storage and high-voltage transmission lines, are being advanced to overcome these hurdles and help eliminate energy shortages.

Large companies are eager to harness the wind. Shell Oil, for example, recently bought its first wind farm in Wyoming. Landowners are also eager to collect wind royalties—especially farmers who can continue to farm with turbines on their property. As Pat Wood, President Bush's appointee to the Federal Energy Regulation Commission, observed, **"We've got lots of wind and it's about time that people figured out a way to make some money off it."**

Energy policy for the twenty-first century should take into account emerging technological advances in wind power and other alternative energy sources. If wind power is cleaner than and as cheap as coal-fired power plants, then perhaps the answer to our energy crisis is blowing in the wind.

— Laura E. Huggins

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



Interested in more commentary on public policy?

Visit us on-line at **www.hoover.org** *or contact us to receive a complimentary copy of the 200-page, award-winning* **Hoover Digest.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would normally violate the Fourth Amendment, but because FISA governs agents of foreign powers, traditional constitutional protections don't apply. Until now FISA has required that foreign intelligence-gathering be the primary purpose of an investigation. But the Anti-Terrorism Act changes this, allowing sweeping surveillance of a suspect even if foreign intelligence is only one of several purposes of the investigation. The current bill also authorizes roving wiretaps, permitting the government to monitor any communications device that a particular suspect used, including cell phones, work phones, computers—even search engines in public libraries. Roving wiretaps might make sense if there's evidence a suspect is trying to evade surveillance; but by allowing them to be placed on any suspect in any investigation that has some foreign intelligence component, Congress could expose a lot of innocent communications to government scrutiny. If, for example, your colleague is a target of a FISA investigation, the government could tap all your communications on a shared phone, work computer, or public library terminal.

The Anti-Terrorism Act also gives the government broad access to financial records, business records, and credit reports that are relevant to an investigation involving foreign intelligence—even when the people whose records are being examined are not themselves agents of a foreign power. And it allows domestic law enforcement authorities and foreign intelligence investigators to share secret grand jury information collected as part of a domestic criminal investigation. The logic for the constitutionality of FISA was always that the extraordinary powers it gave law enforcement were limited to foreign intelligence-gathering, not domestic law enforcement. By changing that balance, the new bill could make FISA vulnerable to constitutional challenge.

BUT AT THE same time that it unnecessarily expands law enforcement's power to investigate low-level crimes, the Anti-Terrorism Act does little to address immediate terrorist threats. Imagine the scenario I described earlier, in which the FBI receive an anonymous tip that a red van has just dumped biological weapons in the Central Park reservoir. Surely law enforcement officials should have the right to search red vans in the area, even if the tip turns out to be false. But the Supreme Court held last year that random searches designed to investigate crime were unconstitutional. Cars couldn't be stopped and briefly surrounded by drug-sniffing dogs, the Court held, because random car searches could only be justified for reasons that had nothing to do with the investigation of crime, such as promoting highway safety by checking cars for drunk drivers. One solution, suggested by Stephen Saltzburg of the George Washington University Law School, would be to empower the attorney general personally to authorize searches in emergency situations that don't meet ordinary constitutional standards. (When an immediate decision has to be made, this authority might be delegated to an officer on the scene.) "Rather than rely on judges, whom I think are in no position to respond to a requirement for immediate action," says Saltzburg, "the attorney general could be required to report within a short period of time to a select committee of Congress, which would have the authority to expand or restrict the scope of the searches." But the Anti-Terrorism Act doesn't do anything of the kind.

Throughout the twentieth century, law enforcement overreacted to the concerns of the moment in ways that had sweeping, unintended consequences. In the 1970s the Supreme Court and Congress unnecessarily restricted domestic intelligence-gathering because of fears about the Nixon administration's abuses. In the '80s and '90s, the Court and Congress expanded the government's power to investigate low-level drug crimes, which led some minority citizens to feel like they were living in a police state. Unfortunately, the Court and Congress have gotten out of the habit of balancing the invasiveness of the search against the seriousness of the crime. If, in the wake of last month's attacks, Congress increases surveillance powers for the most serious crimes, it may increase our security from terrorism. But if it thoughtlessly expands surveillance authority across the board, it will threaten individual privacy without giving government the tools it needs to respond to genuine emergencies. And so we will be less free, but no more safe, than we were before September 11. ■

White House Watch

Spin-Off

By RYAN LIZZA

ONE SMALL INDICATION of how things at the White House have changed since September 11 is what people there are reading. George W. Bush recently exited Marine One with a copy of *April 1865: The Month that Saved America*, the best-seller about Lincoln's Civil War victory and assassination, conspicuously tucked under his arm. Walking home from the White House a week ago, I ran into a presidential aide at a sidewalk café frequented by Bush staffers. Along with his sandwich he was digesting an academic tome about the history of Islam. I asked him how the terrorist attacks had transformed the White House. He told me to think of the administration's first eight months as an "homage to Bill Clinton"—dominated by political and communications advisers, micro-initiatives, and a never-ending campaign to keep the president's approval ratings over 50 percent. That was the White House that invited the Mexican president to its first state dinner primarily to appeal to a growing voting bloc. In the old presidency, the fall agenda was to include a proposal to help grandparents e-mail their grandchildren and an initiative to encourage the media to report good news. Now, by contrast, the president is talking about historic threats to our nation's freedom. On the morning of the attacks, Bush read to children at an elementary school in the ultimate swing state of Florida; that evening he gave his first Oval Office address to the country. The presidency of Karl Rove has been replaced by the presidency of Colin Powell.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVOCATE ANONYMITY

GET LINKED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside the White House, this has meant a major restructuring. Bush's domestic policy apparatus has reorganized itself into the Domestic Consequences Committee, chaired by the increasingly powerful Josh Bolten and responsible for devising the airline bailout, the stimulus package, and other immediate legislation related to the attacks. The president's top national security advisers—including Secretary of State Colin Powell, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, Vice President Dick Cheney, and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice—now constitute a formal war council that meets daily with Bush. These two groups are the twin engines now driving White House policy, and they've done a very good job. Bolten's team, following Bush's lead, has gone out of its way to try to craft a stimulus plan that Democrats will support. The White House has nixed capital gains tax cuts and embraced an expansion of unemployment benefits to satisfy Dick Gephardt and Tom Daschle. And Bush isn't just soliciting ideas from Democratic fiscal hawks like Robert Rubin. When the White House heard that Ted Kennedy had some stimulus ideas, a Bush aide called the senator's office to find out what was on his mind.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, one part of the White House that still seems unsure of its post-9/11 role: the political and communications staff. Folks like Karl Rove, Karen Hughes, and Ari Fleischer were the sine qua non of the homage-to-Clinton presidency, devoted to partisan politics and the permanent campaign; they now find themselves on unfamiliar ground. They are locked out of Bush's war council meetings. Their raison d'être—selling the president to the public—is irrelevant, even counterproductive now that W.'s approval ratings stand at a patriotism-boosted 90 percent. Bush's apparently sincere commitment to bipartisanship means there are almost no Democratic proposals to trash. And for the first time, the administration's balance of power has shifted away from the White House staff and toward the cabinet. (Who would have thought that Secretary of Transportation—and Democrat—Norm Mineta would turn out to be one of the administration's most important officials?) One of Bush's top advisers outside the White House likens the political staff's current quandary to what they faced during the Florida recount. "Suddenly all the lawyers were in charge," he says. "Now it's the same sort of thing but it's not the lawyers, it's the military personnel [who] are largely running the show."

Falling back on old habits, the staff's instinct is still to spin. But that hasn't served the president well. The biggest blunder was the now-infamous lie told the day after the attacks. In response to ridiculous accusations—mostly from conservative Beltway pundits—that Bush's late return to Washington, D.C., on September 11 undermined public confidence, Fleischer and Rove spread word that terrorists had sent a message, using a code name for Air Force One, that the president's plane was a target. The story was untrue. And in telling it, top Bush aides themselves undermined public confidence—by making W.'s image their top priority on the day after a foreign attack on American soil.

There have been other, more petty over-reactions as well, almost all of them paranoid attempts to burnish Bush's p.r. Karl Rove was reportedly furious after Cheney's commanding TV interview on the Sunday following the attacks, in which the vice president took credit for every important decision made that day. (Cheney has barely been seen in public since.) And more Bushies were supposedly miffed that former President Clinton lingered too long shaking hands and grinning after the memorial service at the National Cathedral.

When they aren't complaining about other leaders making Bush look bad, the White House spinners are mindlessly painting a picture of the president that most of the public already believes. Karen Hughes recently invited a select group of about a dozen reporters for a private briefing—a practice that angered the uninvited in the White House press corps—to show that the president is deeply involved in the details of the war against terrorism. This despite the fact that almost nobody was questioning his management of the crisis: Polls show that approval of Bush's handling of the terrorist attacks is even higher than his overall job approval. (In that session Hughes told reporters that Bush, in his Oval Office address, "deliberately, that evening, did not use the word 'war,' because, again, he felt his primary goal that evening was reassurance and calming." In fact, Bush pointedly noted that "we stand together to win the war against terrorism.") When *The Washington Post* recently reported that the White House relied on advice from an obscure scholar of Islam named David Forte, a White House staffer says Fleischer, who apparently felt the piece undercut the president, conducted a virtual witch hunt to find the person who leaked the story. Fleischer also threw his energies into denying a recent report in *Salon* that the White House complained to NBC News about its aggressively promoted interview with Bill Clinton. Fleischer, unprompted, told reporters at his morning briefing last Friday that the article was "a made up myth." (*Salon* stands by it.)

The effort at controlling the media peaked when Fleischer was asked last week about talk show host Bill Maher's dumb comment that "we have been the cowards, lobbing cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away." Americans, Fleischer said, "need to watch what they say, watch what they do." It was a chilling message for the president's spokesman to send. And indeed, when the official transcript of the briefing was released, the phrase "need to watch what they say" was mysteriously missing. Under normal circumstances the White House's claim that it was a transcription error would probably not have been challenged. But in the wake of the Air Force One invention, Fleischer has a widening credibility gap with the press. (As of October 3, the official transcript posted on the White House website had still not been corrected to accurately reflect Fleischer's remarks.)

Luckily for the White House, Bush himself has made the transition to this new era much more successfully—exuding self-confidence and a new sense of purpose. One of his advisers, when asked how he thought the presidency had changed, pointed me to some lines in Bush's Philadelphia convention speech last August. "My father was the last president of a great generation," Bush had said. "A generation of Americans who stormed beaches, liberated concentration camps, and delivered us from evil.... Now the question comes to the sons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU ARE NOT FOR SALE

Privacy on the Internet is not a perk. It's a fundamental right of each of our subscribers. At EarthLink™, we go to great lengths to guarantee this right. The EarthLink-founded Email Protection Agency is constantly on alert for privacy violations. The Symantec Free Security Check™ resolves security threats before they ever occur. And the basic assurance of privacy begins with this promise: We don't sell our customers' information because that's not the business we're in. Our business is connecting you to the Internet. What you do with that connection is up to you.

EarthLink™

#1 Provider of the Real Internet

©2001 EarthLink, Inc. Free Security Check is a trademark of Symantec. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and daughters of this achievement: What is asked of us?" The aide's suggestion was that there had been a chasm between those lofty sentiments and the administration's actual answer to the question: tax cuts, oil drilling, etc. But, he said, the attacks changed that; the older speech was "married" to Bush's September 20 remarks before Congress when the president proclaimed, "Tonight we are a country awakened to danger and called to defend freedom." As the Bush aide put it, "In his Thursday night speech he made it clear we have received our calling and we will rise to it." Too bad not everyone in the White House has gotten the message. ■

Jerusalem Dispatch

Holy Terror

By Yossi Klein Halevi

With the autumn festival of Succot, Jerusalem turns into a shantytown. Succahs—shacks made of wood and cloth that commemorate the desert wanderings of the children of Israel—crowd Jerusalem's porches, courtyards, and sidewalks, overwhelming the solid stone buildings with reminders of fragility and transience.

And it is not the holiday alone that reminds us. Once again we have entered what Israelis have called the waiting period—like the weeks before the Six Day War and the months before the Gulf war. There's an acute awareness of impermanence; daily life seems mere prelude for the next onslaught of history. Though Washington is trying hard to make us peripheral, few Israelis doubt that we will soon find ourselves on the front line. Israeli military intelligence is focusing on three threats: Saddam Hussein (who might retaliate against a U.S. strike by attacking Israeli cities with nonconventional weapons); Hezbollah (which could strike Israel's northern towns, provoking both retaliation against Syria and an Arab-Israeli war); and Osama bin Laden himself. We watch with foreboding as America tries to include in the anti-bin Laden coalition states like Iran and Syria, which sponsor terrorism—repeating the fundamental mistake of Oslo, which co-opted Fatah terrorists to fight Hamas terrorists. (The two groups have been fighting side by side for the last year.)

Still, as we wait for our fragile normalcy to be overwhelmed, Israelis feel some comfort knowing that we no longer face unspeakable threats alone—that we're not victims of some historical curse that continually lures the Jews into pathological entanglements. Israeli tabloids report, almost with relief, the gas mask sales in New York and London. One headline read, "the world is in panic"—it's not just us anymore. My neighbor, an immigrant from France, told me that for the first time since the intifada began a year ago, she feels at peace. "All year I've been tormenting myself about the decision I made to raise children here," she said. "But since September 11 I realize that there is no 'here' or 'there.' Terrorism isn't just our problem."

The destruction of the World Trade Center has partially rehabilitated, if only by default, the Zionist promise of safe refuge for the Jewish people. In the last year, it had become a much-noted irony that Israel was the country where a Jew was most likely to be killed for being a Jew. For many, the United States had beckoned as the real Jewish refuge; in a poll taken just before the bin Laden attacks, 37 percent of Israelis said their friends or relatives were discussing emigration. That probably changed on September 11. I was among the thousands of Israelis who crowded Kennedy Airport on the weekend after the attack, desperate to find a flight to Tel Aviv. "At least we're going back where it's safe," people joked. Everyone seemed to have a story about an Israeli living in New York who just barely escaped the devastation. If this could happen in Manhattan, the reasoning went, you might as well take your chances at home.

But the new attitude is stronger than resignation. Bin Laden's atrocity has confirmed the resolve that even before had been gradually returning to Israeli society. We haven't become flag-wavers, but the army's elite combat units are inundated with volunteers—more than at any time since the beginning of the Oslo process, which let us imagine an end to national sacrifice. Rock star Aviv Geffen, whose songs once mocked Israel's military ethos and who boasted of his own medical military deferment, has now volunteered for reserve duty—serving in the entertainment corps to boost soldiers' morale. A newspaper headline announcing his turnaround read, "we're a mobilized generation"—a take-off on his anthem, "We're a Screwed Generation."

Even as Israelis pull together, however, they see their national unity government—until now the country's last refuge of emotional stability—straining to the breaking point. Not since the unity government's creation in February have its internal inconsistencies been so blatant. The partnership between Ariel Sharon and Shimon Peres was based on compromise: Sharon grudgingly accepted Yasir Arafat as the Palestinians' legitimate leader, while Peres grudgingly refrained from negotiating with him until he stopped the violence. But September 11 revived each man's old instincts: Sharon saw an opportunity to delegitimize Arafat by linking him with bin Laden, while Peres saw an opportunity to revive Arafat as a partner by prying him away from the terrorist stigma.

Peres won the first round. Sharon, who dreads a renewed left-wing opposition that would undermine national unity and invite international pressure, yielded to Peres's threat to resign and permitted him to meet with Arafat the day after Yom Kippur. But for all his desperation to maintain the partnership, Sharon may soon be forced to choose between unity and security. He can't tolerate continued violence against settlers and soldiers in the territories, which is the kind of cease-fire Arafat has in mind and that Peres appears ready to accept. The unraveling of the unity government—our fragile political shelter—would drag the Likud and Labor Parties to their ideological extremes and revive the schisms over territory and religion that most Israelis hope to leave behind. It would deny us our single victory of the last year: our coming together at the edge of the abyss.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TomPaine.common sense
In the Public Interest

Independence and Skepticism

The Patriotic Duty of the Press

Public support for the War on Terrorism flows from the still-raw wounds of September 11.

But if this war drags on – as we're told it will – continuing support depends on the confidence we have in our military and political leaders. And this depends on what Americans are told about the conduct of what may be a largely covert war.

President Bush would be wise to ensure the Pentagon refrains from the media manipulation it practiced during Desert Storm – excluding reporters from the battlefield, overstating successes, minimizing or ignoring mistakes, and sanitizing visual images.

Journalism professor Jacqueline Sharkey studied the Pentagon's Gulf War "news management" and concluded that it "was designed not to enable the American people to make an objective evaluation of the events leading up to the conflict and the conduct of the war itself, but to promote public support for predetermined agendas, such as access to oil and support for controversial weapons systems."

In the Summer 2001 issue of *Media Studies Journal*, which focused entirely on news in wartime, Professor Jane Kirtley wrote, "Experience has shown that the military, given the opportunity, will do everything possible to use the media as instruments of propaganda, to shape public opinion and to garner support."

Such is the natural inclination of warriors.

But journalists have a duty to resist official spin even when some secrecy is justified. A free press must "serve the governed, not the governors," said Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black.

If the war goes well, the White House need not fear a well-informed citizenry. If not, Americans will demand to know why.

Either way, journalists will best serve the national interest by maintaining a patriotic skepticism and by asserting their independence to report the war with or without Pentagon cooperation.

TomPaine.com – The Patriotic Duty of the Press
*Featuring "Desert Storm Disinformation" from the Center for Public Integrity (**www.Public-i.org**)... and "Front Lines and Deadlines" a selection of articles from the Freedom Forum's Media Studies Journal (**www.FreedomForum.org**).*

© 2001 The Florence Fund, PO Box 53303, Washington, DC 20009

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Succot is the season for such apocalyptic thinking. In the rabbinic imagination, Succot was identified with the messianic era, a world safe enough for people to leave their homes and live in fragile booths. Many of the devout sleep in their succahs to emphasize their faith in God's protection. But Succot also encourages the darker religious imagination. And so, like every Succot, the few dozen misfits of the Temple Mount Faithful will be back this year, transporting two massive stones, each weighing six tons, intended as "cornerstones" for the future temple. And, as every year, they will be barred from the Mount by police wary of igniting a Muslim holy war.

Still, the eschatological imagination has almost been outpaced by events. Some apocalyptics now speak with an unnatural reluctance, perhaps frightened by the seeming approach of events they've so long anticipated. "Stay away from Tel Aviv, brother," a longhaired American man selling candles on a Jerusalem street corner whispered intensely at me. "Tel Aviv is next." A taxi driver wearing the black velvet skullcap of a Shas recruit told me that, according to the Kabbalah, 80 percent of the Jews will be killed before the messiah comes. "Do you know how many observant Jews there are in the world? Twenty percent. But God willing, the rest will soon repent and avert the evil decree."

The Zionist evangelicals of the International Christian Embassy were back on Succot for their annual Feast of the Tabernacles: about 3,000 celebrants from more than 50 countries—a smaller contingent than usual but still the largest group of tourists to arrive here since the intifada began. The feast opened in Jerusalem's convention center with the blowing of a shofar. "Say to the daughter of Zion, behold salvation comes," the faithful sang, waving their arms. They take their inspiration from the prophet Zechariah, who envisioned a world war against the Jews of Jerusalem, after which the chastened gentile survivors would gather in pilgrimage to the holy city on Succot. Over the stage was suspended a Jewish wedding canopy, a reminder that Israel is protected from above.

The guest of honor was Prime Minister Sharon. Ever since the annual feast began in 1980, every Israeli prime minister, including Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres, has attended—an indication of how desperate Israel has been for affection, whatever its source. Only Ehud Barak snubbed the feast, perhaps assuming that Israel was heading toward peace and no longer needed the support of fundamentalists whose theology placed us at the center of Jesus's apocalyptic return. Sharon announced that terrorists had just attacked a settlement in Gaza—two were dead, many more wounded. There were audible gasps. "We demand of the free world to declare Hamas, the Islamic Jihad, and Hezbollah as terrorist organizations," he said, and the crowd cheered and waved the flags of dozens of nations—a counter-U.N. where Israel wasn't damned but revered.

On the street outside, I talked with a border policeman about the news from Gaza. "In the end we'll have to bomb the whole Middle East," he said.

"And will that bring us safety?" I asked.

"Nothing will bring us safety," he said. ■

When America-haters become Americans.

Entry Level

By Martin Peretz

The thought is on just about everybody's mind. But it is on almost no one's lips. It is a fearsome thought—and, recklessly deployed, could be hurtful. Perhaps given the blow to our country's security, it is inevitable that it will be reflected in various policing initiatives—some just, some not. There are, however, consequences to not acknowledging the thought, and they are akin to a person not being able to envision a tumor in his own body.

In October 1936, during the Spanish civil war, the fascist General Emilio Mola Vidal, commanding four columns marching on Madrid, was asked by foreign journalists which of the columns would take the capital. According to historian Hugh Thomas, Mola responded that it would be the "fifth column," a cadre of secret Nationalist supporters already in the city. And that is where the term originated.

Does the United States house a fifth column? Not exactly in the way the Spanish Republic did. But if our intelligence agencies are to be believed, we probably do house more people who wish to kill us. They may (or may not) be small in number, but if they are deft—and the butchers of September 11 certainly were—then they need not be numerous. And these killers are not randomly distributed throughout the population. They are disproportionately located in certain religious and ethnic communities. And therein lies the dilemma.

Writing in *Slate* about acceptable police responses to September 11, Michael Kinsley argues that "[r]acial profiling and affirmative action are analytically the same thing.... The only difference is that in one case the special treatment is something bad and in the other it's something good.... [T]he considerations are practical. How much is at stake in forbidding a particular act of discrimination? How much is at stake in allowing it?" For Kinsley (as for most Americans now), this is a no-brainer: "[W]e're at war with a terror network that just killed 6,000 innocents and has anonymous agents in our country planning more slaughter. Are we really supposed to ignore the one identifiable fact we know about them?"

Obviously not, and this is the conclusion of even those Americans most sensitive to racial profiling's dangers. According to a Gallup Poll, as reported in *The Boston Globe*, 71 percent of black respondents said they favor requiring Arabs to submit to more intensive airport security checks than others. Whites, Hispanics, and Asians feel the same, their different political experiences and inclinations overwhelmed by a common surge of vulnerability and national purpose. (Sixty-four percent of African Americans also endorsed special ID cards for Arabs—a very ugly idea, and one that over time will almost certainly disappear from public consideration.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recapture the glory that was Greece with this brilliant course...

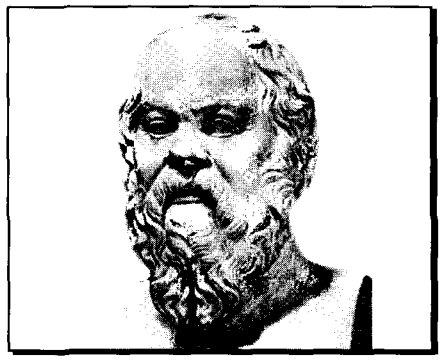
ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION, offers 24 information-packed lectures on one of the greatest cultures the world has ever seen

Why do the ancient Greeks loom so large in conceptions of Western culture and identity?

Clearly, the Greeks are a source of much that we esteem in our own culture: democracy, philosophy, drama, history-writing, our ideals of beauty and athletic competition, and more. Blazoned above the portal of Apollo's temple at Delphi were the words "Know thyself." For us, this injunction to self-awareness commands knowledge of the Greeks.

These recorded lectures cover the 11 centuries from the end of the Neolithic period to the conquests of Alexander the Great. Professor McInerney traces the complex links between our civilization and its Hellenic origins. You can be confident that the insights you get from him are based on the newest and best in academic research and criticism. You'll come away enriched by new knowledge, not only of history, but of literature, art, philosophy, religion, and more.

You'll pay special attention to the era of the Persian and Peloponnesian wars and of classical Athens as unforgettably described by Herodotus, Thucydides, and Plato. Professor McInerney guides you through a rich trove of literary and archaeological evidence, including the *Iliad* and *Odyssey;* Heinrich Schliemann's excavations at Troy and Mycenae; Aeschylus's *Oresteia;* and the traces left by the wealthy Greek colonies in Sicily.



Socrates. Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress.

Ancient Greek Civilization lays bare the deepest historical roots of ideas upon which our world still depends. You'll see how and where they first sprang up, and you'll trace the course of their development in the ancient Hellenic world, a place at once highly familiar and acutely strange.

Get the Best in Teaching Guaranteed!

With this as with all of The Great Courses, you get guaranteed teaching excellence. The Teaching Company scours America from coast to coast searching for the best college lecturers, who can be identified most surely by teaching awards and consistently outstanding marks on independent student evaluations.

The Great Courses put hours of intellectual adventure at your fingertips. Every course comes with helpful printed course guides that give you lecture outlines, reading lists, glossaries, and more.

Treat Yourself to an Intellectual Adventure

You can use Teaching Company courses to turn your commute, your exercise time, or your tv viewing into an captivating learning experience. And you can enjoy a lecture per day for no more than the price of a cup of coffee.

Order today and take advantage of this great learning value.

THE COURSE CURRICULUM

PART I *(Lectures 1-12)*
Greece and the Western World . . . Minoan Crete . . . Schliemann and Mycenae . . . The Long Twilight . . . The Age of Heroes . . . From Sicily to Syria—The Growth of Trade and Colonization . . . Delphi and Olympia . . . The Spartans . . . Revolution . . . Tyranny . . . The Origins of Democracy . . . Beyond Greece—The Persian Empire

PART II *(Lectures 13-24)*
The Persian Wars . . . The Athenian Empire . . . The Art of Democracy . . . Sacrifice and Greek Religion . . . Theater and the Competition of Art . . . Sex and Gender . . . The Peloponnesian War, Part I . . . The Peloponnesian War, Part II . . . Socrates on Trial . . . Slavery and Freedom . . . Athens in Decline? . . . Philip, Alexander, and Greece in Transition

SAVE UP TO $145!
OFFER GOOD UNTIL NOV. 12, 2001

NO-RISK MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

About Your Professor:

JEREMY McINERNEY (Ph.D., University of California-Berkeley, 1992) is Associate Professor of Classical Studies at the University of Pennsylvania, where from 1994 to 1998 he held the Laura Jan Meyerson Term Chair in the Humanities. He also currently serves as chair of the university's Graduate Group in the Art and Archaeology of the Mediterranean World. He has firsthand archaeological experience at sites in Corinth, Crete, and Israel, and serves on the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Greece.

Shop securely on-line at:
www.teach12.com

To order, mail coupon below or call our toll-free number: (Please refer to Priority Code 12172)
1-800-TEACH-12 (1-800-832-2412) Fax: 703-378-3819

The Teaching Company
4151 Lafayette Center Drive, Suite 100
Chantilly, VA 20151-1232
www.teach12.com

Priority Code 12172

Please send me **Ancient Greek Civilization**, which consists of 24 half-hour lectures, with complete lecture outlines.

- ☐ **Audio $34.95** (reg. price $129.95) **SAVE $95!** plus $10 shipping, handling, and guarantee.
- ☐ **Video $54.95** (reg. price $199.95) **SAVE $145!** plus $10 shipping, handling, and guarantee.
- ☐ **CD $49.95** (reg. price $179.95) **SAVE $130!** plus $10 shipping, handling, and guarantee.
- ☐ **Check or Money Order enclosed**

**Additional international shipping charges may apply*
***Virginia residents please add 4.5% sales tax.*

☐ **Charge my:** *(please check desired format)*
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover/Novus ☐ American Express

Account Number

Signature Exp. Date

Name (please print)

Mailing Address

City/State/Zip

Phone *(If we have questions regarding your order)*

☐ **FREE CATALOG.** Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary).

Offer Good Through: November 12, 2001

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody is threatened by militant Islam, and that threat has palpably brought people together in a way that must mystify the ideologues of cultural separatism. Decades ago the phenomenon of hyphenated Americans strained civic patriotism. But as New York mourned, every hyphenation served as an enriching additive, even—or perhaps especially—that most recent and fraught hyphenation: African American. Since the attacks, the racial antipathies that lurked in our big cities have been transcended. I saw in New York's Union Square a strapping, young black man and a beefy Irish cop tenderly but firmly hugging each other for several long minutes, and crying. These are the wages of our collective pain, and they will last.

So, for the first time in a long while, the questions of acceptance, resentment, and belonging that vex America are not questions between blacks and whites. They stem instead from that seemingly happier and easier American narrative: voluntary immigration to our shores—in particular, immigration from those places now besieged by fundamentalist Islam. The governments of the Arab world have been surprisingly effective and unsurprisingly brutal in their attacks on their religious zealots, and that has forced many of the people who deeply hate America to flee here for survival. As I wrote in an editorial after the first World Trade Center attack eight years ago:

> There are many aggrieved people in the world, and millions of these aspire to become Americans. The early Arab migration was of this sort. Mostly Christian but not all, it brought to these shores people fleeing famine and, as the Ottoman Empire tottered and finally collapsed, others fleeing perfervid faith and perfervid nationalisms. Like other newcomers, these Arab arrivals had bought themselves a psychological one-way ticket to America, putting the past behind them and making, more or less, a clean break with the old world. Another wave came in the late '60's and after, impelled to move by the evaporating myths of the Nasserist state and Arab socialism. Even if they nostalgically clung to one myth or another of Middle Eastern politics, they quickly made themselves and their children belong here.
>
> But this cannot be said about many in the last large contingent of Arab immigrants, not a few of them illegals. They also were fleeing from the fires of their world. But the fires were ones they had helped set. Unlike their predecessors, they carried the wars in their hearts with them. Now, a few of them have brought these wars to American streets. Surely, terror brings disgust and fear to the ordinary Arab immigrant. Yet one cannot deny that there is also an Arab culture in Brooklyn and Jersey City and Detroit off which the criminals feed and which gets a grim thrill from them.
>
> Ours is not a country with which they identify or whose values they share. The American flag has been a flag of convenience for them, the flag of a patsy country that lets them in without scrutiny, lets them work, go to school, organize, harangue, hate, and, then, foolishly tries to fit them into some fanciful mosaic of gorgeous diversity.

The United States has admitted many more such people since that editorial was written, in a process that can charitably be called random. A long and meticulous article by Thomas Farragher and Alice Dembner in last Sunday's *Boston Globe* details the myriad ways in which America's rules of entry are evaded or simply ignored. The Immigration and Naturalization Service uses computers no hardworking college freshman would tolerate. Visa applications at the American Embassy in Saudi Arabia (from where many of last month's terrorists hail) are processed not by Americans, but by Pakistanis, Sudanese, and Somalis. Our visa waiver program is a leaking sieve. Scrupulous observers estimate that there are as many as 5,000 actual or potential terror operatives in Britain today, and probably more in Germany. It's anybody's guess how many reside in the United States.

Here is one *Globe* narrative out of many: "[I]n 1996, Palestinian Lafi Khalil received a visa from the US consul in Israel that entitled him to spend up to 29 days traveling through the United States en route to Ecuador, although he neither fully completed his application nor showed proof of a ticket to Ecuador. When he arrived at JFK Airport . . . an immigration inspector mistakenly granted him a six-month stay under a tourist visa. Nearly eight months later, Khalil was arrested in New York City and charged with planning to bomb the subway system. He later was convicted of carrying a fake immigration card."

The Clinton administration paid zero attention to this problem. And neither has its successor. In fact, the Bushies have made it worse. Just this summer the administration admitted into the country the mufti of Jerusalem, Sheik Ikrema Sabri, a prominent enthusiast for Islamic terror whose bloodcurdling sermons inspire the faithful on Fridays. President Bush also suggested, reasonably, an amnesty for illegal Mexican immigrants. But had Mohammed Atta and his comrades not perpetrated their mass cremations, congressional Democrats might well have expanded that idea to include illegal aliens from all over the world, and this country could have been permanently and legally saddled with an even larger cohort of potential killers.

Now, much too late, America will tighten its immigration procedures. And that tightening will probably not affect immigrants from every country equally, nor should it. A traveler, no less a potential immigrant, with a passport from Yemen and visas from Lebanon and Qatar should receive greater scrutiny—not harassment, but careful scrutiny—than a traveler with a passport from Chile and a visa from Spain. That is not racism; it is prudence—an objective assessment of where the threat resides. To do otherwise after September 11 would constitute extraordinary negligence.

But the problem is too broad and too subtle to be solved even by much more competent immigration authorities. Even if Americans, rather than Somalis, interviewed visa seekers in Riyadh, would they really be able to determine who is a terrorist in his heart? And what about that much larger immigrant contingent that will commit no crime, whose hatred for the United States is mostly rhetorical. They may not directly endanger us, but their presence does sap our civic spirit. And they buoy the few who do the murdering;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thinking Allowed

Rethinking Europe's Future

David P. Calleo

Rethinking Europe's Future is a major reevaluation of Europe's prospects as it enters the twenty-first century.

"A truly distinguished book. Major. Important. Seminal."
—Brewster Denny, Dean Emeritus and Founder of the Evans School of Public Affairs, University of Washington

Cloth $24.95

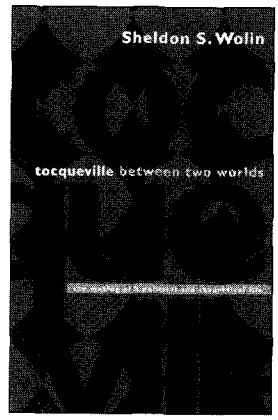
Tocqueville between Two Worlds

The Making of a Political and Theoretical Life

Sheldon S. Wolin

In this magisterial book, one of America's most important contemporary theorists presents the first work that fully connects Alexis de Tocqueville's political and theoretical lives.

Cloth $35.00

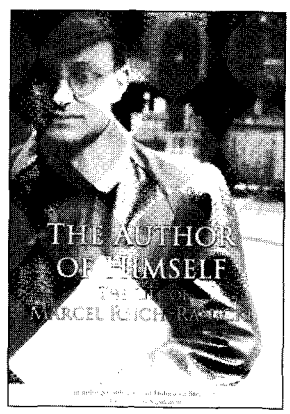


Jazz Age Jews

Michael Alexander

By the 1920s, Jews were—by all economic, political, and cultural measures of the day—making it in America, but many deliberately identified with groups that remained excluded. Jazz Age Jews shows that most Jews felt culturally obliged to mark themselves as different—and believed that doing so made them both better Jews and better Americans.

Cloth $24.95



The Author of Himself

The Life of Marcel Reich-Ranicki

Marcel Reich-Ranicki

"[T]his autobiography is far more than the account of a literary career; it is an unforgettable piece of Holocaust literature."
—Peter Graves, Times Literary Supplement

"One of the great literary memoirs of the twentieth century."
—Edward Timms, Times Literary Supplement

Cloth $35.00

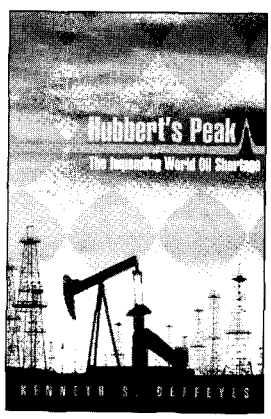
Hubbert's Peak

The Impending World Oil Shortage

Kenneth S. Deffeyes

Is the present chaos in oil prices the leading edge of a more serious crisis that will rock national economies around the world? According to Kenneth Deffeyes, a geologist with extensive personal experience in the oil industry, the answer is yes. This book documents why a global energy crisis is just around the corner.

Cloth $24.95



New paperback edition

With a new afterword on George W. Bush

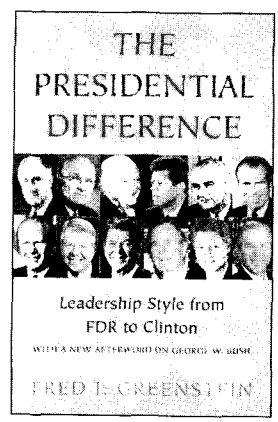
The Presidential Difference

Leadership Style from FDR to Clinton

Fred I. Greenstein

"Illuminating.... A perceptive view of the leadership qualities and the events that shaped the triumphs and tragedies of the modern presidency."
—Phil Gailey, New York Times

Paper $16.95



Princeton University Press 800-777-4726 • WWW.PUP.PRINCETON.EDU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are the sea in which the killer fish swim. Most Arab- and Muslim-Americans, to be sure, do not share such hatred. But Arab communities all across the country are not immune from the currents swirling in the lands of their birth. (We have known for years, for instance, that one university in south Florida was once a virtual command post for radical Islam in the United States.) And those lands are—as the left has been so quick to remind us—filled with hatred of America and rationalizations of violence against it and its friends. And those rationalizations are also heard in the United States, from some of Arab America's most prominent leaders.

It is deeply depressing, for instance, that when the president traveled to the Massachusetts Avenue Islamic Center in Washington last week, he could not find a group of prominent Muslims to accompany him who were not in some way compromised. Bush stood beside Nihad Awan, a longtime apologist for Islamic terrorism. One of the Muslim leaders the president invited to the White House on September 26 was Salam Al-Marayati, who had already suggested that Israel was behind the September 11 bloodletting. (He had previously defended the 1983 bombing of the Beirut Marine barracks, which took 241 American lives, as "a military operation.") Another guest, Muzammil Siddiqi of the Islamic Society of North America, last year held the United States responsible for "feeding the Israeli war machinery" and warned that "the wrath of God will come." Also present was Omar Ahmed of the Council on American-Islamic Relations, which is believed to have close ties to American front groups for Middle Eastern terror cells. The Bushies invited Hamza Yusuf to attend the prayer service at the White House. But on September 9 Yusuf had prophesied that a great disaster would soon fall upon the United States because of its mistreatment of Arabs around the world (how did he know?). In the same speech Yusuf asserted that Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, who incited the first World Trade Center attack, was "unjustly tried." This is not to say that the White House should not have reached out to American Muslims in the wake of the attacks. Of course it should have. But not to men who subtly and not so subtly justify the horror. It does say something that these were the best the Bushies could muster. And it is not only the American government's responsibility to find such leaders. It is Muslim America's responsibility to produce them.

Of course, America must upgrade its security systems. No city in the country has prepared its residents for a chemical or biological attack. Our public health service is unprepared. And there is hardly a public space in America—museums, libraries, athletic stadiums, universities, dance clubs, concert halls, theatres—that has adequate security in place. There has been a lot of talk in recent days about air marshals on domestic flights. But what about flights from abroad? Who will guarantee the reliability of their crews? We have already experienced Egypt Air 990, whose pilot—according to a leaked but curiously never officially released FAA report—appears to have brought down his craft with 217 aboard. (Which, of course, the media suggested couldn't have happened since Islam forbids suicide.) It takes tremendous vigilance to prevent a terrorist from boarding a plane. A friend of mine once bought an El Al phony student ticket from Rome to Tel Aviv. When he came to Fiumicino Airport, he was questioned by an El Al staffer who assesses passenger risk. "Oh, you're a student. What do you study?" My friend said he studied architecture. "In what year was Palladio born?" My friend missed his plane. Does anyone imagine that the employees of other Middle Eastern airlines are doing anything remotely like that?

The grim truth is that we will have great trouble combating the war that the terrorist international has now brought to our shores. We do not really know who these people are. We do not know what they really want. Their demands are so abstract and so metaphorical that almost no one—thank God—has proposed negotiations with them. And most important, we do not know what frightens them. They have merged themselves with our quotidian world.

In an interview with *The New York Times* published on October 3, Secretary of State Powell admitted that the U.S. government received—many weeks before September 11—reliable but unspecified advance warning of the forthcoming catastrophe. Notwithstanding these alerts, the terrorists still penetrated our borders. Others already inside the country continued their flying lessons. Others obtained licenses for transporting hazardous materials. All those who tried made it through airport security. The government did not even block the accounts of known terrorist agents until nearly two weeks after the atrocity. Our government was both complacent and inept. The struggle at home will be as difficult as the struggle in the mountains of Afghanistan. And no less important. ■

Hawala v. the war on terrorism.

Eastern Union

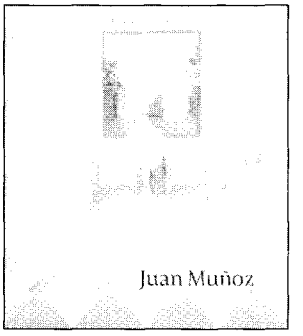
By Michelle Cottle

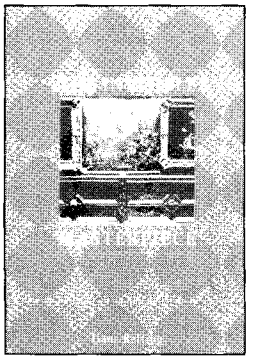
Northwest Washington, D.C.

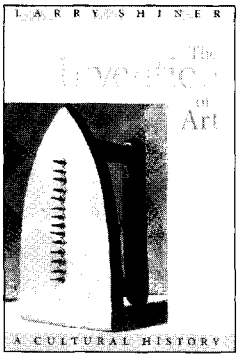
The landing is dark, and the door to the office—ostensibly a travel agency—is unmarked, save for a sticker proclaiming, "I ❤ Pakistan." Outside on the street, small clusters of men lounge against cars and in doorways, calling out to passersby. Inside, one rickety flight of steps up from Trina's Hair Gallery, the air is silent and stale. I obey a tiny sign, faintly visible in the gloom, instructing visitors to "ring bell." Then I wait—10, 20, 40 seconds—until a pair of gold-rimmed glasses appears in a small, arched window above the door. I wave and smile. A lock clicks and the door opens several inches, dropping a thin streak of light onto the dingy green carpet. "I'm looking for the money transfer place...," I explain, my voice trailing off as a middle-aged Pakistani gentleman eyeballs me warily. "Where do you want to send money?" he demands, clearly convinced that I am either pro-

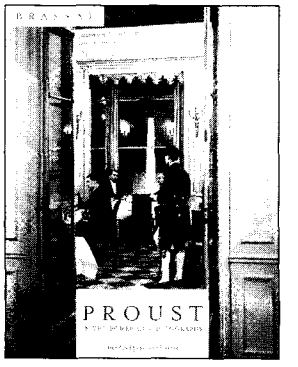
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Art Books for Autumn









Philip Guston's Poor Richard

Debra Bricker Balken

"*Poor Richard* is a great American document, commemorating the national disgust that President Nixon inspired and reminding us of how he turned patriotism into junk. The cruel eloquence of Guston's inspired caricature narrative captures not just the paranoia and falseness of the most politically treacherous of all American presidents but manages to suggest the pathos of Nixon's subversive pathology as well."—Philip Roth

104 PAGES 73 COLOR PLATES
CLOTH $40.00

Juan Muñoz

Neal Benezra and Olga M. Viso

Spanish sculptor Juan Muñoz is known for his diverse and highly original body of work centering on the narrative possibilities of figures in environments. *Juan Muñoz* illustrates in full color approximately sixty works—including sculptures, drawings, and several major installations—which will be included in a major traveling exhibition to be presented by the Hirshhorn Museum this fall.

224 PAGES, 88 COLOR PLATES, 65 HALFTONES
CLOTH $50.00

The Invisible Masterpiece

Hans Belting

Translated by Helen Atkins

An exploration of the concept of the "masterpiece" and how its status and meaning have been elevated and denigrated, from the early nineteenth century to the present.

384 PAGES
CLOTH $45.00

The Invention of Art

A Cultural History

Larry Shiner

"This book makes a tremendous contribution to our conceptual understanding of art. It is a balanced account, rich in incident and lucid in narrative, of how the concept of art has taken shape in the course of history. . . . Wise, patient, and engaged, *The Invention of Art* is certain to be indispensable in all future discussions."—Arthur C. Danto

352 PAGES 87 HALFTONES, 3 LINE DRAWINGS
CLOTH $35.00

Proust in the Power of Photography

Brassaï

Translated by Richard Howard

Drawing on his own experience as a photographer and author, Brassaï discovers a neglected aspect of Proust's interests, offering us a fascinating study of the role of photography both in Proust's oeuvre and in early-twentieth-century culture. This book features previously obscure photographs from Brassaï's High Society series and offers a rare glimpse into two of France's most fascinating artistic minds.

176 PAGES 16 DUOTONES
CLOTH $35.00

The University of Chicago Press 1427 East 60th Street, Chicago, IL 60637 • www.press.uchicago.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foundly lost or looking to make trouble. But when I utter the magic word—Pakistan—he steps aside with an almost apologetic smile. "You must admit it's strange...," he begins, gesturing toward the small office to our right. "Do you have friends there?"

Settling into a chair, I explain that I don't personally want to send money to Pakistan but am hoping to talk with someone about how to do so. The smile disappears. "I don't work here," the man says, his English deteriorating. "I'm here two days only. Owner gone. In Virginia. Vacation. I know nothing about—" He waves a hand over the desk to indicate that the process is all Greek to him. "Just a friend. Two days."

My host's agitation is unsurprising. The business that he knows absolutely "nothing" about is *hawala*—an informal, underground banking network used by South Asian expats worldwide that has received a spate of bad publicity since September 11. It seems that one of the ways Osama bin Laden and his deranged holy warriors move money around the globe is through hawala agents, or *hawaladar*. Centuries old, the system works like a low-tech Western Union: A Pakistani worker in the United States (or Britain or the Gulf) wants to send his paycheck home to the family in Islamabad (or Peshawar or some outpost in the Hindu Kush). Rather than hassle with banks, the worker simply hands over, say, $5,000 to a hawaladar in the United States, who then calls (or faxes or e-mails) a colleague in Pakistan with details of the transfer. A member of the worker's family can then show up at his local hawala office, show an ID or relay a password, and retrieve the equivalent in rupees—minus the hawaladar's modest fee. The process is quick, leaves virtually no paper trail (records are often kept in code, if at all), and has long operated free from U.S. oversight.

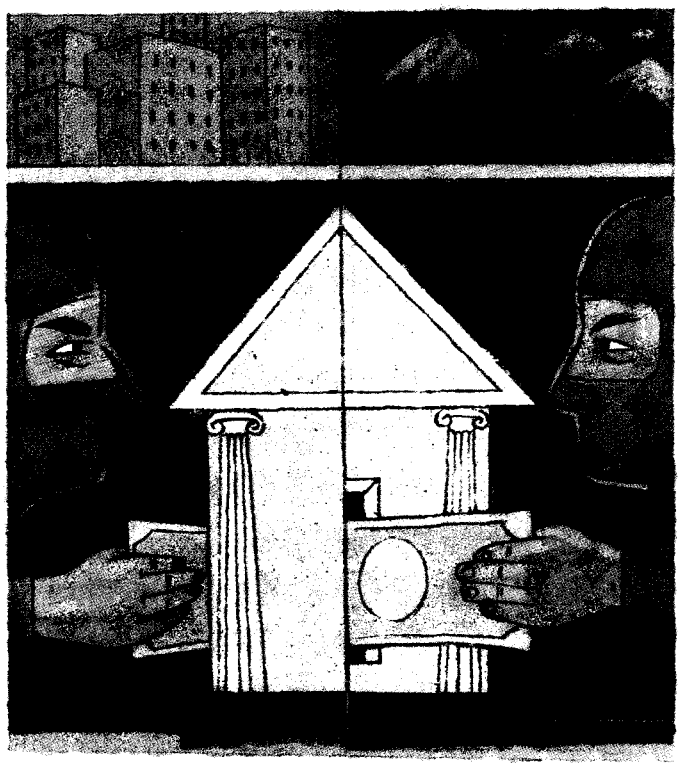
WHICH IS EXACTLY the problem. Hawala represents a serious obstacle to President Bush's new push to choke off funding for terrorist groups. The system is too fluid to control with conventional banking laws, too insular and too diffuse to easily infiltrate, and too enmeshed in South Asian culture to abolish outright. (Other nations have tried.) In 1993 Congress passed a law requiring U.S. hawaladar to register with the government and to file suspicious activity reports like banks. Twice delayed because of concerns about the volume of paperwork (first by the Clinton administration, then by the Bushies), the regulations will now be fast-tracked. But while they'll provide additional leverage for prosecuting hawaladar suspected of shady deals, law enforcement will still need to know whom and what sorts of activity to investigate—a task for which they are sorely unprepared. If you can even find a hawala broker to interview, one former Clinton Treasury official joked to me, "you'll be doing better than the FBI." This is particularly grim given that, as the United States cracks down on Swiss bank accounts, the bad guys will increasingly turn to their friendly neighborhood hawaladar.

Though largely unheard of in the United States, hawala, derived from an Arabic word meaning "change" or "transform," runs deep and wide in Pakistan, India, Malaysia, Singapore, the United Arab Emirates, and pretty much any other country with a large South Asian population. (The near-identical "chop" system is similarly prevalent among ethnic Chinese.) Also known as *hundi*, hawala emerged several centuries ago as a way for Arab traders to avoid being robbed on their routes. Those routes included South Asia, where the practice caught on. No one knows how much money runs through the hawala system, but last year, Pakistani bankers estimated that the annual hawala inflow for that country alone was somewhere between $2.5 billion and $3 billion (versus only $1 billion via banks). According to a 1999 investigation by *Institutional Investor* magazine, some 1,100 brokers operate across Pakistan, and individual deals can run as high as $10 million. Hawaladar are also thought to operate in every city in the United States with a significant South Asian or Middle Eastern community. Here brokers generally work out of the back of another business, such as a jewelry store or travel agency, and are wary of outside scrutiny. Advertising is targeted at the local ethnic press, says William Wechsler, who served as head of transnational threats at the National Security Council under Clinton. And "they won't welcome with open arms someone who looks like their parents came from Germany or England."

MY NEW FRIEND at the travel agency/money transfer office—who declines to give his name—is obviously less than thrilled by my presence. But, too polite to throw me out, he reluctantly answers questions about non-hawala matters—his family, his extensive travels, the benefits of arranged marriage. Every few minutes, he stops to answer one of the two phones on the desk. "Moneytransfer?" he blurts out each time before switching to Urdu (or maybe Pashto; I forget to ask). At one point, he pulls a fat ledger from a desk drawer to look up some information. (He says he works as a bookkeeper, though most definitely *not* for this office.) A second ledger sits open on the desk, filled with neatly ruled, hand-written (indecipherable) entries that include what appear to be dollar amounts. I ask if this office keeps careful records of transactions. "Oh, yes," he assures me with a smile. "When you're running an office, you have to keep records—especially when dealing with money." But, unlike a bank, a hawaladar is the keeper of his own accounts—and his own conscience. Records can be easily misplaced or altered, as apparently happened with the hawala firm Dihab Shill, which federal prosecutors say served as the conduit for funding the 1998 bombings of U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. At trial, prosecutors introduced a ledger showing money transfers from Kuwait and Yemen to a suspected Al Qaeda member in Nairobi; but the ledger had been doctored and the company claimed to have thrown out all faxes from the involved parties.

Not surprisingly, this kind of anonymity fosters a variety of illegal activities, from political corruption to tax evasion to drug running. In its 1998 report on money laundering, the State Department noted that profits from the sale of Pakistani heroin were being laundered via a global hawala network with close ties to Dubai. (With its lax banking laws, Dubai, along with India and Pakistan, is considered by the State Department to be one leg of "the hawala triangle.") This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



May, India discovered that hawala money was funding separatist groups in Punjab and providing legal assistance for gang members on trial for smuggling in arms and munitions from Pakistan. In the late '90s U.S. officials (working closely with the Indian government) found that hawala had been financing the smuggling of 200 aliens per month—at $20,000 per head—from South Asia. Still, such discoveries are often the product of luck as much as smart police work. "No intelligence organization—except the Directorate of Revenue Intelligence in India, perhaps—has ever effectively cracked the system," Barry Rider, a London-based expert on financial crime, recently told the BBC. "You could count the number of successful penetrations on the fingers of one hand."

For his part, my new friend vehemently denies that hawala is used primarily for nefarious dealings. "I don't believe that," he says with a frown. "It is people working here who send money home to their families." He personally sends money overseas every month to his wife, three children, and four sisters. If he used a bank, the funds could take up to two weeks to reach his family. But through this hawala office, he explains, the transfer takes a mere two days. Every month he either makes a deposit into the travel agency's bank account or brings his dollars straight to the office. One phone call later, his brother-in-law in Pakistan can pick up the rupees. Hawaladar can also easily adjust their exchange rates and transfer fees to help draw in customers. Last year Pakistani hawaladar in Kuwait even offered video recorders, satellite dish receivers, and other incentives to expatriates looking to send money home.

Hawala flourishes in times of political upheaval. During the 1947 partition of India, currency exchange between Pakistan and India was banned. Hawala filled the gap. In the fall of 1998, the Malaysian government moved to prevent capital flight by curtailing people's ability to convert the ringgit. Again hawaladar stepped in to provide access to foreign currency. And in May 1998, when Pakistan faced global condemnation for testing nuclear weapons, domestic confidence in the banking system tanked. Money flowing into the country through official channels from overseas workers dropped from $150 million a month to $50 million, as hawala essentially replaced the banks. Ironically, U.S. intelligence agents have even used hawala to foment unrest. A former Pakistani-based CIA agent boasted to *Institutional Investor* that he used hawaladar to funnel money to mujahedin guerrillas fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan. "The hawala system goes beyond anything we can imagine," he told the magazine. "It is very, very well developed."

Though technically legal in many nations, hawala is unpopular with governments. Even when used for benign purposes, the system can damage a country's economy by undermining its exchange rate and siphoning off reserves of foreign currency (dollars stay with U.S.-based hawaladar instead of being injected into the local banking system). In recent years some countries, most notably India, have tried to strangle hawala activity. For nearly three decades such transactions have been illegal under India's Foreign Exchange Regulation Act, with the Enforcement Directorate actively pursuing violators. But the flow goes on. "I have absolutely no idea what the legal status of it is in India," says Wechsler, "but it still exists there." Singapore took a different tack, trying to regulate the system by requiring registration of all hawala and chop brokers. Even so, the brokers maintain a don't-ask-don't-tell approach to business. "My company does not question the amount or the purpose of sending the money," a Singapore-based hawaladar told the newspaper there. "They trust us, and I don't ask questions. Why should I, when I have a license to operate?"

The United States is now preparing to follow Singapore's lead. At a September 26 Senate hearing, Jimmy Gurule, the Treasury under secretary for enforcement, assured an anxious Evan Bayh that the administration plans to accelerate the registration of hawaladar and to require them to file suspicious activity reports as do banks. But those steps will do little more than generate mounds of paperwork unless law enforcement takes steps to better understand how hawala works. "U.S. law enforcement in general has done a very poor job over the years of understanding how it works in the United States," says Wechsler, "much less [engaging in] diplomacy to understand how it works abroad."

This bodes ill for Bush's much-hyped crackdown. As the administration steps up oversight of the international banking system, the poorly understood hawala system will become all the more important to groups like Al Qaeda. A decade ago the *London Sunday Telegraph* warned that "law enforcement agencies believe the success of new Western laws enabling the confiscation of assets and prosecution for money-laundering have greatly accelerated [hawala] use by international organised crime, especially in South-East Asian heroin deals." Similarly, as the United States has gone after the assets of Colombian drug cartels, the cartels have turned increasingly to what is known as the black-market peso exchange, a money transfer system similar in principle to hawala. Today the BMPE is the largest avenue for launder-

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing drug money in the Western Hemisphere. And what the BMPE has done for drugs, hawala could do for terrorism, where the dollar amounts are generally smaller and thus harder to track.

My new friend is getting busier and busier. After about the sixth phone call—at one point he is holding a receiver up to each ear—I ask how business has been recently. "Very quiet," he says. "With everything..." The phone rings again and then the doorbell. My friend excuses himself, has a brief exchange with whomever's at the door, then reappears. We talk a bit more about all the things he doesn't know about hawala, then discuss my meeting the owner of the business. ("He doesn't speak English," he cautions. "But if he's willing—I mean, available—maybe I could help.") On my way out, I pass a Pakistani gentleman sitting on a bare mattress that takes up most of the front room. He looks up expectantly. I don't have the heart to tell him that there's no one around who can help him transfer money home. Certainly not my new friend, who hustles me quickly back onto the dark landing, then watches from the doorway as I make my way down the stairs. ■

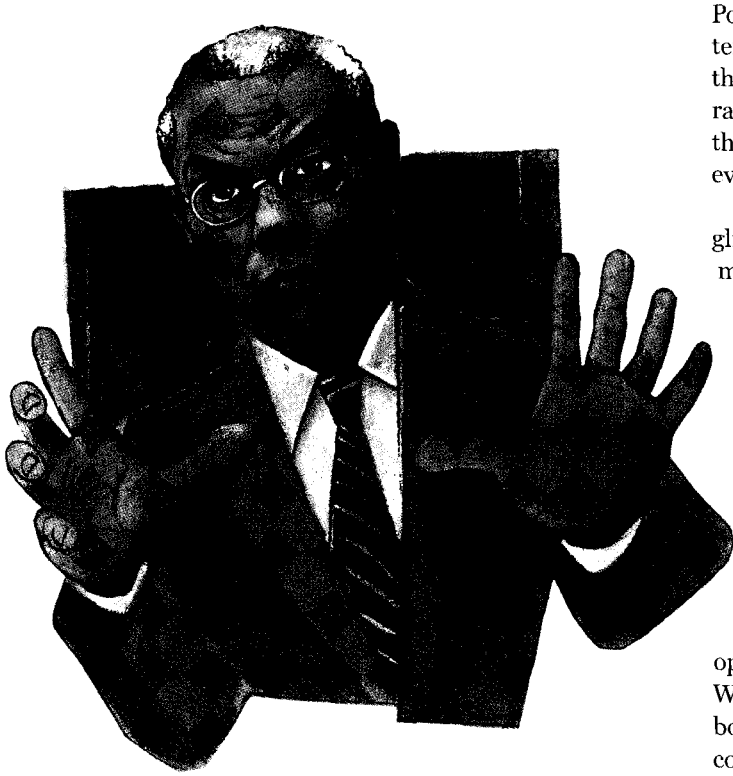
Powell's history repeats itself.

Dove Tales

By LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN

"YOU'RE NOT SECRETARY OF STATE," Dick Cheney admonished Colin Powell during the run-up to the Gulf war. "...So stick to military matters."

Cheney spoke too soon. Freed from the constraints of military professionalism, such as they were, Secretary of State Powell is today busily forfeiting America's capacity to respond effectively to the attacks of September 11. Indeed, he's gone out of his way to contradict just about every principle President Bush has enunciated for the battle ahead. Will the United States employ "every necessary weapon of war" to defeat terror? Probably not. "It's a war that will use legal means, financial weapons," Powell told Qatari television the week after the attack. Will the United States, as the president insists, eliminate the distinction between terrorists and the states that give them haven? Not really, given that Powell has been wooing several such states into America's coalition. In other words, having portrayed the threat as malignant, Bush is now being urged toward equivocal action.



EDEL RODRIGUEZ

Coming from Powell, the urge is nothing new. Powell resisted intervening to halt the slaughter in Bosnia because the conflict had "deep ethnic and religious roots that go back a thousand years." And because the United States had no business "trying to sort out two thousand years of Mesopotamian history," he opposed halting the slaughter of Iraqi insurgents in the aftermath of the Gulf war. But it was Powell's arguments *during* the Gulf war that provide the true template for his current stance. Then, Powell insisted that the war's purpose and scope be modest; that its end be order rather than justice; and that it be waged only in concert with the international community. He was wrong then, and he's even more wrong now.

Press coverage of the Bush administration's internal wrangling has focused on the revival of that war's feuds. In the media's telling, one camp, led by Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz—who jousted with Powell over the scope and duration of the Gulf war—supposedly wants to extend the war on terrorism beyond Afghanistan to a strategic bombing campaign against Iraq and against terrorist sanctuaries in Lebanon. But, echoing the narrow objectives he favored during the Gulf war, Powell wants to confine the war to Osama bin Laden's network. Hence, Powell says if the Taliban submit to U.S. demands that they surrender bin Laden, "[t]here may be significant benefits for them," including financial assistance.

In truth, the administration long ago rejected the first option. Unfortunately, it hasn't rejected the second. The White House has already settled the question of whether to bomb Afghanistan. The debate now centers on whether to concentrate American attacks merely on bin Laden and his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieutenants or to strike more broadly at the Taliban as well. Taking a cue from their boss, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage (who, according to his colleagues, calls proponents of a wider war "barking dogs"), Bureau of Near East Affairs chief William Burns, and Policy Planning director Richard Haass have been peddling Powell's peculiar brand of restraint. Thus State Department spokesman Richard Boucher reiterated this week that "we have not set toppling the Taliban as one of our goals." At the White House, too, the war's aims have been shrinking ever since President Bush's address to a joint session of Congress. "The president's goal is not for removal of anyone from power," says Bush spokesman Ari Fleischer. For his part, former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft has been counseling restraint in frequent telephone conversations with his protégé, Condoleezza Rice, while Bush père has been doing the same in conversations with the president himself. And, press reports to the contrary notwithstanding, senior administration officials say Cheney and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld share Powell's preference. Rumsfeld has rejected war plans for a massive bombing effort and circulated a memo instructing officials to downplay the military component of the coming war. Instead the defense secretary has ordered military planners to place greater emphasis on, among other things, "electronic warfare" against bin Laden—despite the fact that he's presumed to be living in a cave.

By contrast Wolfowitz and his allies, who include Bush adviser Richard Perle and Undersecretary of Defense Douglas Feith, have been lobbying to eliminate the distinction between bin Laden's forces and the Taliban's. Their argument is both practical and philosophical. To begin with, Bush has declared that the Taliban "will hand over the terrorists or they will share in their fate." More important, as even Powell concedes, bin Laden's forces are "very intertwined with the Taliban leadership"—so intertwined that administration officials claim they can't discern whether the Taliban control bin Laden or vice-versa. Thus, ridding Afghanistan of bin Laden while leaving the Taliban in place means preserving Afghanistan as a haven for terrorists. It also means violating Bush's pledge, and thereby eliminating any obligation to link punishment to offense. On the other hand, defeating the Taliban—whose grip on the country grows ever more tenuous and who are far more susceptible than bin Laden to American firepower—deprives him of his shelter.

Targeting the Taliban serves a larger strategic purpose as well. The geography of terror, after all, consists of sovereign states. And sovereignty still has its uses. One is the principle that when forces launch an assault against one state from the soil of another, the host state becomes a legitimate object of reprisal. A military campaign against the Taliban would send an overdue and cautionary message to Iran, Syria, Iraq, and other sponsors of terror as well. Focusing narrowly on bin Laden, by contrast, would encourage sponsors of terrorism to conclude that they enjoy more room to maneuver than White House rhetoric suggests—as, in fact, they would.

Facing the prospect of robust action, Powell has also been relying heavily on two of his favorite Gulf war catchwords: "stability" and "coalition." In his memoirs, Powell recounts that one of the reasons for not pushing on to Baghdad was "because it would not contribute to the stability we want in the Middle East to have Iraq fragmented into separate Sunni, Shia, and Kurd political entities." In a similar vein, Powell and his aides today argue that a robust military effort could destabilize Afghanistan, according to a senior administration official who has participated in meetings with them. Indeed, Powell has just appointed as a wartime counselor General Anthony Zinni, the former commander of U.S. forces in the Middle East. Zinni has made a name for himself in recent years advising in speeches and interviews that "a weak, fragmented, chaotic Iraq ... is more dangerous in the long run than a contained Saddam is now" and now insists that terrorism is less a military than a diplomatic and law enforcement issue. As applied to Afghanistan, however, the stability argument suffers some rather glaring defects. Not the least of which is that Afghanistan is already among the least stable countries on Earth. And far from destabilizing it, the replacement of the Taliban would more likely do the reverse. Eliminating the Taliban would also remove a pernicious influence on neighboring Pakistan, whose government has used the war as an occasion to repair relations with Washington.

Finally there is Powell's unconditional pursuit of coalitions. Powell argues it was wise to halt the Gulf war promptly because "we were heading an *international* coalition." Today, too, the secretary of state frets that a broad campaign "would wreck the coalition." This may well be true. Countries such as Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, and France—to say nothing of Syria and Iran—have different interests than the United States. Because each one of them brings its own political sensitivities and demands to the coalition, the broader that coalition becomes, the narrower its aims tend to be—and vice-versa. The problem with this formulation is its conflation of means and ends. After all, a coalition so broad that it deters us from forceful action hardly furthers the war on terror. As Rumsfeld put it last week: "The mission needs to define the coalition, and we ought not to think that a coalition should define the mission."

The preoccupation with coalitions as ends in themselves, the insistence on narrow means and objectives, the elevation of restraint above any and all competing requirements—we have seen these before. But this isn't the Gulf war. It is a war fought in self-defense. If, as the Bush team insists, the fight against terror bears slight resemblance to America's previous wars, surely the principle distinction lies not with the means used to wage it, but with its cause. If we need a new road map, it's because this isn't about the 38th parallel or a far-away emirate. It's about the murder of 6,000 Americans. Does that mean principles such as proportionality and discrimination lose their meaning? Of course not. But the threshold for a commensurate response is exceedingly high. Certainly higher than Powell's preference for limited strikes and financial weapons would permit. In truth, the difficulty we face in this war isn't a lack of capability. It's confusion—at the top—regarding how to use that capability. And the confusion comes from Colin Powell, who, having been so wrong before, is determined to be so again. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Paris and Reality

THE NAME OF Jacques Rivette will have small effect on most readers, which is a pity. Rivette, now seventy-three, has long been a figure in the French film world as a writer and a director, as an editor of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, and as a critic. In forty years he has made nineteen feature films (some shorts, too), many of which are treasured by some. A few of his best-known pictures are *The Nun* (from Diderot), *Celine and Julie Go Boating*, and *Joan the Maid*. I haven't seen anything like all his work, but one of his more recent films did most for me to justify his high reputation. *La Belle Noiseuse* (1991), adapted from Balzac, dwelled at length on the painting of a nude by a painter, concentrating on the model (Emmanuelle Béart) and the artist (Michel Piccoli) with an insistence that figuratively made the painter nude, too, and the model a Venus. The film ran four hours. Two years later came a one- hundred-twenty-six-minute version called *Divertimento*; I preferred the original.

Here now is **Va Savoir (Who Knows?)** (Sony Pictures Classics). Brief for Rivette—only one hundred fifty-four minutes—it holds to one of his traits: the production of a play is a central element in the film. In *L'Amour Fou*, the story moved around a production of Racine's *Andromaque*; in *Paris Belongs to Us*, it was Shakespeare's *Pericles*. In *Va Savoir*, it is Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*. The play is being performed in Paris by an Italian company, but the leading role is played (in Italian) by a French actress called Camille, who is one of the main characters in Rivette's film. Pirandello's heroine may or may not be a woman who disappeared ten years earlier and now has a different name and life. It takes a considerable stretch to connect this idea with Rivette's Camille. She has been away from Paris for three years, and she is in a sense two women—the lover of an Italian actor in the company and the woman still in love with a Parisian scholar—but there is no hint of Pirandellian ambiguity. The theater performance serves only as a kind of refuge into which this woman can withdraw by being someone else for a few hours.

Connection with Pirandello is further diminished by the screenplay's complexity: Camille's story is only one of several interlocking plots. Her Italian lover gets involved with a young student, and this student has a half brother who is having an affair with Camille's former lover's wife. There are even more strands, which I will omit. The net effect is of a Parisian confection by Sacha Guitry without the comedy, directed by a man who probably considers Guitry frivolous.

Most of the actors are highly agreeable, particularly Sergio Castellito as the Italian lover, Jacques Bonnaffe as the Parisian ex-lover, and Hélène de Fougerolles as the young student. The veteran Catherine Rouvel, once Mademoiselle Sex Appeal, is differently appealing as the student's plump, cake-baking mother. On the other hand, Jeanne Balibar, who is supposed to have sex appeal now, is almost skeletal, and is so languid both as Camille and as the Pirandello heroine that she is like a walking lull in the film.

Rivette's title has only one application that I can see: who knows why this accomplished man at this stage of his career wanted to co-write and direct this film?

In the latest issue of *Theater*, the journal published by the Yale School of Drama, Alisa Solomon, a New York theater critic, interviews Igal Ezraty, a director in the Hebrew division of the Arab-Hebrew theater of Jaffa. The interview startles. It was done in March 2000, just after Ezraty had produced a piece that dramatized the sufferings of Israeli Arabs at the hands of Israeli soldiers and police. Some of the episodes were performed by Jewish actors; some of them presented the actual Arabs who had suffered. Ezraty gives Solomon his basic reason for this production: "Part of making peace is dealing with the past."

Since this conversation took place before the start of the latest Palestinian uprising, Solomon telephoned Ezraty in January for an update just before the magazine went to press. He reported that his theater had recently done one of its frank pieces for the heads of Israel's four hundred community centers, many of whom planned to invite Ezraty to bring the piece to their centers. "Some complained, of course, that it wasn't 'balanced,'" he said, "but of course the situation itself is not balanced. Still these people came." Solomon asked, "How are things going in Jaffa?" Ezraty replied:

> Israeli Jews are still afraid to come generally, but we are performing. Every week we do a coffeehouse with performances of small pieces, music, stand-up comedy, and lots of Jews and Arabs are coming together and talking and eating and enjoying the evening. It's one of the contradictions we live in. The people in the streets and the newspapers say the gap between Jews and Arabs is bigger than ever. In a small way, we're seeing the opposite.

Small ways are welcome.

By coincidence I read Solomon's piece just before I saw **In Search of Peace, Part I: 1948–1967** (Seventh Art). The interview gave the film an extra dimension. This is a documentary that, in one hundred thirteen minutes, recounts the history of Israel up to the finish of the Six Day War. We have only to read that sentence to know that the picture must be incomplete and cannot possibly satisfy everyone who sees it. But reactions like these would follow any such film.

Documentaries about Israel are not in short supply. (Susan Sontag made a valuable one called *Promised Lands* in 1974.) I haven't seen any other that attempted a complete historical overview. The title implies that there will be a continuation; if so, I hope it will be done by the same director, Richard Trank, who has worked here with skill and with an attempt at what Ezraty calls "balance." (For instance, an account of the Arab massacre of Jews at Kfar Etzion is accompanied by an account of the Jewish massacre of Arabs at Deir Yassin.)

The screenplay, which must mean the selection and the arrangement of the documentary material plus a narrative voice-over, was written by Trank, the noted historian Martin Gilbert, and Rabbi Marvin Hier. The narration is spoken by Michael Douglas, and several other prominent actors speak lines as various personages. But Douglas carries the story and does it in a generally temperate manner. The film tries to let the facts speak for themselves; Douglas tries to follow suit.

Very little here will be new to anyone interested in the subject, though only experts will remember all the details. The picture moves from the fateful United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAMPER YOUR INTELLECT

The Skeptical Environmentalist
Measuring the Real State of the World
Bjørn Lomborg

"This is one of the most valuable books on public policy—not merely environmental policy—to have been written for the intelligent general reader in the past ten years...*The Skeptical Environmentalist* is a triumph."
—*The Economist*

0-521-01068-3, Paperback, $27.95

China Since Tiananmen
The Politics of Transition
Joseph Fewsmith

"...intellectual inquiry of the highest order and a revealing and surprising glimpse of a society deeply questioning just where it is going."
—*Publishers Weekly*

0-521-00105-6, Paperback, $21.95

Breaking the Heart of the World
Woodrow Wilson and the Fight for the League of Nations
John Milton Cooper, Jr.

"Cooper does a spendid job of revealing what has come to be called 'the League fight.'"
—*Publishers Weekly*

0-521-80786-7, Hardback, $34.95

Machine Dreams
Economics Becomes a Cyborg Science
Philip Mirowski

Mirowski shows how the history of technology can be integrated with the history of economic ideas.

0-521-77526-4, Paperback, $34.95

Women and Human Development
The Capabilities Approach
Martha C. Nussbaum

Now in paperback

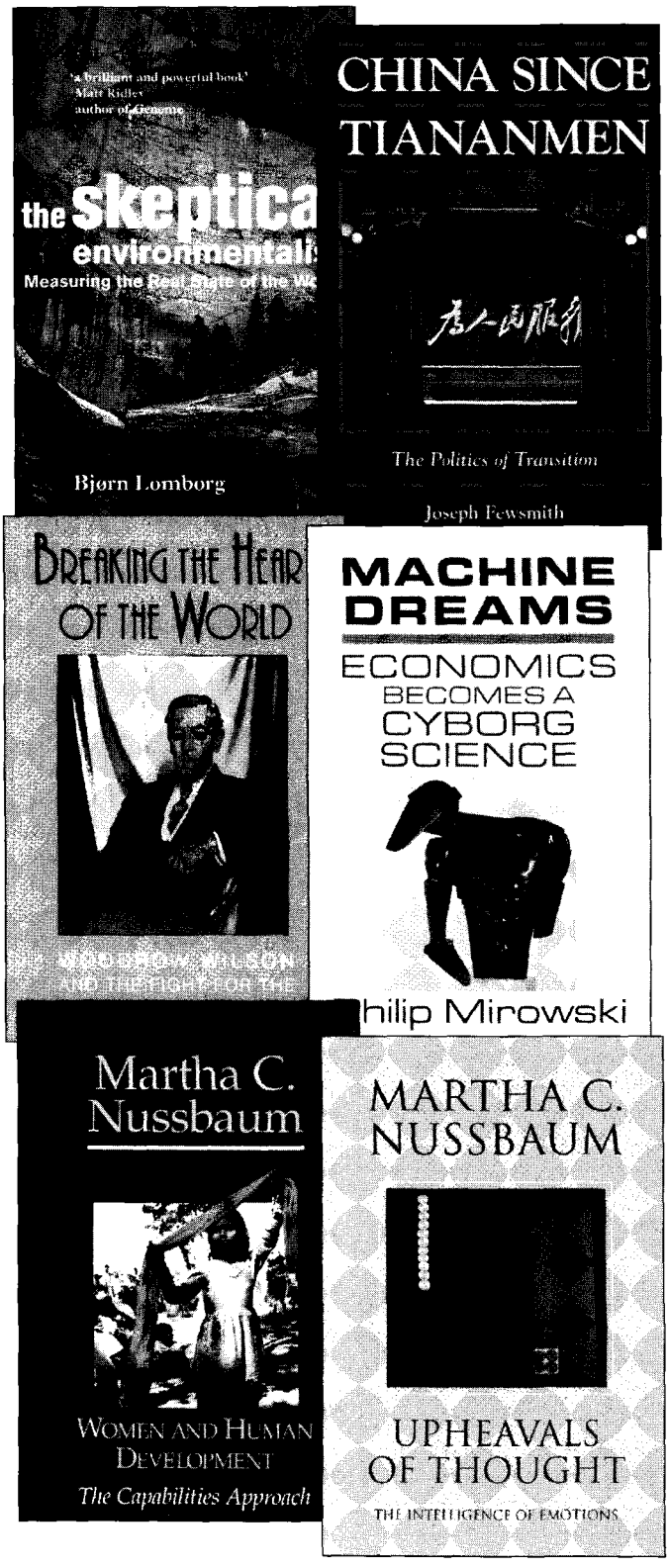
"...an important book. It presents a rich, nuanced argument that is both intellectually rigorous and attuned to practical dilemmas."
—*New York Times Book Review*

0-521-00385-7, Paperback, $19.95

Upheavals of Thought
The Intelligence of Emotions
Martha C. Nussbaum

"...has the feel of a major achievement."
—*Publishers Weekly (starred)*

0-521-46202-9, Hardback, $39.95



At better bookstores

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS www.cambridge.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nations meeting in 1948 where Israel's existence as a nation was accepted, on through to the victory in 1967. There is no point in detailing all the conferences, elections, conflicts, and so on. (One minor interest is in seeing the passage of time through the aging of such prominent figures as Golda Meir and Shimon Peres.) My own reservation about the film is that, though the political history had to take precedence, more might have been shown about the civil transformations of every kind that took place in Israel. On my one visit to that country, the guide on a bus tour told us three times that Israel had planted thirty million trees. No trees in *this documentary*.

Good luck to Igal Ezraty. ■

Abhorring a Vacuum

By JAMES WOOD

The Corrections by Jonathan Franzen

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 568 pp., $26)

I.

IF ANYONE STILL had a longing for the great American "social novel," the events of September 11 may have corrected it, merely through the reminder of an asymmetry of their own: that whatever the novel gets up to, the "culture" can always get up to something bigger. Ashes defeat garlands. If topicality, relevance, reportage, social comment, preachy presentism, and sidewalk smarts—in sum, the contemporary American novel in its big triumphalist form—are the novel's chosen sport, then the novel will sooner or later be outrun by its own streaking material. The novel may well be, as Stendhal wrote, a mirror carried down the middle of a road, but the Stendhalian mirror would explode with reflections were it now being walked around Manhattan. And so a passage at the conclusion of Jonathan Franzen's *The Corrections*, about the end of the American century, now seems laughably archival:

> It seemed to Enid that current events in general were more muted or insipid nowadays than they'd been in her youth. She had memories of the 1930s, she'd seen firsthand what could happen to a country when the world economy took its gloves off.... But disasters of this magnitude no longer seemed to befall the United States. Safety features had been put in place, like the squares of rubber that every modern playground was paved with, to soften impacts.

Despite the falter of this passage, Franzen would probably agree that the novel should not go chasing after the bait of social information. Five years ago he published an essay in *Harper's* in which he declared that the social novel is no longer possible. The piece was so punctually intelligent and affecting—it had the charm and the directness typical of his work—and it was above all so long, that few noticed its incoherence. Franzen began by admitting to a recent depression, a dejection about the American novel, a "despair about the possibility of connecting the personal and the social." No challenging novel since *Catch-22* had truly affected the culture, he complained. As a young writer he had believed that "putting a novel's characters in a dynamic social setting enriched the story that was being told." The novel, he used to think, should bring "social news, social instruction." It should "Address the Culture and Bring News to the Mainstream." It had "a responsibility to dramatize important issues of the day."

Franzen's first novel, *The Twenty-Seventh City*, was such a book; but it came and went pretty quietly, and Franzen was left pondering "the failure of my culturally engaged novel to engage with the culture. *I'd intended to provoke*; what I got instead was sixty reviews in a vacuum." To be sure, there was a book tour, a photo spread in *Vogue*, and a large advance (which is more than most serious writers are vouchsafed): all this was merely "the consolation of no longer mattering to the culture." Franzen's second novel also dribbled into the celebrity-sand; there were good reviews, "decent sales, and the deafening silence of irrelevance."

So the social novel, it seemed, had no utility. The novel had lost its cultural centrality, its cultural power; modern technologies, such as television, "do a better job of social instruction." And how to create something permanent whose subject—modern culture—is ephemeral? Franzen rightly asked the question, perhaps the most tormenting one for contemporary novelists, of how to write a novel both of its time and properly resistant to its time: "how can you achieve topical 'relevance' without drawing on an up-to-the-minute vocabulary of icons and attitudes and thereby, far from challenging the hegemony of overnight obsolescence, confirming and furthering it?"

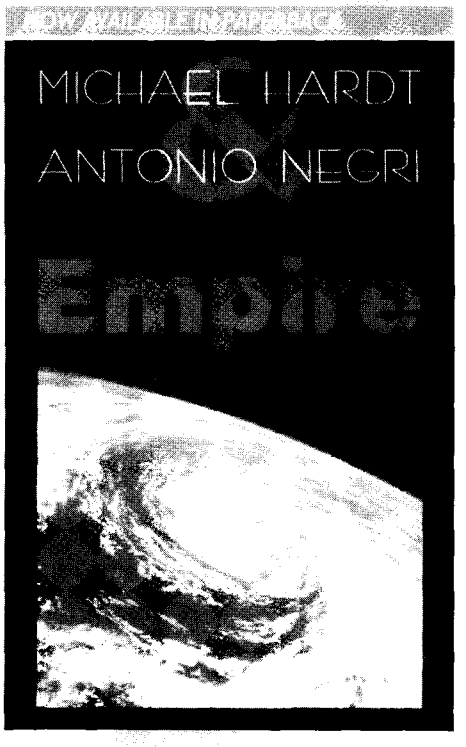
BY THE END of his essay, Franzen had decided that there was "something wrong with the whole model of the novel of social engagement," and had admitted to a "conviction that bringing 'meaningful news' is no longer so much a defining function of the novel as an accidental product." The solution, it seemed, was aesthetic. "Expecting a novel to bear the weight of our whole disturbed society—to help solve our contemporary problems—seems to me a peculiarly American delusion. To write sentences of such authenticity that refuge can be taken in them: isn't this enough? Isn't it a lot?"

It certainly is. Franzen's aesthetic solution to the social novel—the "refuge" of "sentences"—is the right one, or at least one of the right ones. But his reasons for arriving at it are, I think, the wrong ones, such that they cast doubt on the certainty with which he believes in that solution. For a start, his essay was so autobiographically infected that his argument quickly sickened into subjectivity. Quite predictably, it is this autobiographical *malheur* that has appealed to the media at the publication of *The Corrections*, so that the essay is increasingly read as if Franzen had merely complained about the feebleness of a particular genre of American novel, and then decided, with *The Corrections*, to go ahead and invent a really strong one—above all, a novel that people really want. *Time* magazine, noting that one of Franzen's definitions of how seriously the culture takes fiction might be a *Time* cover about a novelist, delivered itself of a review whose explicit theme was that *The Corrections* must be an important novel if *Time* is running this review of it.

Franzen has himself to blame in part for the idiocy of his coverage, for his essay repeatedly had recourse to the personal as a way of solving what should have been impersonal arguments. We read about his despair, his "depressing estrangement from the mainstream," his "hunger for a large audience," his "isolation." At one point he said, in effect, that he was disillusioned with the novel because he had become so isolated; so he decided to go

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" How often can it happen that a book is swept off the shelves until you can't find a copy in New York for love nor money? " *



MICHAEL HARDT
is Associate Professor in the Literature Program at Duke University.

ANTONIO NEGRI
is an independent researcher and writer and an inmate at Rebibbia Prison, Rome. He has been Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Paris and Professor of Political Science at the Univerity of Padua.

"So what does a disquisition on globalization have to offer scholars in crisis? First, there is *Empire's* broad sweep and range of learning.

Spanning nearly 500 pages of densely argued history, philosophy and political theory, it features sections on Imperial Rome, Haitian slave revolts, the American Constitution and the Persian Gulf War, and references to dozens of thinkers like Machiavelli, Spinoza, Hegel, Hobbes, Kant, Marx and Foucault. In short, the book has the formal trappings of a master theory in the old European tradition...[It] brims with confidence in its ideas."

—Emily Eakin, NEW YORK TIMES

"*Empire*...is a bold move away from established doctrine.

Hardt and Negri's insistence that there really is a new world is promulgated with energy and conviction."

—Stanley Aronowitz, THE NATION

"Globalization's positive side is, intriguingly, a message of [this] hot new book.

Since it was published last year, *Empire* has been translated into four languages, with six more on the way...You don't have to endorse the authors' broadly Marxist perspective to find the book fascinating."

—Michael Elliott, TIME

"*Empire* is a sweeping history

of humanist philosophy, Marxism, and modernism that propels itself to a grand political conclusion."

—Ed Vulliamy, THE OBSERVER [London]*

"*Empire* is a strange and graceful work, of rare imaginative drive and richness of intellectual reference."

—Gopul Balakrishnan, NEW LEFT REVIEW

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

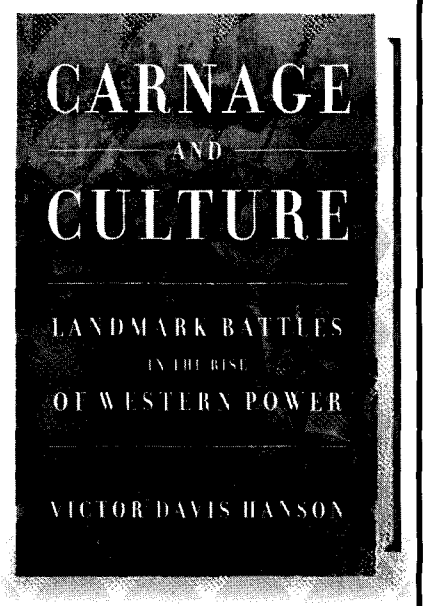
Read excerpts from *Empire* at:

www.hup.harvard.edu/pdf/HAREMI.pdf

Toll-free telephone: 800.448.2242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One of the best works of military history to be published in the past decade."
—D.E. Showalter, Professor of History, Colorado College



Why have Western values triumphed? In this sweeping and ambitious work, Victor Davis Hanson convincingly argues that it all comes down to the Western knack for killing.

"Provocative...Hanson ranges from the battle of Salamis to the Tet Offensive. There is not a dull page here."
—Paul Cartledge, Professor of Greek History, Clare College, Cambridge University

"Vivid...ambitious... Hanson re-creates nine 'landmark' battles fought between the West and the rest."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

Doubleday
Available wherever books are sold
www.doubleday.com

back into society, do a little journalism, go to some literary parties, write for *The New Yorker*, and so on—and then he began to feel much better about the novel! As a result of this kind of Twelve-Step argument, it is never entirely clear that Franzen is not declaring the social novel dead just because *his* social novels died.

More importantly, although his solution may have been aesthetic, the reasons that he offered for the difficulty of continuing with the social novel are themselves social reasons, not aesthetic ones. At no point did Franzen ask if topicality, relevance, a large audience, the mainstream, are things that the novel should in fact be courting. He simply said that the novel had not successfully courted them. At no point did he consider the proposition that "social instruction," the bringing of "news," might have nothing much to do with art.

Like Don DeLillo, whom he quoted in his essay, Franzen establishes a kind of competition between the novel and society, almost an equivalence. The novel must somehow match the culture, must equal its potency. And since the novel obviously cannot do so, then the novel has lost, and must fatten itself up. DeLillo, in an essay published in 1997 called "The Power of History," argued rather shockingly that "at its root level, fiction is a kind of religious fanaticism with elements of obsession, superstition and awe. Such qualities will sooner or later state their adversarial relationship to history." Franzen has come to the much more acceptable decision that the novel should stop trying to act like the culture, and become properly aesthetic.

And yet Franzen's premises, like DeLillo's, flatter the culture that the novel is supposed to resist. They do so because they assume that the culture has a power that must be socially attended to rather than aesthetically bypassed. Franzen laments "the failure of my culturally engaged novel to engage with the culture I'd intended to provoke." But does this "engagement with the culture" not actually mean that the culture should engage back with the novel? And doesn't the culture then become the judge of the success of that engagement, the controller of it, precisely as *Time* decided? *Time* declared, in effect: "your culturally engaged novel has engaged us, and the proof is that we are here to tell you so." And Franzen's sentence can only mean: "the failure of my culturally engaged novel to provoke a response from the culture I'd intended to provoke." Well, he has finally provoked his response.

The danger of this kind of argument lies in its utilitarianism. Reflect on what would count as evidence, for Franzen, that his novel had indeed engaged with the culture. Two hundred reviews and forty profiles? What would be the definition of a novel not published "in a vacuum"? Is it not true that *The Corrections*, already a bestseller, and chosen by Oprah Winfrey for her "book club," will also in the end be essentially published "in a vacuum"? For the only true success for a novelist is aesthetic success, and "the culture" will never validate aesthetic success, will never "engage" with that. And finally we will not be the judges of this success: Samuel Johnson suggested that a hundred years might be the test of a book's artistic power. Aesthetic success is measured in leagues of posterity. In this sense every great novel is published in a vacuum; it teaches the empty space around it. *Nausea* and *The Stranger* are not great novels that successfully engaged with an existential culture, but great novels that taught a culture existentialism.

So when Franzen reaches for the autonomy of art—a new novel form that will appeal to the "refuge" of "sentences"—the gesture seems weak, because he does not seem to believe in the autonomy of art. He seems to believe in the sociality of art. And what kind of "refuge" can be taken in an aesthetics that is drained of both the moral and the authoritative? About the moral question Franzen writes: "I can't stomach any kind of notion that serious fiction is good for us, because I don't believe that everything that's wrong with the world has a cure." (Re-read that sentence and it quickly becomes the very definition of a non sequitur.) And on the idea of aesthetic hierarchy: "I resist, finally, the notion of literature as a noble higher calling, because elitism doesn't sit well with my American nature, and because ... my belief in manners would make it difficult for me to explain to my brother, who is a fan of Michael Crichton, that the work I'm doing is simply *better* than Crichton's." Notice again the flight to the personal at the moment that logic's army threatens. And what kind of serious writer considers Michael Crichton any kind of competition?

An aesthetics without any faith in morality or in the arguability of aesthetic distinction—an aesthetics without beauty or truth, in effect!—is a starved one, starved down to the "refuge" of a few authentic "sentences." And it is hardly surprising, given this starved aesthetic, that most of Franzen's argumentation is either sociological or autobiographical. It would be impossible, on this aesthetics alone, to make a proper argument against the social novel and in favor of a different kind of American novel. Only gestures are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

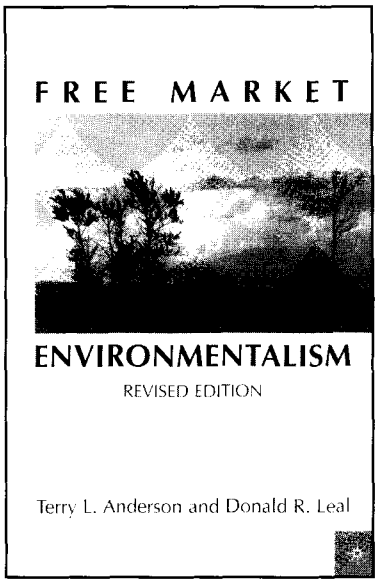
possible within this kind of aesthetics. Or rather, what is possible is only what Franzen produced in his essay: a polemic that has a bit of everything—a bit of aesthetics, a bit of sociology, a bit of pragmatism, a bit of autobiographical justification.

II.

FRANZEN HAS SO lengthily lamented the impossibility of producing the social novel that he seems, really, to be longing for its renewed possibility. He appears to be disillusioned only with the possibility of the social novel, not with its desirability: he is still half in love with it. And just as his essay looks toward the social and toward the aesthetic at the same time, and combines all modes of argument, so is his new novel a kind of glass-bottomed boat through which one can glimpse most of the various currents of contemporary American fiction. There is domestic realism (a Midwestern family); there is social and cultural analysis (a nasty Philadelphia biotech company); there is campus farce; there is the broad Dickensianism that has decayed into crudeness in too much American fiction; there is "smart young man's irony" of the kind familiar from Rick Moody and David Foster Wallace (riffs on corporate gardens, on the politics of cuisine, on the Lithuanian black market); and there is, rather too often, an easy journalism of narrative style.

But to be fair to *The Corrections*, there is also considerable grace and power; and these qualities appear most reliably when Franzen is cleaving to the human, when he is laying bare the clogged dynamics of his fictional family, the Lamberts. I do not mean this as the anti-intellectual faint praise that Franzen is at his most affecting when merely telling a story, and eschewing the theoretical or the ambitious. I mean that Franzen is at his finest when being ambitious and even theoretical about the soul, when he is examining consciousness and finding, willy-nilly, that consciousness is the true Stendhalian mirror, reflecting helplessly the random angles of the age.

Franzen's *Harper's* essay proposed, in effect, a softened DeLilloism. What is retained from DeLillo is the tentacular ambition, the effort to pin down an entire writhing culture. The DeLillo notion of the novelist as a kind of Frankfurt School entertainer, fighting the culture with dialectical devilry, has been woefully influential, and will take some time to die. Nowadays anyone in possession of a laptop is thought to be a brilliance on the move. Franzen has some of this portable theoretical "brilliance," and it can be wearying. But against this he has politely



Free Market Environmentalism

Revised Edition

By Terry L. Anderson & Donald R. Leal

"Through their rigorous scholarship and intellectual integrity, Anderson and Leal make a compelling and provocative case for free market environmentalism that deserves the attention of anyone seriously concerned about the future direction of environmental policy."

– William H. Mellor, President and General Counsel, Institute for Justice

PACIFIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE FOR PUBLIC POLICY

www.pacificresearch.org

800/276-7600

palgrave

www.palgrave-usa.com

800/221-7945, ext. 270

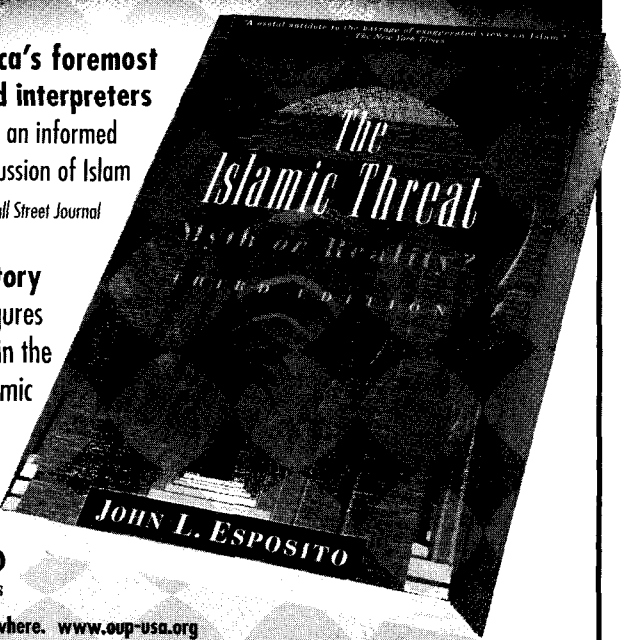
"Esposito has written that rarest, and most useful, of books: a consideration of 'Islamic Fundamentalism' by someone who knows what he's talking about."

—The Village Voice Literary Supplement

"One of America's foremost authorities and interpreters of Islam...offers an informed and reasoned discussion of Islam in politics." *—The Wall Street Journal*

"A valuable history of the leading figures and movements in the 20th century Islamic revival."

—The New York Times



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

At bookstores everywhere. www.oup-usa.org

$16.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

implied that *Underworld*, DeLillo's most ambitious novel of cultural critique, is weakened by its total lack of characterological depth, and his new novel imagines itself as a correction of DeLillo in favor of the human.

This is welcome. More than welcome, it is an urgent task of contemporary American fiction, whose characteristic products are books of great self-consciousness with no selves in them; curiously arrested books that know a thousand different things—the recipe for the best Indonesian fish curry! the sonics of the trombone! the drug market in Detroit! the history of strip cartoons!—but do not know a single human being. Such books, congested and anxious, resemble the millipede mentioned by Meyrink, which, when it realizes it has a thousand legs, is suddenly unable to move an inch.

So *THE CORRECTIONS* is a correction, and as such it succeeds marvelously. At its warm center—and it says much for Franzen's charm as a writer that his book should seem warm while it is in fact dark—are Enid and Alfred Lambert, retirees who live in a fictional Midwestern city named St. Jude. They are the striving middle classes: Alfred, an old-fashioned authoritarian, worked for most of his life as an engineer at Midland Pacific, a big Midwestern railroad company, and Enid, who stayed at home, has spent much of her life calibrating their slow social rise. Stubborn, repressed, self-denying, Alfred is the kind of adamantine patriarch who has always been a rocky obstacle to his children, either as example or as cautionary lesson; Enid is the kind of noisy, bursting mother who drowns her children in striving. She wants too much for them, but what she wants is not what they want. Franzen provides a nice example of one of her "florid bi-weekly letters" to her son Chip, begging him to abandon his Ph.D.: "I see your old science fair trophies ... and I think of what an able young man like you could be giving back to society as a medical doctor, but then, you see, Dad and I always hoped we'd raised children who thought of others, not just themselves."

But the parental authority of the Lamberts is dissolving. Alfred has Parkinson's disease, and is losing control of his body and of his memory, and Enid, forced to become his helper, is weakened by Alfred's weakness—her appeals to her three children have become increasingly shrill. Franzen intelligently explores the shadowed lives of those three adult children: Gary, a banker in Philadelphia, and the only one of the three children to be married and have children himself; Chip, a former academic who has been wasting his time in Manhattan trying to write a filmscript; and Denise, a successful chef who has opened a trendy new restaurant in Philadelphia. The stately length of his book enables Franzen to accumulate quiddity gradually and persistently, so that we gather a real sense of each of these people. In particular, we see that all of the Lambert children, despite their successful and free lives as adults, are unfree, because they are still above all parented. All decisions, consciously or not, are routed via the parental desk—and so the Lambert children, like many of us, are really only honorary adults, ex officio.

FAMILY IS THE great determinism. One of the subtlest and most moving aspects of Franzen's book is the way in which he develops the idea of "correction" as a doomed struggle against this determinism. At its simplest, it is no more than the notion that children often believe themselves to be living lives that correct those of their parents. Franzen writes of Gary that "his entire life was set up as a correction of his father's life," and much the same might be said, in different ways, of Denise and Chip. But parents may also imagine their children as new corrections of themselves, and yearn to live through them vicariously, as Enid so earnestly does. Yet again this yearning promises pain, because it is painful to be self-corrected: sure enough, Enid is tormented by the sense that her children have corrected her too sharply and too publicly. Why don't her children, she thinks sorrowfully, want what the children of her neighbors want? Why do her children live so far away, and why do they launch themselves into outlandish occupations such as screenwriting and cooking? Enid reflects that "her children didn't match. They didn't want the things that she and her friends' children wanted. Her children wanted radically, shamefully other things."

This dream of correction is chimerical, of course, because family determinism tends to turn correction into repetition. Denise repetitively inherits her mother's restlessness and her father's unhappiness; Gary repetitively inherits his father's unhappiness. When Gary accuses his father of being depressed, Alfred says that, on the contrary, his son is the one who is depressed, at which Gary bursts out: "My life is on a fundamentally different basis than yours." Family illusion of this magnitude and this wrongheadedness is one of the great novelistic themes—vivid in *Buddenbrooks* and *Confessions of Zeno*, to take two modern instances—a source of both comedy and pathos; and it is this antique sensitivity that constitutes the best of Franzen's fine achievement.

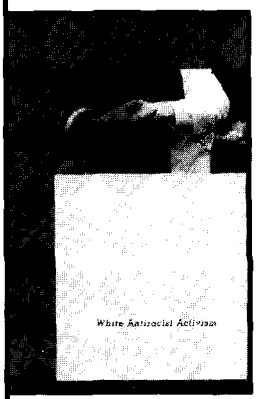
The novel of intimacy, of motive, of relation, creates a heat that burns away feebler energies such as the social novel. The proof of the comparative weakness of the social novel is that, although Franzen attempts to enlarge his theme of correction socially, the attempt stalls. He strives to link correction to the prosperity of the 1990s and the market "correction" that followed the 1990s; and he labors to address America's dependence on anti-depressants by figuring it as an enormous national attempt to "correct" the brain's chemistry. "Everyone's trying to correct their thoughts and improve their feelings and work on their relationships and parenting skills," thinks one character, "instead of just getting married and raising children like they need to." These may not be Franzen's sentiments at all, but they certainly represent his attempt to thicken the idea of correction by seeing it as a larger American malaise. In various interviews Franzen has suggested that his commentaries about American medicine and about the stock market are leftovers from an earlier version of his novel, in which, struggling under the deluded ambition that he had to achieve a social-realist masterpiece, he threw in a great deal of social information. Presumably, as he began to write the story of the Lamberts, that earlier ambition was still difficult to abandon. The leftovers seem a little stale.

THE NOVEL'S SHORT coda, titled "The Corrections," begins thus: "The correction, when it finally came, was not an overnight bursting of a bubble but a much more gentle letdown, a year-long leakage of value from key financial markets, a contraction too gradual to generate headlines and too predictable to seriously hurt anybody but fools and the working poor." This sentence is also broadly a description of the slow end and correction of the Lambert family: Alfred enters a nursing home and gently withers away, while Enid and her children regroup themselves without Alfred.

What grates is not just that this passage is now untrue as a description of market correction—we are currently being rather savagely "corrected"—and is now obsolescent in a way that the familial idea of correction can never be obsolescent. What also grates is that there was no need to make enlargements of the theme in this way. What is larger, as a subject, than the eternal corrections of family? Since the Lamberts have not before been obviously linked to their times in this way, it seems somewhat desperate to be suddenly suggesting that their inner changes are akin to the economy's changes, or to the society's changes. Far from enforcing such a link, Franzen's comparison seems only figurative—and once it begins to seem only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE A STAND!



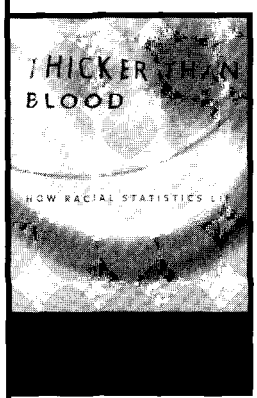
A PROMISE AND A WAY OF LIFE

WHITE ANTIRACIST ACTIVISM

Becky Thompson

"Here is a fascinating collective portrait of an extraordinary group of white people who fought racism, often at great risk. Becky Thompson traces the background, the thinking, the actions of these people over a period of fifty years, as they participated in the most important social movements of our time." —Howard Zinn

$19.95 Paper ISBN 0-8166-3634-6
$34.95 Cloth/jacket ISBN 0-8166-3633-8



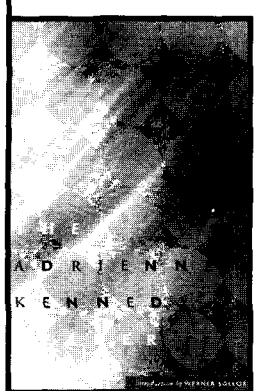
THICKER THAN BLOOD

HOW RACIAL STATISTICS LIE

Tukufu Zuberi

"Tukufu Zuberi's critical assessment of the analysis of racial data in *Thicker Than Blood* is a *tour de force*. His discussion and evaluation of the use of racial statistics in historical and cross-cultural contexts is original and important.." —William Julius Wilson

$24.95 Cloth/jacket ISBN 0-8166-3908-6



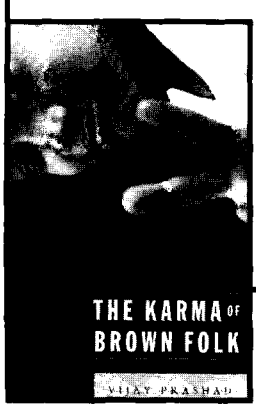
THE ADRIENNE KENNEDY READER

Adrienne Kennedy

Foreword by Werner Sollors

Exploring the violence racism visits upon people's lives, Kennedy's plays express poetic alienation, transcending the particulars of character and plot through ritualistic repetition and radical structural experimentation. This is the first comprehensive collection of works by one of our greatest living playwrights.

$18.95 Paper ISBN 0-8166-3603-6



Now in paperback!

THE KARMA OF BROWN FOLK

Vijay Prashad

"Intellectually feisty and wry, Prashad describes various American misunderstandings of India. This considerable book is part of a clear-sighted assessment of a fast-changing people and world." —*Times Literary Supplement*

$16.95 Paper ISBN 0-8166-3439-4

at bookstores or from
University of Minnesota Press
773-568-1550
www.upress.umn.edu

MINNESOTA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figurative, it becomes merely aesthetic, a metaphorical gesturing. So in a cruel self-punishment, the hard lunge toward the social dimension actually turns out to look like a soft lunge toward the aesthetic dimension.

And this, of course, is because the social already exists anyway, firmly embedded in the Lamberts and their doings. Michael Cunningham has swooned that *The Corrections* bears comparison to *Buddenbrooks*, but the lovely transparency of that novel lies in Mann's singleness of implicit purpose, whereby he never makes explicit the larger sociology of his family's fall. Franzen's wavering between the aesthetic and the social recalls the uncertainty of his *Harper's* essay, and is the more peculiar because he seems at other moments perfectly capable of trusting the bona fides of the intrinsic and the unspoken, perfectly capable of respecting the implicit and not chasing after the explicit.

THE THEME OF family corrections has a fine suggestiveness about it, and Franzen shows himself an intelligent manipulator of suggestive patterns; indeed, at such times an artist. Consider, for example, a moment early on in the novel, when Alfred is having difficulty controlling his hands. His illness is already surging. In a delicate simile, Franzen likens the disobedient hands to children, and the implication rises that Alfred is a man being pitifully "corrected" by his own hands:

> His affliction offended his sense of ownership. These shaking hands belonged to nobody but him, and yet they refused to obey him. They were like bad children. Unreasoning two-year-olds in a tantrum of selfish misery. The more sternly he gave orders, the less they listened and the more miserable and out of control they got. He'd always been vulnerable to a child's recalcitrance and refusal to behave like an adult. Irresponsibility and undiscipline were the bane of his existence, and it was another instance of the Devil's logic that his own untimely affliction should consist of his body's refusal to obey him.

Such writing is clear, direct, humane, and sensitively intelligent; and it is typical of this novel at its deepest. Alfred, a stern and proud man, suffers awfully the indignity of his illness, but he rarely says more than "I am increasingly bothered by my affliction," even as his children, now returned home for a final family Christmas, are changing his underclothes and mopping up his urine. And finer still is the unintrusive way that Franzen quietly expands this picture of Alfred's hands as rebellious children. Later in the book, Chip, in a weak rage, will deliberately burn one of his hands with his own cigarette; and Gary, in a weak rage, will accidentally cut one of his hands with an electric saw; and Denise will show a group of strangers her scarred and burned hands, the working hands of a chef. This patterning is precisely what the form of the novel exists for; how it justifies its difference as a genre, earns its genre salary. This is the true novelistic language: the language of the implicit, the suggestive, the formal, the figurative. Alfred is indeed corrected by his hands, and the novel shows us how. And Alfred is also repeated by his hands.

FRANZEN ERRS WHEN he leaves this path and noses along the trail of his old documentary impulse, his old love of the social novel. Whenever he does so, his tone begins to crack, and Franzen the clever journalist, the pocket theorist, peers through. The contemporary novel has such a desire to be clever about so many elements of life that it sometimes resembles a man who takes so many classes that he has no time to read: auditing abolishes composure. Of course, there are readers who will enjoy the fact that Franzen fills us in on campus politics, Lithuanian gangsters, biotech patents, the chemistry of depression, and so on. But such people seem to me to be prisoners of circularity, whereby their definition of a novel that "engages with the culture" is one that tells the culture things that the culture already knows.

Franzen should be bright enough to escape this circularity, and it is sometimes dismaying to see him falling into it. He has an idea, for example, that medicalizing the language in which he describes his characters' various moods and motives carries an ironic charge, a way of acknowledging and thereby resisting the saturation of our mental language by chemistry. The result, as so often in simple mimesis, is just the re-representing of that saturation for his readers, in a way that looks a little close to complicity with it. So we learn that "the remorse neurofactor (Factor 26) flooded the sites in Gary's brain specially tailored by evolution to respond to it," and later we find "his glial cells purring with the first sweet lubrication of his drink." When Denise gets angry, Franzen writes that "the anger was an autonomous neurochemical event; no stopping it."

In general, his prose loves nothing so much as a chance to show off a little technical know-how. Denise is irritated by "the bradykinetic languor" of her mother's old stove. When she is irritated by a new worker in her restaurant kitchen, we read: "Cooks were not supposed to be political. Cooks were the mitochondria of humanity; they had their own separate DNA, they floated in a cell and powered it but were not really of it." (Thus he proves that he knows what mitochondria are!) And elsewhere: "tonsils release an ammoniac mucus when serious tears gather behind them"; "bluish swirls of inhomogeneity in his milk." And of Chip's indebtedness to Denise, who has lent him a lot of money: "He'd lived with the affliction of this debt until it had assumed the character of a neuroblastoma so intricately implicated in his cerebral architecture that he doubted he could survive its removal."

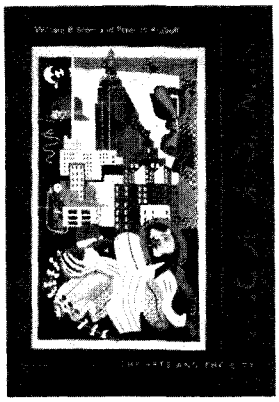
At such moments Franzen becomes a cultural ironist, always a twisted adjective ahead of his characters. The best example of this occurs at a moment when Gary, a stolid banking executive, is arguing with his sister in downtown Philadelphia. He is standing in a little corporate plaza, neatly planted with rows of corporate flowers. "Gary had always enjoyed corporate gardens as backdrops for the pageant of privilege, as metonymies of pamperment, but it was vital not to ask too much of them. It was vital not to come to them in need." This little passage might stand as a little metonymy of its own. It sounds like a hundred other smart American writers. The prose fairly droops with smirking. The neatness of that word "metonymy," the cute neologism of "pamperment," the ironic joke inherent in the idea of coming to a corporate garden "in need." It seems like good writing for about three seconds. And then one reflects that Gary would never think like this, would never formulate such language. So the thinking is Franzen's. But it is hollow. Who would ever "ask too much" of a corporate plaza? The unfortunate result is that the tone sounds as if Franzen is making fun of Gary, condescending to him a little, or perhaps to the reader—and this is assuredly not Franzen's aim.

TOO OFTEN FRANZEN'S narrative style relaxes into debased journalism. At times, one is struck by the novel's somewhat inartistic language: "Denise had never been a crier, but her face was crumpling up"; "Her effortless good looks ... movie-actress thin"; "Enid and Jonah were a lovefest"; "He was glad Denise was taking heat again from Enid"; "What gave him the real techno boner, however, was a radio-controlled toy automobile"; "she glommed onto the belief that she was gay"; "And so she worked her ass off"—and so on. It is as if Franzen has not heeded his own words about how to write against the age in a way that is not also of it.

The Corrections is a big book, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW AND NOTEWORTHY



New York Modern

The Arts and the City

William B. Scott and Peter M. Rutkoff

"This history is as lively as its subject, clarifying the genealogy of the successive rebellions that marked the unfolding of modernism."—*New Yorker*

$21.50 paperback

Colonial Cinema and Imperial France, 1919–1939

White Blind Spots, Male Fantasies, Settler Myths

David Henry Slavin

"A thoughtful and valuable work of history that addresses the relationship between imperialism and French film in the interwar years."—Michael Miller, Syracuse University

$39.95 hardcover

Lifting the Fog of War

Admiral Bill Owens, with Ed Offley

"Makes a brisk and convincing case for . . . radical reform."—Michael Ignatieff, *New York Review of Books*

$16.95 paperback

Origins of Terrorism

Psychologies, Ideologies, Theologies, States of Mind

edited by Walter Reich

new foreword by Walter Laqueur

"Pursue[s] the pathology of terrorism through the centuries . . . A fascinating amount of information."—*Washington Post*

Woodrow Wilson Center Press

$18.95 paperback

A History of Philosophy in the Twentieth Century

Christian Delacampagne

translated by M. B. DeBevoise

"[Delacampagne] lucidly outlines the convergence and divergence of lines of thought in the bewildering maze of modern intellectual life."—Neal Leavitt, *Boston Book Review*

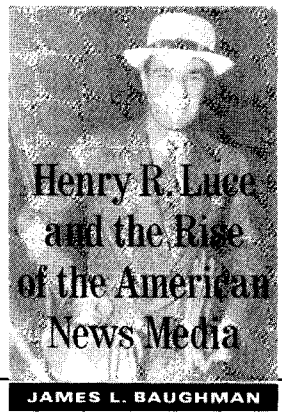
$19.95 paperback

Henry R. Luce and the Rise of the American News Media

James L. Baughman

"A first-rate study of the man and his influence . . . Well written and rich in insight."—George Juergens, *Journal of American History*

$18.95 paperback



Monsieur d'Eon Is a Woman

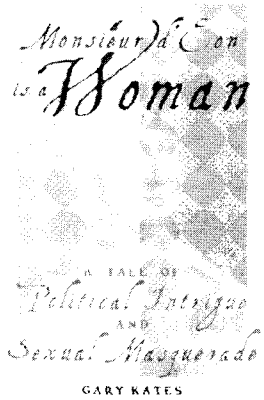
A Tale of Political Intrigue and Sexual Masquerade

Gary Kates

with a new preface by the author

"D'Eon's story comes alive in Kates' capable hands, allowing us to lose ourselves in this 18th-century gender-bender."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

$18.95 paperback



The United States and Pakistan, 1947–2000

Disenchanted Allies

Dennis Kux

"A clear guide to the ever-changing fortunes of U.S.–Pakistan relations. The book is a must-read for anyone who seeks to understand the complex U.S.–Pakistan relationship and the role of this troubled relationship in the region and the world beyond."—Ambassador Thomas R. Pickering

Woodrow Wilson Center Press

$22.95 paperback

The Guilt of Nations

Restitution and Negotiating Historical Injustices

Elazar Barkan

"A remarkably lucid and even-handed account . . . Barkan makes a persuasive case that, despite all the difficulties, the recent vogue for apologies and restitution should be welcomed."—*Economist*

$18.95 paperback

Brush with Death

A Social History of Lead Poisoning

Christian Warren

"A rich, nuanced discussion of Americans' use of lead and the resulting struggle with the harmful effects of this powerful poison that insidiously permeated American culture and Americans' bodies."—Scott Hamilton Dewey, *American Historical Review*

$22.50 paperback

On the Pill

A Social History of Oral Contraceptives, 1950-1970

Elizabeth Siegel Watkins

"In every carefully organized, lucidly written chapter Watkins provides surprising corrections to conventional thinking about the new birth control method."—Janet Farrell Brodie, *Journal of American History*

$14.95 paperback

The Johns Hopkins University Press • 1-800-537-5487 • www.jhupbooks.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EEPS
East European Politics and Societies

Coming Winter 2001
Roundtable Issue on
Cold War Populism

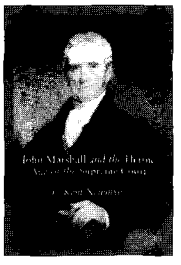
Articles from
Vladimir Tismaneanu
Marc Morjé Howard
Cas Mudde
Ilya Prizel
and others

FOR MORE INFORMATION AND TO SUBSCRIBE ONLINE VISIT

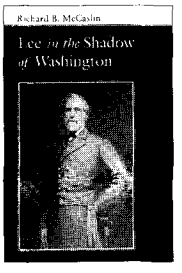
WWW.UCPRESS.EDU/JOURNALS/EEPS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

John Marshall and the Heroic Age of the Supreme Court
R. KENT NEWMYER
SOUTHERN BIOGRAPHY SERIES
BERTRAM WYATT-BROWN, EDITOR
Illustrated, $39.95



Lee in the Shadow of Washington
RICHARD B. MCCASLIN
CONFLICTING WORLDS: NEW DIMENSIONS OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR
T. MICHAEL PARRISH, EDITOR
Illustrated, $29.95



LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Baton Rouge 70803
(800) 861-3477 www.lsu.edu/lsupress

prose, in its long course, is likely to cross a few plains and flats. But as soon as one compares this language of smart commentary with the language of truth that also runs throughout this book, one is struck by the superfluousness of the former. Alfred's awkward refusal to describe his illness as anything other than a inconvenient "affliction" is worth paragraphs about neuroblastomas, glial cells, mitochondria, and neurofactors. Sometimes a single sentence lances the heart with its clear and sharp rightness. Franzen describes a familiar contrast in Denise's childhood: "She'd gone to school in a bright modernity and come home every day to an older, darker world." Yes, we think, we know this division. Or when Alfred, in a moving final scene, is dying, trapped on his bed, desperate to undo the belts that are tying him to the bed but unable to, Franzen finely writes: "He was like a person of two dimensions seeking freedom in a third." It might be Alfred's epitaph.

Likewise this novel, which swerves between various dimensions, some richer and freer than others. If it can be said that it unwittingly enacts a fine argument against the viability of a certain kind of social novel, it must also be said that it purposively makes a fine case for the vivacity of another kind of book, the novel of character. This is—or this should be—what Franzen means by the taking of refuge in "authentic" sentences. It is easy to imagine that the press of modernity makes authentic encounter uniquely difficult, that we are all belated exceptionalists; but this is postmodern provincialism, surely, and Franzen, in his heart, seems not to buy it either. We are not uniquely doomed by modern conditions. And if we are doomed, then we are doomed in rather old-fashioned ways, as Cervantes and Sterne and Svevo knew. We are doomed because humans always flow over their targets; their souls are gratuitous and busy, congested with aspiration and desire. This is the dark theme of Franzen's novel, this is its truest touch. All the rest is "social news" and may be turned off, as it deserves. ■

The Statist

By GORDON S. WOOD

Alexander Hamilton: Writings edited by Joanne B. Freeman

(The Library of America, 1,108 pp., $40)

POOR ALEXANDER HAMILTON! Once the darling of conservative Republicans, he has now fallen drastically out of favor. Some conservative activists are even seeking to take Hamilton's portrait off the ten-dollar bill and replace it with the image of Ronald Reagan. This effort tells us just how much the Republican Party has changed in the past hundred years, and how problematic Hamilton's reputation has now become.

A century ago Mark Hanna and the Republican Party and many other Americans lionized Hamilton as they did no other Founder. Not only had Hamilton single-handedly created American capitalism, but as John T. Morse, the editor of the American Statesmen series, declared in 1898, "he was the real maker of the government of the United States." When a Hall of Fame honoring distinguished Americans was established at New York University in 1900, Hamilton was the first person selected. Theodore Roosevelt admired him. Even Herbert Croly, the Progressive reformer who was the first editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC, called him "a sound thinker, the constructive statesman" who sponsored a "vigorous, positive, constructive national policy ... that implied a faith in the powers of an efficient government to advance the national interest."

Hamilton was undoubtedly a big-government man, but since he also seemed to favor big business, the conservative Republicans during the first part of the twentieth century continued to praise him. One of his biographers early in the twentieth century called him the "first American business man." "For as a man," wrote Robert Warshow in 1931, "he was not noble; as a politician, he was not an eminent success; as a statesman, apart from financial measures, he was not superior. But as a business man, not in all his period was any man to match him, nor in

GORDON S. WOOD is university professor and professor of history at Brown University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the years of American history can any figure dwarf him in this, his natural field."

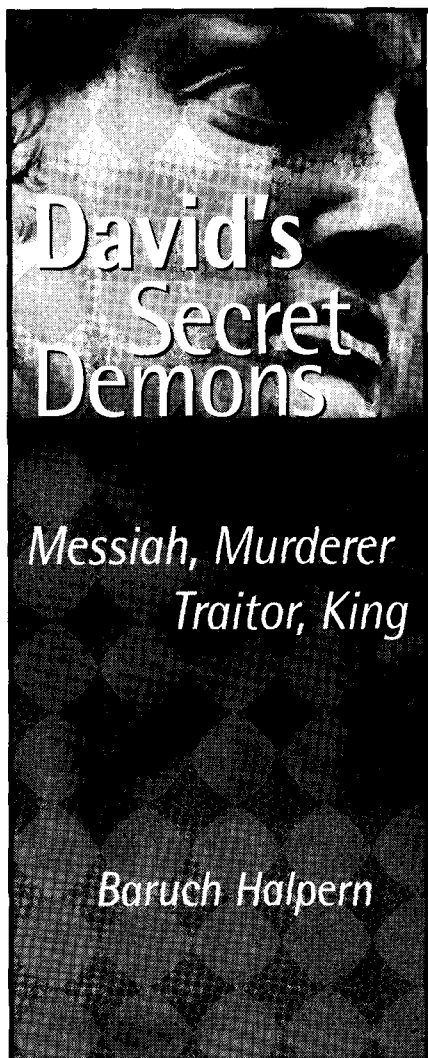
With Republicans embracing Hamilton the businessman (it was the Coolidge administration that put him on the ten-dollar bill), the Democrats were naturally drawn to Thomas Jefferson, Hamilton's lifelong enemy. Indeed, the earlier conflict in the 1790s between these two Founders seemed to many Democrats to presage the continuing struggle of American history between the forces of aristocracy and the forces of democracy. If Hamilton spoke for the interests of business, then, said the Democrats, Jefferson spoke for the mass of the people.

In such a conflict the spokesman for the few could scarcely stand against the spokesman for the many. Franklin Roosevelt knew the significance of symbols, and, against all the logic of the New Deal, he made Jefferson, the great minimal-government president, a Democratic Party icon. When the Republicans relegated Jefferson to the little-used two-dollar bill, Roosevelt retaliated by placing him on the popular nickel and on the first-class three-cent stamp. With the New Deal's championing of Jefferson, climaxing with the building of the Jefferson Memorial in Washington in 1943 (which contains nary a Jeffersonian word about the beauties of small government), Hamilton's reputation went into decline. It was not to be revived until the decades following World War II. In the 1950s and the early 1960s, Hamilton was celebrated for his nationalism, for his administrative genius, for his financial expertise, and for his hard-headed realism in foreign affairs. But someone as skeptical of the people as Hamilton was could scarcely replace Jefferson as a symbol of America's democratic heritage.

PERHAPS THE RECENT criticism of Jefferson's slaveholding and racial attitudes offers an opportunity for some positive re-appraisals of Hamilton. He was opposed to slavery, after all, and worked to end it in his home state of New York. In a land of immigrants, moreover, he was the only one of the leading Founders who was not born in what became the United States. Still, it seems unlikely that Hamilton can ever acquire a warm place in the hearts of most Americans. Wall Street may erect a statue in his honor, but it is doubtful that an elaborate Hamilton Memorial will ever arise in the District of Columbia. Tens of thousands flock to Washington's Mount Vernon, to Jefferson's Monticello, and even to Madison's Montpelier, but very few bother to visit Hamilton's home, the Grange, hidden on a back street in the northern part of Manhattan.

Many present-day liberal Democrats might find Hamilton's vision of a positive Leviathan state very appealing, but they would surely be turned off by his real-politik view of the world, and by his desire to maintain a large standing army and to build a strong military state, and by his doubts about democracy. ("Democracy," he remarked in 1804, was "our real Disease," which was poisoning the American "Empire.") And most Republicans, for all their enthusiasm for Hamilton's vision of a powerful military machine, do not want a Leviathan state that manages the economy and taxes people. For the foreseeable future, then, Hamilton seems to have few friends among those who would use the Founders to further their particular causes. Perhaps he was right when he lamented, a few years before his death at the hands of Aaron Burr, that "this American world was not made for me."

INSTEAD OF TRYING to enlist Hamilton on behalf of one present-day cause or another, as we are wont to do with the Founders, we might seek to understand this eighteenth-century statesman on his own terms and in his own time. For this reason we must welcome the publication of some of Hamilton's writings by the Library of America, in this remarkably comprehensive volume edited by Joanne B. Freeman. (Of the prominent Founders, only John Adams now lacks a volume in the Library of America, and an Adams collection is in the works.)



"A sophisticated, engaging biography of David. The 'messiah/king' confronted Goliath and stars in the windows of Gothic churches and in Michelangelo's art. But the 'murderer/traitor'? Brilliantly navigating between the dynasty's apologetic portrait and the early defense of David against the accusations of his foes, Baruch Halpern peels off the story layer by layer. He exploits all the pertinent materials and disciplines: biblical literature, extrabiblical Near Eastern sources, and archaeology. Against those who question David's existence, Halpern brings the founder of the Jerusalem dynasty back to life — neither the saintly David nor the anti-David, but simply the human David."

— ISRAEL FINKELSTEIN

"This book is brilliant. It is a century more advanced than any other book about David. Halpern's grasp of ancient history writing and his own skill at writing history are extraordinary. He sets a new standard by which all future writing of biblical history must be carried out. . . . After reading Halpern you will see David's story as you've never seen it before."

— RICHARD ELLIOTT FRIEDMAN

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE, OR CALL 800-253-7521
FAX: 616-459-6540
www.eerdmans.com

ISBN 0-8028-4478-2 • 512 pages
hardcover • $30.00

1048 WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MI 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hamilton was born in Nevis in the British West Indies in 1757 (though there is some evidence that it was 1755). His parents—James Hamilton, the younger son of a Scottish laird who had come to the Caribbean to make his fortune as a merchant, and Rachel Lavien—were not legally married, and so Hamilton's birth was illegitimate, a blemish that his later enemies never let him forget. John Adams's sneering comment that Hamilton was "the bastard brat of a Scotch pedlar" was only one of the more colorful reminders of Hamilton's disreputable origins. After his father abandoned the family in 1765 and his mother died in 1768, twelve-year-old Alexander ended up keeping the books for a merchant in St. Croix—yearning all the while for a war in order to escape from what he called his "groveling condition of a clerk . . . to which my fortune, etc., condemns me."

This passion for war, jarring as it is to us in the twenty-first century, is an important clue to Hamilton's temperament, and to the aristocratic world in which he lived. But it was not a war that rescued Hamilton from the West Indies; it was the support of patrons. Like so many of the Founders, he first attracted attention by something he had written—a colorful description of a hurricane that was published in a local newspaper in 1772. A Presbyterian clergyman and other West Indian friends decided to send the promising young man to New York for an education. By the next year Hamilton was on his way to America, and he never looked back.

Alexander Hamilton by Jack Coughlin for The New Republic

Although he preferred Princeton to King's College (later Columbia) because it was "more republican," the university's President Witherspoon would not let him take the accelerated program that he wanted, and so Hamilton entered King's College as a special student in the fall of 1773. While still a teenager he began to contribute articles on the patriot side of the deepening crisis with Great Britain—including, in 1774 and 1775, two long, impressive pamphlets, one of which is reprinted in this volume. With the outbreak of hostilities between Britain and the colonies in 1775, Hamilton at last had the war for which he had longed. By early 1776 he had become a captain of a New York artillery company.

After serving with distinction as an artillery officer with the Continental Army and impressing his superiors, Hamilton was promoted in March 1777 at the age of twenty to lieutenant colonel and appointed to the staff of the commander-in-chief, General George Washington, as an aide-de-camp. Washington took to the young man at once, and developed a fatherly affection toward him. Yet the relationship must have had its moments of tension, for Hamilton was much too touchy about his honor for it to remain harmonious. Early in 1781 Washington expressed some anger at Hamilton's ten-minute delay in presenting himself, saying, "I must tell you Sir that you treat me with disrespect." Hamilton declared that he was not conscious of any disrespect, but with his hair-trigger temper he resigned on the spot.

An hour later a remorseful Washington tried to patch things up, but the proud twenty-four-year-old Hamilton would have none of it. Hamilton stayed on Washington's staff until a replacement could be found, all the while pleading with the commander-in-chief to give him a field command. When he threatened to resign his commission, Washington finally relented, and at the end of July 1781 he awarded Hamilton the command of a New York light infantry battalion—just in time for the young commander to participate in the siege of Yorktown.

So eager was Hamilton to show his scorn for death and to earn military honor at Yorktown that he openly paraded his battalion in front of the enemy lines, leading one of his subordinate officers later to complain that Hamilton was an officer who "wantonly exposed the lives of his men." Finally, after more pleading, he was given his opportunity for glory, and on October 14, 1781 he led a successful bayonet night attack on a British redoubt. Naturally he was first over the enemy parapet, shouting for his men to follow.

Since he was raised in the West Indies and came to the North American continent as a teenager, Hamilton had little of the emotional attachment to a particular colony or state that the other Founders had. He was primed to think nationally, and from the outset of the Revolution he focused his attention on the government of the United States. As early as 1779–1780, even before the war was over, Hamilton was writing long and thoughtful letters to prominent Americans about the defects of the Confederation and the ways to reform it. Not only did Congress need the power to tax, he argued, but the government required "a proper executive." Congress itself could never exert "energy," a word that he and Washington both came to value. "It is impossible such a body, numerous as it is, constantly fluctuating, can ever act with sufficient decision or with system. Two thirds of the members, one half the time, cannot know what has gone before." These calls for a stronger central government were soon expanded and published in a New York newspaper in a series of impressive essays titled "The Continentalist." (Four of these pieces are included in this volume.)

In 1782, the New York assembly elected Hamilton, at the age of twenty-five, one of its representatives to the Confederation Congress. There he met James Madison of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virginia, and a fruitful collaboration for the strengthening of the national government was born. This partnership led from the stymied efforts to add to the powers of the Confederation in the early 1780s to the Annapolis Convention in 1786, and then to the Philadelphia Convention in 1787, and finally to the production of *The Federalist*, the eighty-five essays written in New York in 1787 and 1788 on behalf of the Constitution that have become a classic of American political thought. It was Hamilton who conceived of *The Federalist* and talked Madison and John Jay into helping him. Owing to illness, Jay wrote only five papers. Of the remainder, Madison wrote twenty-nine; Hamilton, fifty-one.

Although the hand of each author can often be uncovered under the pseudonym "Publius," it is remarkable how much the essays assume a consistent tone. The authors were not political theorists, but working politicians. They were trying to express not what they truly believed about the Constitution, but what would best counter the Anti-Federalists' arguments against it. During the convention, Hamilton had declared that the British government was "the best in the world" and that "he doubted much whether any thing short of it would do in America." In the ratification debates in 1787 and 1788, however, he hid whatever doubts he had about the Constitution and made the strongest case for it that he could. Far from being a threat to liberty, as the Anti-Federalists supposed, "the national government," he told the New York ratifying convention, "will be as natural a guardian of our freedom, as the state legislatures themselves." In hiding his true feelings about the Constitution, he was no different from Madison, the so-called "father of the Constitution," who believed at the end of the convention that the final document differed so much from his original plan that it would inevitably fail.

By 1789, when he was thirty-two, Hamilton was on the verge of his greatest accomplishments. He had risen fast and married well—to Elizabeth Schuyler, a daughter of one of the most important families of New York. He impressed everyone he met. Although he was short, about five foot seven, and slight in build, his excitable nature commanded attention, and men and women were readily attracted to him. To Catherine Schuyler, the youngest of the Schuyler sisters, he "exhibited a natural, yet unassuming superiority." With a "high expansive forehead, a nose of the Grecian mold, a dark bright eye, and the line of a mouth expressing decision and courage," he had "a face never to be forgotten." But it was his ready grasp of statecraft that really impressed. The worldly French politician and diplomat Talleyrand, who knew kings and emperors and spent some time in the United States in the mid-1790s as a refugee from the French Revolution, actually ranked Hamilton over Napoleon and William Pitt as the greatest statesman of the age.

In September 1789, President Washington appointed Hamilton secretary of the Treasury. It was almost a pre-ordained choice. Washington's confidants—including Robert Morris, "the financier of the Revolution"—knew that Hamilton was the best man for the job, but it was Washington who most wanted him at the Treasury. Like many Revolutionary army officers, Washington and Hamilton had experienced the war from the center and had developed a continental perspective, and a passion for the union, that neither of them ever lost. Although the two men shared a common outlook on the future of the United States, it was actually Washington's sensitive appreciation of his surrogate son's brilliance, together with his careful handling of Hamilton's extremely high-strung and arrogant nature, that ultimately made their very successful collaboration possible.

As secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton was the most important minister in the new administration, and nearly everyone now counted on him to straighten out the country's finances. In July 1789, the House of Representatives had established a Committee of Ways and Means to advise it on financial matters; but in September, six days after Hamilton was appointed secretary of the Treasury, the House discharged its Committee of Ways and Means, stating that it would instead rely on Hamilton for its financial knowledge. Not until 1795, after Hamilton had resigned from the Treasury Department, did the House re-establish its Ways and Means Committee.

In emulation of Britain's First Lord of the Treasury, Hamilton saw himself as a kind of prime minister to Washington's monarch-like presidency. He sometimes even talked about "my administration." He believed that "most of the important measures of every government are connected with the treasury," and so he felt justified in meddling in the affairs of the other departments, and in taking the lead in organizing and administering the government. He set out to do for America what early-eighteenth-century English governments had done in establishing England's remarkable commercial supremacy and war-making power.

Although Hamilton denied being a monarchist, Gouverneur Morris later recalled that he was "on Principle opposed

ADVERTISEMENT

TNR BOOKMARK

THE PLACE TO FIND YOUR FAVORITE BOOKS.

Cambridge University Press
1-800-872-7423
www.cambridge.org

Cato Institute
1-800-767-1241
www.cato.org

Columbia University Press
1-800-944-8648
www.columbia.edu/cu/cup

Georgetown University Press
1-800-537-5487
www.georgetown.edu/publications/gup

Johns Hopkins University Press
1-800-537-5487
www.jhupbooks.com

NYU Press
1-800-996-NYUP
www.nyupress.nyu.edu

Princeton University Press
1-800-777-4726
www.pup.princeton.edu

Routledge
1-800-634-7064
www.routledge-ny.com

University of Minnesota Press
1-800-568-1550
www.upress.umn.edu

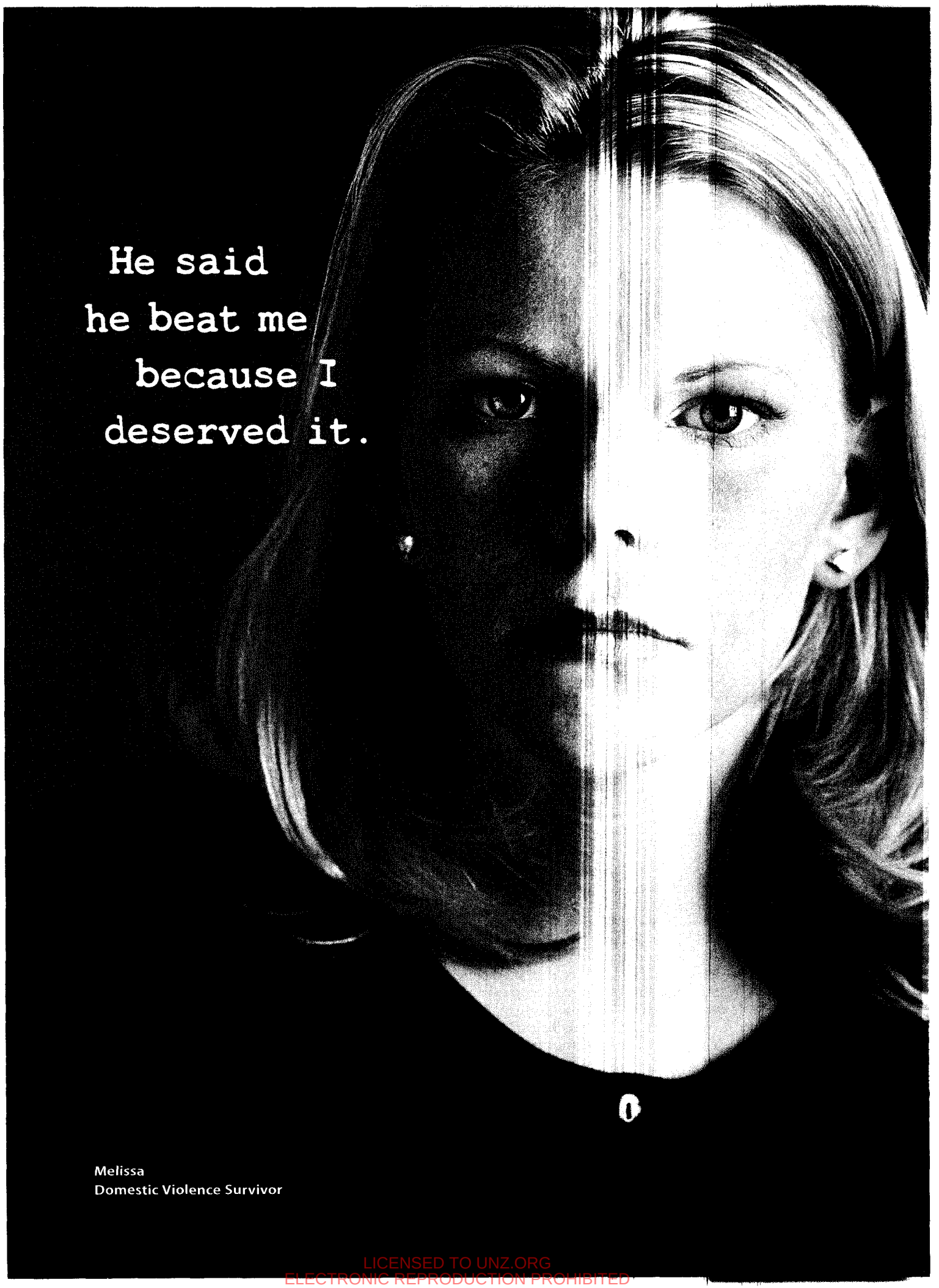
University of Chicago Press
1-800-621-2736
www.press.uchicago.edu

University of North Carolina Press
1-800-848-6224
www.uncpress.unc.edu

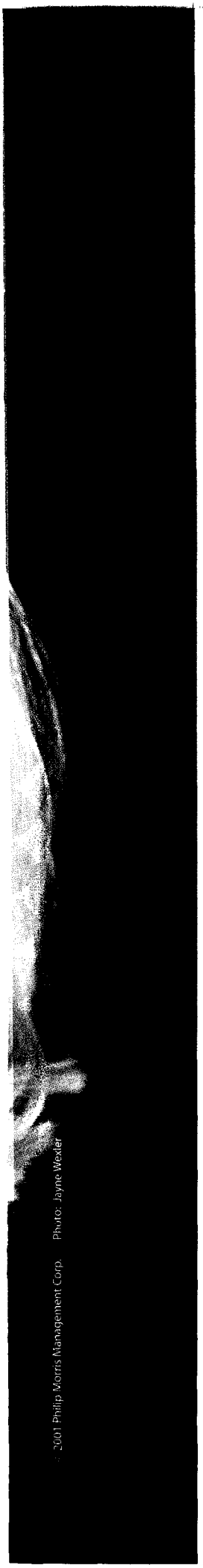
University Press of Kansas
1-785-864-4155
www.kansaspress.ku.edu

Additional information on our advertisers and direct links to their websites can be found at **www.tnr.com**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©2001 Philip Morris Management Corp. Photo: Jayne Wexler

HELPING END DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

"He tried to strangle me last night."

Melissa cried as she wrote these words, eight months pregnant and seeking an order of protection from her husband. Their high school romance had seemed like a fairy tale, but when the honeymoon ended, the beatings began. Terrified, she hid her abuse from family and friends. Once she was finally free from her abusive husband, Melissa began to share her story with other young women, so they would know that no one should live with domestic violence.

Now I know I deserve better.

Too often, society blames victims of domestic violence for not leaving, rather than holding the abusers responsible. The reality is that fear, financial dependency and concern for the children can make the idea of leaving seem impossible. No one deserves to be abused. And everyone should have someone to turn to. With your support, domestic violence programs across America can offer hope and new beginnings. Just ask Melissa.

Recently, we have all seen the devastating effects of violence on our country, and the power of communities that unite to help those in need. If domestic violence is affecting you or someone you know, or if you'd like to make a contribution, contact:

National Domestic Violence Hotline
(800) 799-SAFE ext. 231
(800) 787-3224 (TTY)
www.ndvh.org

Supported by the Philip Morris companies

KRAFT FOODS INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.
www.philipmorris.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to republican and attached to monarchical Government." Of course, he had no vested interest in the monarchical claims of blood. But he did value the kind of hierarchical society that sustained monarchy, and his model for the United States in the 1790s was certainly the monarchical government of England. More than any other American, he saw England's eighteenth-century experience as an object lesson for the new government of the United States, and he deliberately set out to duplicate England's great achievements in mobilizing resources for the waging of war.

By the eighteenth century, England had emerged from the chaos and the civil wars of the seventeenth century, which had killed one king and deposed another, to become the most dominant military and commercial power in the world. That this small island on the northern edge of Europe with one-fifth to one-third of the population of continental France was able to build the greatest empire since the fall of Rome was the miracle of the age, even surpassing the astonishing achievement of the Netherlands in the previous century. The eighteenth-century English "fiscal-military" state, in John Brewer's apt term, could mobilize wealth and wage war as no state in history ever had.

More specifically, England's centralized administration had developed an extraordinary capacity to tax and to borrow from its subjects without impoverishing them. Hamilton saw that the secret of the Hanoverian monarchy's success was its system of centralized tax collection and its funded national debt, together with its banking structure and its market in public securities. For a state to wage war successfully, it had to tax efficiently and to borrow cheaply. As secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton aimed to copy Britain's success and to transform the United States into a great power that would eventually rival Britain and the other European states on their own war-making terms.

HAMILTON'S FINANCIAL program was truly breathtaking, particularly in light of the inexperience of eighteenth-century Americans with state power. Hamilton worked out his remarkable program in a series of four reports to Congress in 1790 and 1791: on credit (including duties and taxes), on a national bank, on a mint, and on manufactures. These reports, powerfully written and argued, are the source of much of Hamilton's greatness as a statesman. (This edition of his writings includes all but the report on the mint.)

Hamilton proposed that the United States government assume the obligation of paying not just the federal government's debts resulting from the Revolutionary War but all of the states' debts as well—with the expectation that the creditors would be weaned away from the states and attached to the new national government. But instead of the national government's immediately retiring either these assumed state debts or the Confederation's debts, he urged that it "fund" them—that is, transform them into a more or less permanent debt on which annual interest would be regularly paid. At the same time Hamilton proposed the creation of a national bank that could stabilize the credit of the United States and create money. Finally, he projected the eventual development of manufacturing in the United States not just to meet military requirements, but also to create a more diversified and prosperous economy that would be more self-reliant and less dependent on European supplies.

Although Hamilton's financial program was designed with rich people and moneyed interests in mind, it was not intended for their benefit. They would no doubt prosper from it, but that would be incidental to his plans. What he hoped to do was to use the new economic and fiscal measures to tie moneyed men and other influential individuals to the new central government. However much Hamilton contributed to the growth of American capitalism, he was anything but a businessman or an entrepreneur, and he should not be celebrated as the promoter of America's later business culture. He was an eighteenth-century gentleman who, like his fellow New Yorker Aaron Burr, practiced law on Wall Street only out of financial necessity. Hamilton was willing to grant businessmen and other ordinary working people their profits and their prosperity in order to make the country commercially strong, but it was aristocratic fame and glory that he wanted for himself and for the United States. In the eighteenth century, this could best be achieved by the successful waging of war.

Although Hamilton's funding programs had been susceptible to compromise, this seemed less likely with the bank. Both Jefferson and Madison believed that the creation of the bank was an unconstitutional usurpation of power; and their objections troubled Washington, who asked his secretary of the Treasury to write a rebuttal. Hamilton spent a week working out what became one of his masterful state papers. He carefully refuted the arguments of the bank's opponents and made a powerful case for a broad construction of the Constitution that has resounded through subsequent decades of American history. He argued that Congress's authority to charter a bank was implied by the clause in the Constitution that gave Congress the right to make all laws "necessary and proper" to carry out its delegated powers. The criterion of the constitutionality of any measure, he wrote, was the end to which the measure related as a means: "If the end be clearly comprehended within any of the specified powers, & if the measure have an obvious relation to that end, and is not forbidden by any particular provision of the constitution—it may safely be deemed to come within the compass of the national authority." Washington was convinced, and in February 1791 he signed the bank bill into law.

Few of his fellow statesmen understood finance or banking—John Adams believed that "every dollar of a bank bill that is issued beyond the quantity of gold and silver in the vaults, represents nothing, and is therefore a cheat upon somebody"—and so Hamilton's state papers sometimes assumed the exasperated tone of the sophisticated Wall Street lawyer explaining the intricacies of banks and credit to country bumpkins. Certainly no one was more confident of his abilities than Hamilton; but at the same time no one was more naïve about the political impact of his policies. He seemed truly bewildered that his former collaborator Madison should become his principal opponent in Congress. When he began setting forth his financial program—in emulation of what Great Britain had done in the eighteenth century—Madison began voicing ever more strident opposition, and with the help of his friend Jefferson he began to organize the Republican Party, with the aim of countering what seemed to be Hamilton's monarch-like project. Soon the two former collaborators had become bitter political enemies.

SINCE HAMILTON AND Madison had very different ideas of what the new federal government should be, it is not surprising that they should eventually turn on each other. Hamilton envisioned the United States becoming a powerful nation like Great Britain and the other states of modern Europe—a state with a centralized bureaucracy, a professional standing army, and the capacity to wage war on equal terms with other nations. He saw himself as a realist in both domestic and foreign policy. (This is why a modern thinker such as Hans Morgenthau so admired Hamilton.) Hamilton had nothing but contempt for the pie-in-the-sky dreams of the Republican leaders that the natural sociability and the moral sense of people might substitute for self-interest and the force of government as adhesives in holding society together. And he was even more contemptuous of the Jeffersonian belief that republics were naturally pacific, and that economic sanc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions of various sorts could replace military might in international affairs. Hamilton must have turned in his grave when in 1807–1808 the Jeffersonians embarked on their grand utopian experiment in "peaceful coercion"—their self-imposed embargo of all international American commerce in a futile effort to bring the European powers to their knees.

Madison was a good Jeffersonian and shared few of Hamilton's views. Madison in 1787 had wanted a strong national government, but the government that he had envisioned, with its bizarre power to veto all the laws of the states "*in all cases whatsoever*," was one that mainly would protect the rights of minorities and individuals from aggressive and unjust majorities in the states. By hoping that his national government would act as a "disinterested and dispassionate umpire in disputes between different passions and interests" in the various states, Madison had imagined the United States government playing the same super-political neutral role that the British king ideally had been supposed to play in the empire. He certainly had no plans to create a bureaucratic, war-making state like the monarchies of Europe.

Since the United States today more resembles Hamilton's vision of a modern war-making state than Madison's judicial-like world umpire, perhaps we ought to revise our estimate of who precisely deserves the title of "father of the Constitution." In any event, Madison and Jefferson were appalled at what Hamilton was doing, and they sought to use their Republican Party to stop him and his fellow Federalists from foisting a war-mongering monarchy on America. And this struggle over the nature of the national government turned the 1790s into one of the most passionate decades in American history.

Politics in such volatile circumstances could scarcely be normal, and intensely engaged men such as Hamilton sought desperately to protect their reputations from the ever-increasing scurrility and personal abuse of the time. The politics of the early national period, as Joanne B. Freeman, the editor of this volume of Hamilton's writings, has brilliantly demonstrated in her new book *Affairs of Honor: National Politics in the New Republic*, can be properly understood only within this culture of personal reputation and honor. Despite the emergence of political parties in the 1790s, politics still remained very much an aristocratic matter of individual loyalties and personal enmities subsumed by the gentlemanly code of honor. And at the heart of this code lay dueling.

Dueling was an elaborate political ritual. The negotiations of its particulars among principals and their seconds and friends often went on for weeks or even months. These complicated political procedures resulted in many duels, most of which did not end in exchanges of gunfire. Hamilton, acutely conscious of his honor and sensitive to every slight, was the principal in eleven affairs of honor during his lifetime. At one point during the heated struggle with the Jeffersonian Republicans over Jay's Treaty in 1795, he issued two challenges within minutes of each other and, waving his fist in the air, even offered "to fight the Whole '*Detestable faction*' one by one." Despite participating in all these affairs of honor, however, he actually exchanged fire in only one duel: his fatal duel with Aaron Burr in 1804.

In 1795, Hamilton left Washington's cabinet and returned to his Wall Street practice of law in order to make some money for his family, but he still continued to influence and even to control events in the capital. Washington's successor Adams retained the principal members of his Cabinet, who were more loyal to Hamilton than to the president. When in 1798 it seemed as if France might invade the United States, Adams was pressured into calling Washington out of retirement as commander of an army of tens of thousands. Washington reluctantly agreed, on

No Politics, No Kidding

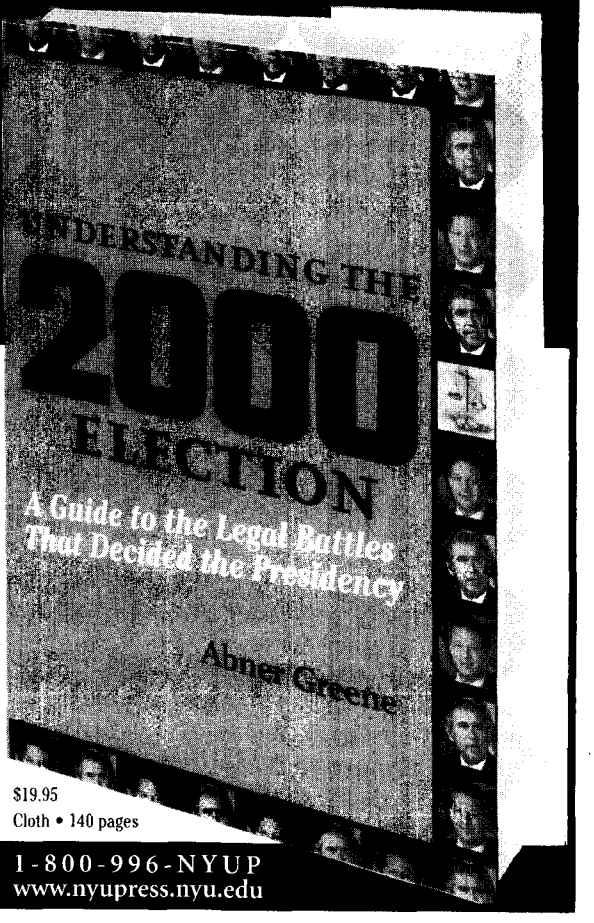
The Only Non-Partisan Assessment of the 2000 Election

"A clear, sophisticated, and accessible guide through the thicket of law and politics that surrounded the most surreal Presidential election of modern times."—George Stephanopoulos

"Thoughtful, illuminating, and highly readable....

The author promises to break down the complexity of the legal issues—and succeeds brilliantly."—Yale Kamisar, University of Michigan

"With a generous perspective that highlights his sense of the good faith of each of the conflicting participants, Greene reveals the 2000 presidential election as a triumph of law and civility over brute politics and unprincipled power."—Geoffrey R. Stone, University of Chicago



$19.95
Cloth • 140 pages

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

1-800-996-NYUP
www.nyupress.nyu.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the condition that Hamilton be made a major-general and the actual organizer and commander of the military forces. Adams was furious that Washington had compelled him to promote over the heads of more deserving men "the most restless, impatient, indefatigable and unprincipled intriguer in the United States, if not in the world to be second in command under himself."

IT IS HAMILTON'S behavior in this crisis that historians have most reproved. The Republicans thought that he intended to use the army against them. Hamilton certainly meant to suppress any domestic insurrection with a massive show of force. When rumors spread that Jefferson's and Madison's state was arming, he seemed eager to "put Virginia to the Test of resistance." When an uprising actually occurred in eastern Pennsylvania early in 1799, he told the secretary of war not to err by sending too few troops. "Whenever the Government appears in arms," he wrote, "it ought to appear like a *Hercules*, and inspire respect by the display of strength."

Hamilton believed that the crisis of 1798 offered an opportunity to create what he had long wanted for the government: a respectable standing army. Such a permanent force would enable the United States both "to subdue a *refractory* and powerful *state*" and to deal independently and equally with the warring powers of Europe. But a potent standing army was just the beginning of Hamilton's plans for strengthening the union. He wanted also to extend the judiciary, to build a system of roads and canals, to increase taxes, and to amend the Constitution so as to subdivide the larger states.

Beyond the borders of the United States, Hamilton's aims were even more grandiose. He thought that the war with France would enable the United States, in cooperation with Britain, to seize both Florida and Louisiana from Spain—in order to keep them out of the hands of France, he said. At the same time he held out the possibility of helping the Venezuelan patriot Francisco de Miranda to liberate South America. In all these endeavors, he told Rufus King, the American minister in Britain, in August 1798, America should be "the principal agency," especially in supplying the land army. "The command in this case would very naturally fall upon me—and I hope I should disappoint no favorable anticipation." (Unfortunately this revealing letter is not included in the Library of America volume.) More than anything, Hamilton wanted some of the honor and glory that would come to the United States as it assumed its rightful place in the world as a great power.

All these extravagant dreams collapsed with President Adams's new peace mission in 1799 and the end of the quasi-war with France. Many Americans, including the president, thought that Hamilton and the High Federalists had been bent on establishing a regal government allied with Britain, with Hamilton as its head. There is no evidence for such a view, but Hamilton's plans for an imperial America were certainly out of touch with the realities of his world in 1800. Two centuries later, however, these plans do not seem so bizarre. Hamilton would be right at home in our present-day United States and our present-day world. He would love our government's vast federal bureaucracy, its sprawling Pentagon, its enormous CIA, its huge public debt, its taxes beyond any he could have hoped for, and especially its large professional military force with well over one million men and women under arms spread across two oceans and dozens of countries. America has at last become the kind of superpower of which Hamilton could only dream. ■

Who He Was

By PAULA FREDRIKSEN

The Changing Faces of Jesus by Geza Vermes

(Viking, 324 pp., $25.95)

Providential Accidents: An Autobiography by Geza Vermes

(Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, 258 pp., $26.95)

THERE WAS A time in the West—it lasted until the Renaissance—when what Christians in church believed about Jesus and what professors in universities taught about Jesus corresponded more or less closely. Ecclesiastical creeds and councils set the context for interpretation, which was straightforwardly theological. Jesus was the Son of God, the second Person of the Trinity, who for humanity's redemption had come down to earth, taken on true flesh, died for humanity's sins, been raised bodily on the third day, established his church, and ascended (in his raised body) back to heaven.

The supporting roles of various of his contemporaries were equally clear. The poor and the outcast loved him. His apostles absorbed his teachings, and they brought this saving knowledge, along with the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, to the Gentiles, who received them gladly. But the Jews whom Jesus first called rejected him: they were too attached to their own rules and rituals, infuriated by his new teachings, and loathe to share redemption with the Gentiles. Eventually they prevailed upon Pontius Pilate to kill him; confronted with the evidence of his resurrection, they denied him; and faced with the church's success among the Gentiles, they cursed him. Yet the church triumphed, just as the Old Testament had always said it would.

During the Renaissance, learned opinion started to shift. The ancient manuscripts of New Testament writings that scholars began to retrieve and to study revealed surprising differences between the received biblical text and the readings in the earliest witnesses. References in canonical first-century letters to fourth-century doctrines (such as the Trinity) began to look suspiciously like later additions. Eventually textual critics would notice that some stories about Jesus (such as his encounter with the woman at the well) floated around in different manuscript copies of a particular gospel, and even between the manuscripts of two different gospels.

This new knowledge in effect eroded confidence that the texts in the church's Bible corresponded very closely with whatever the original versions of those

PAULA FREDRIKSEN is the author, most recently, of *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews: A Jewish Life and the Emergence of Christianity* (Knopf).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

texts might have been: too many generations of pious copyists, anxious to "correct" what to them might have seemed like defective recensions, stood between the first Christians and their modern readers. Then Luther, and the Protestant Reformation, complicated these interpretive issues by altering their theological context. In his commentaries, "good" Jews (that is, the Christian ones) and saved Gentiles put their faith in a Christian message that looked surprisingly close to Luther's own, while the ritual-soaked church of Rome appeared increasingly like their Jewish opponents, the Pharisees. At this point, too, the canon of the Old Testament split between Roman Catholic communities and Protestant communities. The Catholics kept the larger, traditional collection of Old Testament writings based on the Greek Septuagint; the Protestants, more caught up in Renaissance scholarship, accepted as Scripture only those works for which they had a Hebrew original.

The Enlightenment intensified all this activity when scholars, freer from doctrinal constraints than ever before, began to apply the fledgling standards of critical historical research to the texts of the New Testament, investigating them as they would any other ancient documents. In consequence, the differences in tone and in content between the gospels emerged with increasing clarity, and this discovery called into question their status as historical witnesses to the life and the times of Jesus. The evangelists in their individuality came to be seen more as creative interpreters of traditions from and about Jesus, and thus as witnesses first of all to their own communities and their own historical periods, rather than as historical witnesses to Jesus of Nazareth himself, who had lived and preached (in Aramaic, not in Greek) some forty to seventy years prior to the composition of these gospels. The Jesus of history began to assume features distinct from those of the Christ—or rather, the Christs—of faith.

THE LINGUISTIC GAP between Jesus and the earliest documents about him highlighted another difference between him and later Christian tradition, a difference that was very significant theologically: Jesus would have been familiar with Semitic-language versions of the Jewish Bible, whether Aramaic or Hebrew, whereas Paul and the evangelists all drew upon its Greek version, the Septuagint. Where these two textual traditions diverged sharply—say, in the rendering of Isaiah 7:14, where in the Hebrew a "young girl" (*'aalmah*) gives birth to a child, but in the Greek the new mother is a "virgin" (*parthenos*)—scholars hesitated to attribute to the historical

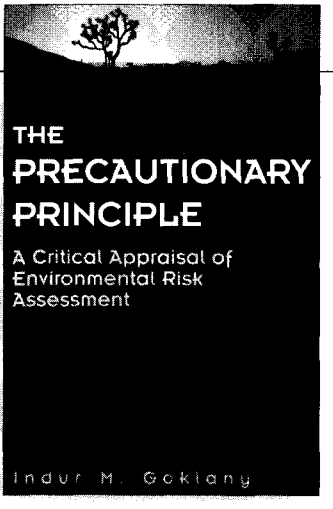
THE BOSTON UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CREATIVE WRITING PROGRAM

Our program, one of the oldest and most prestigious in the nation, is small (no more than a dozen students admitted in any genre, with all workshops limited to twelve members); very intensive (the Master's degree is ordinarily awarded after the academic year of eight courses); and highly competitive (normally sixteen students apply for each spot in fiction and poetry). We are best known for the quality of our graduate workshops. All of these are held in the same small room, which allows through its dusty windows a glimpse of the Charles River. Perhaps the most remarkable such workshop occurred when Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, and George Starbuck gathered for instruction by Robert Lowell – gathered, by the way, less often in that little room than at the Ritz Bar. These days, the poetry workshops are run by our regular faculty of Poet Laureate Robert Pinsky and Nobel Laureate Derek Walcott, who also conducts the playwriting workshops; and those in fiction are led by Leslie Epstein, Susanna Kaysen, and the newest addition to our permanent faculty, Ha Jin. Of course our students have about them the resources of a great university. That means they often take courses with a superb faculty in literature that includes, besides the poets Geoffrey Hill and Rosanna Warren, the scholar Christopher Ricks and Boston University's two other Nobel Prize winners, Saul Bellow and Elie Wiesel. It is difficult to know how best to measure a student's success, or the worth of a program to a writer; we can say that our graduates in each genre have accomplished a good deal. Over the last few years our playwrights have been awarded the ABC National Playwriting Prize, the Charles MacArthur Award for Comedy, the Heideman Award, first prize in both the 21st Century Playwrights' Festival and the Baltimore Playwrights' Festival, and productions with Naked Angels and the Manhattan Class Co. Quite recently our graduates in poetry have won the $30,000 Whiting Award, the Barnard New Women Poets Series, a grant from the NEA, and the Norma Farber First Book Award from the Poetry Society of America; there have been three winners in three years of the Discovery/*The Nation* Award, and two winners of the National Poetry Series. In fiction, our students have also won the Whiting Award, along with an inordinate share of the nationwide Henfield Awards. In 1999 our writers swept every major literary award in the country, with Ha Jin winning the National Book Award and the PEN/Faulkner, and Jhumpa Lahiri the PEN/Hemingway and the Pulitzer Prize. Not a year goes by without a graduate of our program bringing out a book with a major publisher, and some, like Sue Miller and Arthur Golden, spend a good deal of time on best-seller lists. Over the last decade we have placed more than fifteen of our graduates in tenure-track positions at major American universities. We make, of course, no such assurances. Our only promise, to those who join us, is of a fair amount of time in that river-view room, time shared with other writers in a common, most difficult pursuit: the perfection of one's craft. For more information about the program, visiting writers, and financial aid (our teaching fellows conduct undergraduate creative writing classes) write to Director, Creative Writing Program, Boston University, 236 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215 or visit our Web site at *www.bu.edu/writing/*.

Boston University is an equal opportunity, affirmative action institution.

"Agree or disagree with his judgments, this is a provocative and challenging read. Highly recommended."

–David Pearce, OBE
Professor of Environmental Economics
University College, London



The "precautionary principle"—a "better safe than sorry" rule—is increasingly invoked to justify government regulations to stop potential environmental problems such a global warming, genetically modified foods, and DDT. The author argues that not halting such potential crises might entail health risks, but so might their regulation. He argues that a balanced application of this principle cautions against aggressive regulation.

CATO INSTITUTE

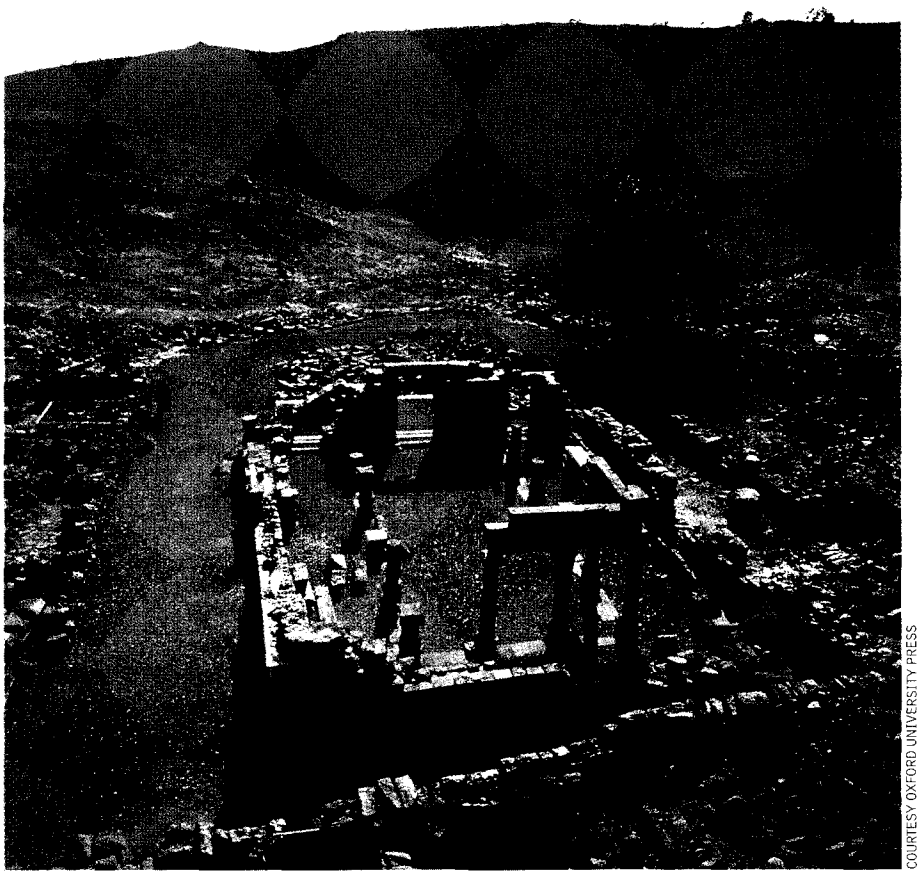
The Precautionary Principle: A Critical Appraisal of Environmental Risk Assessment
by Indur M. Goklany
119 pages, cloth $17.95

At bookstores, or call 1-800-767-1241 (noon–9 p.m. eastern time, Monday–Friday)
Cato Institute • 1000 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20001 **www.cato.org**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jesus what would have been possible, so to speak, only in Greek. The gap between history and theology widened.

Into this breach stepped liberal Protestant scholars. In quest of the historical Jesus, they focused on the meaning of a central phrase frequently on his lips in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke: the Kingdom of God. Jesus had used this phrase, these questers maintained, as a moral metaphor: by invoking the Kingdom, he had meant "love one another," and "feed the hungry," and "be kind to widows and orphans." By preaching the coming Kingdom, the great nineteenth-century scholar Adolf von Harnack explained, Jesus had really been teaching "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." This pleasing message, immediately meaningful to Harnack's modern readers, just happened to coincide with the theology of liberal Protestantism.



COURTESY OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Ruins of the ancient synagogue at Chorazin, the Galilee

For these scholars, Jesus stood within the great prophetic tradition of the Old Testament. These holy men too, they thought, had urged ethical action over ritual performance, prayer over blood offerings, faith over works. But then other scholars started to take their investigations further afield. Turning from the Old Testament canon, they studied instead those Jewish writings from the period much closer to Jesus's own lifetime, from 200 B.C.E. to 200 C.E., which they designated the "intertestamental" period.

These esoteric and less familiar writings—the Assumption of Moses, the Psalm of Solomon, the Sybilline Oracle, Enoch—also contained the phrase "Kingdom of God," and they certainly did not use it to stand as a timeless moral metaphor. The Kingdom that these texts proclaimed was an energetically desired and anticipated historical event. Various end-time scenarios crowded their pages. The righteous would suffer, but then they would be vindicated. A great battle between good and evil would ensue, to be led perhaps by an archangel, perhaps by the Lord's messiah. Exiled Israel, all twelve tribes, would be gathered up into the land, and to Jerusalem. (By the time these writings were composed, ten of the twelve tribes had long since vanished, so the expectation anticipates a great miracle.) The dead would be raised. Gentiles would abandon their idols and worship the God of Israel. The strong theme that was central to all these writings, in brief, was apocalyptic eschatology: the conviction that God was about to intervene definitively in history, and vanquish injustice, evil, and death forever, and establish his kingdom of peace.

Scholars placing the New Testament writings within the interpretive context of these apocalyptic ones discovered a new Jesus, a new Paul, and a different Kingdom. The apocalyptic themes in the earliest Christian message sounded with increasingly clarity. This trajectory of research culminated in the early twentieth century with Albert Schweitzer's great work *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, which appeared in 1901. Schweitzer argued—shockingly, for the time—that Jesus himself, like many of his contemporaries, lived in the expectation of the imminent end of the world. To understand New Testament Scriptures, he asserted, the historian must place his subject, whether Jesus or Paul, within his own historical context of a "thoroughgoing eschatology."

Compelling as this reconstruction might have been historically, it was hopelessly awkward theologically. What religious meaning could twentieth-century Christians make of a first-century apocalyptic mission whose central message—"The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand!"—had proved to be so wrong? As another liberal scholar mused, "Jesus preached the Kingdom, but it was the Church that came."

The heart of this energetic scholarly activity during this time was Protestant Germany. The Roman Catholic Church, already traumatized by European culture's lurch into modernity, was having none of it. Papal mandate all but obliterated any serious Catholic biblical scholarship from the middle of the nineteenth century to the middle of the twentieth century. Catholic scholars who did persevere in attempts to effect a reform and to press for intellectual freedom left the church, or were intimidated into silence, or were excommunicated.

In the 1940s, Pius XII cracked the door open a bit, acknowledging in an encyclical letter the existence of literary forms in the Bible. (Non-Catholic biblical scholars, by contrast, had for well over a hundred years used distinctions between different literary forms as a way to distinguish the different traditions, writers, and historical periods embedded in—and so disguised by—Scripture's continuous narratives.) More changes of ecclesiastical attitude eventually followed, and nowadays Catholic scholars are free to be as rigorously critical as any of their non-Catholic colleagues. But a scant fifty years ago things were otherwise.

IRONICALLY, AND AGAIN in the 1940s, Pius's church took a step, unknown to him, that would issue in some of the most daring, original, and historically imaginative critical work of twentieth-century biblical scholarship. In a corner of Hungary, for the course of the war, it sheltered a young and formerly Jewish seminarian from the anti-Semitic murders raging all around him. That

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young seminarian was Geza Vermes.

Professor emeritus of Jewish studies at the University of Oxford, author and editor of an essential multi-volume study on Jews in the Hellenistic and Roman periods, nonpareil translator and scholar of the Dead Sea Scrolls, Vermes has had a very long and very distinguished career as one of the world's pre-eminent historians of ancient Jewish biblical interpretation. In the early 1970s, he embarked on a related but very different trajectory of research. As a result, he has produced also a groundbreaking series of studies on the historical Jesus. His earlier trilogy—*Jesus the Jew* (1973), *Jesus and the World of Judaism* (1983), *The Religion of Jesus the Jew* (1993)—replete with footnotes and polyglot references, was critical as well as synthetic: that is, besides offering his own interpretations, Vermes addressed, assessed, and criticized the arguments of other scholars in the field. His expertise in Semitic languages and Jewish history opened up new perspectives on traditions about Jesus in ways that both challenged and refreshed how other students of this elusive figure thought about the Gospels as historical evidence. But Vermes's clear and graceful English (his third vernacular!), as well as his great subject, also invited the general reader into his pages; and indeed these works—especially *Jesus the Jew*—have enjoyed wide popularity outside the academy.

With the recent publication of *The Changing Faces of Jesus*, Vermes sums up the arguments and the conclusions of his three prior publications, and also widens the scope of his inquiry beyond the Gospels to include other documents in the New Testament. And he has done so with the general reader particularly in mind. No academic apparatus or learned infighting with other scholars clutters these wonderful pages, on the correct assumption that the reader who wants to see Vermes's interpretations developed on that level will know where to find them. Instead, with grace, wit, and vigor, he fluently conducts his tour of these texts, which he organizes into six chapters along a gradient (these are my characterizations, not his) of least Jewish, and therefore least historically plausible—the Gospel of John—to more Jewish (that is, presenting more recognizably Jewish themes and traditions) and therefore containing more historically reliable information—the three synoptic ("seen-together") Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. His penultimate chapter introduces Vermes's reconstruction of the Jesus of history; and his concluding chapter is a very brief summary of the transformation of Jesus's original message in the Gentile, Greek-speaking world together with a keenly observed assessment of scholarly work on Jesus in the past half-century, and of the unfortunately formative effects of Christian anti-Judaism on each. And then, with artistry and with an appealing chutzpah, Vermes brings the whole to a close by relating a dream vision of a returned Jesus who addresses first the Jews, then masses of assembled Christians ("not quite as big [a crowd] ... as the one which recently greeted the Pope in Cracow"), and finally the lost and the lapsed.

Vermes's great contribution to the late-twentieth-century quest for the historical Jesus has been to construct another interpretive framework within which to place and sort through the later Christian traditions about him. To do so, he worked especially with those sources that are linguistically and culturally (and, where possible, chronologically) close to Jesus. These are the Hebrew and Aramaic traditions preserved in various Jewish writings: *targumim* (loose translations of Hebrew Scriptures into Aramaic); the Mishnah and the later Talmuds (rabbinic explorations of the meaning and the range of application of biblical law); rabbinic commentaries on the five books of Moses (the Pentateuch), which contain much material of a legendary nature; the Dead Sea Scrolls; intertestamental apocrypha

CENTERS OF MODERN JEWISH STUDIES

CENTER FOR JEWISH HISTORY

A Conference to Celebrate the Inauguration of the Center for Jewish History as a Major Resource in Jewish Studies

October 28-29, 2001

Center for Jewish History
15 West 16 Street, NY, NY 10011

The following sessions are open to the public and free of charge.
Please RSVP to (212) 294-8313 by October 15

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 7–10 P.M.
"Creating Modern Jewish Studies"

Dr. Robert Chazan, S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Professor of Hebrew and Judaic Studies, New York University
Opening Remarks

Dr. Jane Gerber, Professor of Jewish History and Director of the Institute for Sephardic Studies, Graduate Center of the City University of New York
CHAIR

Dr. Michael Brenner, Professor of Jewish History and Culture, University of Munich

Dr. Jonathan Frankel, Professor of Modern Russian and Jewish History, The Hebrew University, Israel
Nation-Building and the Israeli Historians: Mythologizers, Revisionists, Post-Zionists

Dr. Jeffrey S. Gurock, Libby M. Klaperman Professor of Jewish History, Yeshiva University
American Jewish History: Personal and Professional Reflections on a Discipline's Path Towards Scholarly Acceptance

Dr. Stephen J. Zipperstein, Daniel E. Koshland Professor in Jewish Culture and History and Co-Director of the Taube Family Center for Jewish Studies, Stanford University
On the Evolution — and Future — of Russian Jewish Historiography

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 8:15–10 P.M.
"Modern Jewish Studies and the American Context"

Dr. Arthur Goren, Russell Knapp Professor of American Jewish History, Columbia University
CHAIR

Dr. Jon Butler, William Robertson Coe Professor of American History, Professor of American Studies and Professor of Religious Studies, Yale University
The American Setting

Dr. Deborah Dash Moore, Professor of Jewish Studies, Vassar College
The Urban Context

Dr. Hasia Diner, Paul S. and Sylvia Steinberg Professor of American Jewish History, New York University
The Multicultural Context

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and pseudepigrapha in various languages; and, in Greek, the work of Jesus's Jewish near-contemporaries Philo and Josephus.

Vermes constructs his image of Jesus by appeal to these texts. The premise from which he begins is historically unimpeachable: that Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew and his mother tongue was Aramaic. Beneath the *koinē* ("common," that is, non-literary) Greek of the synoptic Gospels, this linguistic layer of Aramaic can still be glimpsed—and occasionally it even comes to the surface. (Commanding a dead child to rise, the synoptic Jesus orders: *Talitha cumi*, or "Little girl, get up!" And his cry from the cross—the first lines of Psalm 22—Mark gives not in Hebrew, but in Aramaic: *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachtani*? or "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?")

Vermes regards the synoptic evangelists' portraits of Jesus as the most reliable, and so he peoples his presentation with other Galilean holy men renowned for their ability to work nature miracles or to cure the ill even from a distance—and (a related expertise) to exorcise demons. Unschooled, perhaps illiterate, these men were remembered in later tradition for their piety, their extreme material poverty, and their powerful prayer. Sometimes their fellow Jews referred to such *hasidim* ("pious ones") as prophets, even as "son(s) of God," while a *hasid* might invoke the deity in Aramaic as *Abba*, "Father." Once, according to a Talmudic story, a "voice from heaven"—that is, God—even proclaimed one of these miracle-workers his son.

By the end of Vermes's book on Jesus, the constant cameo appearances of these charismatic Galileans indeed work a small miracle. The intractably theological titles for Jesus such as "Son of God" and "son of man," and the miraculous deeds attributed to him, all of which in Christian tradition serve to indicate Jesus's unique status as God's Son, are shown to be native to Jewish—and especially to Aramaic and Galilean Jewish—streams of thought. In that context they express not a super-human subject's metaphysical status, but a human subject's moral status as a pious man responsive to the needs of his fellows, and whom, on that account, God particularly loves. To move closer to the Jesus of history—"the real Jesus," as Vermes calls him—the angle of approach should be calculated, he urges, with or from these native Jewish traditions.

But what of those other writings in the New Testament's core canon, the Gospel of John and the letters of Paul? On these two sources, the Jewish Aramaic traditions provide much less purchase. What, then, can the Fourth Gospel and Paul tell us about "the real Jesus" and about that sole conduit for such historical knowledge, his earliest disciples' proclamations about him? Not much, says Vermes; and in a sense he is right. The hero of John's Gospel is a mouthpiece for the evangelist's theology: it is difficult to place the Johannine Christ's *bel canto* soliloquies on his own divine nature in a realistic rural early-first-century Galilean setting. And Paul specifically says that he never knew the human Jesus. For the purposes of Paul's message, what needs to be known about the human Jesus is his death, which is the necessary prelude to his resurrection and to the resurrection of the dead and transformation of the living to take place shortly, says Paul, when Christ returns.

Material from these sources that might supplement or enrich what we otherwise possess from the synoptic Gospels—Jesus's teaching regularly in Jerusalem, as John portrays; or Paul's claim that he, and also the Gentiles whom he had baptized, were empowered to do "works of power" and charismatic healings, to prophesy, and to discern between spirits, much as the synoptic Jesus does—Vermes for the most part lets pass by. Those traditions in John and Paul that stand in strongest contrast to Vermes's reconstruction of Jesus's Jewish and Aramaic message, such as those that claim an extremely elevated theological status for Jesus relative to God, Vermes attributes to Gentile, thus pagan,

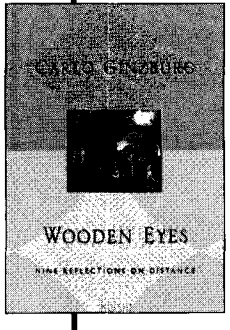
New from **Columbia**

NEW FROM EUROPEAN PERSPECTIVES: A SERIES IN SOCIAL THOUGHT AND CULTURAL CRITICISM—LAWRENCE D. KRITZMAN, ED.

Hannah Arendt
Julia Kristeva
Translated by Ross Guberman

"The portrait that emerges is quirky, intentionally subjective, and finely detailed."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

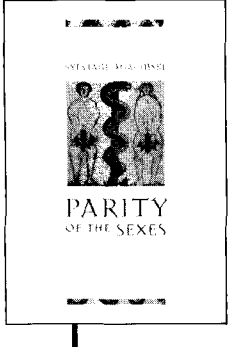
$27.95



Wooden Eyes
Nine Reflections on Distance
Carlo Ginzburg
Translated by Martin Ryle and Kate Soper

"The essays show Ginzburg's . . mercurial yet highly disciplined intellectual zest."
—*Times Literary Supplement*

$24.95



Parity of the Sexes
Sylviane Agacinski
Translated by Lisa Walsh

Cited in *The New Yorker* as one of the most influential women in France, Agacinski helped inspire a law requiring political parties to fill half of all ballots with women.

$18.50

Voices of Revolution
The Dissident Press in America
Rodger Streitmatter

"A fascinating book."—*Booklist*

$18.50

NOW IN PAPERBACK

The Threefold Cord
Mind, Body, and World
Hilary Putnam

"[A] combination of intellectual enthusiasm and dialectical ingenuity . . . [this] new book . . . defends a kind of common sense realism. The lectures that are collected in this volume . . . are philosopher's philosophy."
—*The New Republic*

$17.50
THE JOHN DEWEY ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY

The Range of Interpretation
Wolfgang Iser

"A truly original contribution to the field . . . long overdue."
—Mihai I. Spariosu, U of Georgia

$18.50
THE WELLEK LIBRARY LECTURE SERIES

The God That Failed
Edited by Richard Crossman
with a New Foreword by David Engerman

Now available from Columbia University Press

"To understand the Cold War and the character of Stalinism, this is a must read."
—Daniel Bell

$16.50

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
columbia.edu/cu/cup 800-944-8648

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

culture—in John's case, a native culture; in Paul's case, the culture of those whom he addresses.

Christianity as a religion, Vermes explains, is thus the result of a Jewish-Gentile hybrid, which spread in an increasingly Gentile and pagan environment, inevitably acquiring non-Jewish elements as it grew. The Hellenistic synagogue, home to Greek-speaking Jews (such as Paul), to the Septuagint, and to those Jewishly sympathetic Gentiles who were familiar enough with biblical stories to understand the religious significance of the Christian message—Jesus as the son of David, or the seed of Abraham, or the shoot of Jesse—scarcely figures in Vermes's account. He seems to envisage a one-generation transition to the new faith.

The movement, in this view, was rapidly mutating, and it soon lost its appeal for Jews. Its Gentile members, offended by the Jews' rejection of what they took to be the fulfillment of God's promises to Israel, became increasingly anti-Jewish themselves. The Jews may have rejected the church; but in the view of the (now Gentile) church, God had first rejected the Jews and put Gentile Christians in their stead. For all these reasons—the centuries of anti-Judaism in Gentile Christian theology, the blends of pagan and Jewish thought found variously in the Greek New Testament documents ostensibly about Jesus, the necessary compromises with pagan culture made by Paul when trying to take the message to the Gentiles—the features of the Jewish Jesus, Vermes concludes, have been obscured. Until fairly recently, they would even have been denied.

BUT THESE DAYS a recognizably Jewish Jesus no longer startles or offends. Indeed, as Vermes notes, "the Jewishness of Jesus is now axiomatic ... [even for] those New Testament scholars who can only pay lip service to it." In this regard, he says, New Testament studies have changed significantly since 1973, when even the title of his first book on this highly charged subject, *Jesus the Jew*, shocked some in the Christian world. And the field is drastically changed; indeed, it is "almost unrecognizable" from "the perspective of 1945"—the year before the young Vermes, released from the necessity of hiding by the end of the war, began his advanced academic training in Louvain as a novice residing with the Fathers of Notre-Dame de Sion, a nineteenth-century order founded specifically to pray for the conversion of the Jews.

His concluding evocation of the year 1945 recalled to me the poignant closing line of his prologue, wherein Vermes remembers his parents, Ernest and Theresia, both murdered in Hungary in 1944, "innocent victims of the evil and madness called anti-Semitism." Vermes's life and work have thus spanned the two poles of the so-called Judeo-Christian tradition both at their most violently alienated—the Shoah—and at their most irenic and cooperative—the current quest for the Jesus of history, conducted both by interfaith groups in churches and synagogues and by historians in the academy.

In *Providential Accidents*, his autobiography, Vermes provides a more intimate view of the twists and turns by which he entered the church, survived fascist Hungary and the Nazis, studied in Louvain and Paris, entered British academic life and a life outside the church, came to Oxford, fought for almost forty years for free access for himself and other scholars to the treasures of the Dead Sea Scrolls, and came to search for the historical Jesus. It is a truly gripping narrative. It begins as a kind of *Bildungsroman*, wherein Vermes relates his progress through Hungary's Catholic schools. Forbidden entrance to university by the anti-Semitic legislation of 1941, the sixteen-year-old Vermes "opted for the Catholic priesthood: with its six-year curriculum, this seemed to provide the only real prospect for higher education." This decision saved his life.

After the war ended, Vermes found himself in the study of a professor of Scripture, whose books lay scattered in heaps in the wake of the Soviet army. Attempting to

SOCIAL SCIENCE THAT MATTERS

THE ROARING NINETIES
Can Full Employment Be Sustained?
ALAN KRUEGER & ROBERT SOLOW, EDITORS
A unique analysis of the exceptional economic performance of the 1990s. $49.95 cloth

THE CHILD CARE PROBLEM
An Economic Analysis
DAVID M. BLAU
Evaluates the many contradictory claims about child care problems in the U.S., and lays out a reasoned blueprint for reform. $17.50 paper

MAKING WORK PAY
The Earned Income Tax Credit and Its Impact on America's Families
BRUCE D. MEYER & DOUGLAS HOLTZ-EAKIN, EDITORS
Provides the first full-scale examination of the EITC. $49.95 cloth

BEYOND COLLEGE FOR ALL
Career Paths for the Forgotten Half
JAMES E. ROSENBAUM
A compelling case for creating formal paths for high school students to enter the world of work. $29.95 cloth

MAKING HATE A CRIME
From Social Movement to Law Enforcement
VALERIE JENNESS & RYKEN GRATTET
A fresh perspective on how social problems and the policies devised in response to them develop over time. $29.95 cloth

E PLURIBUS UNUM?
Contemporary and Historical Perspectives on Immigrant Political Incorporation
GARY GERSTLE & JOHN MOLLENKOPF, EDITORS
Explores key issues about the incorporation of immigrants into American public life. $39.95 cloth

GOVERNING AMERICAN CITIES
Inter-Ethnic Coalitions, Competition, and Conflict
MICHAEL JONES-CORREA, EDITOR
Assesses the changing demographics of America's cities, and the impact of new immigrants on urban politics. $32.50 cloth

FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE
Welfare Reform and the Well-Being of Children and Families
GREG J. DUNCAN & P. LINDSAY CHASE-LANSDALE, EDITORS
Evaluates whether welfare reform has really improved the well-being of the nation's poor children. $42.50 cloth

SOCIAL CAPITAL AND POOR COMMUNITIES
SUSAN SAEGERT, J. PHILLIP THOMPSON & MARK R. WARREN, EDITORS
Examines civic initiatives that have empowered the poor to become active partners in revitalizing their neighborhoods. $39.95 cloth

EVOLUTION AND THE CAPACITY FOR COMMITMENT
RANDOLPH M. NESSE, EDITOR
A rich variety of perspectives on the nature of commitment and the role of natural selection in shaping it. $42.50 cloth

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION
At bookstores now or call 1-800-524-6401
112 East 64th Street, New York, NY 10021
www.russellsage.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bring order to this chaos, Vermes picked up and saw, for the first time in his life, a Hebrew Bible. It was a transforming moment. "This filled me with fascination, and an irresistible urge to learn Hebrew," he relates. This accidental encounter set him on the path to becoming who he is. And, of course, given his personal choices, his family, and his times, this decision to learn Hebrew had a certain poignancy. One of his uncles, seeing the young seminarian hard at work on a Hebrew grammar, wryly remarked: "I see you're now busying yourself with what you should have learned as a child."

HIS MEMOIR IS also a love story. Its prologue begins with this heart-stopping sentence: "Shortly before midnight on 9 June 1993 I realized that my wife was dying." Pamela Vermes brought Geza Vermes into a new life. They met in 1955, and eventually married, and collaborated in his scholarly publications, and together found their individual ways from Catholicism toward Judaism, she as a "*religious* agnostic" (her self-designation), he as a non-observant though highly identified Jew.

And Vermes's story is also in part an international thriller, especially with the high-level goings-on around the Scrolls. The full sordid tale of spite, scholarly selfishness, and undisguised anti-Semitism, which kept access to the Dead Sea texts restricted for decades to a tiny cartel, unwinds in his pages. Telegrams and letters fly between Jerusalem, Paris, Oxford, Washington, and southern California's Huntington Library; careers crash; scholarly hypotheses come and go like clay pigeons in a skeet shoot. It is all great stuff, especially because we know the happy ending: the scrolls—thanks in part to Vermes's efforts—are now open and available to all interested scholars.

But owing to who he is, when he has lived, and how he has written, Vermes's life story reads as well as a history of Jewish-Christian relations in the twentieth century (the worst century so far, as Diana Trilling once remarked), as well as a history of the academic study of those relations. His autobiography thus places his scholarship, and particularly his New Testament scholarship, in a larger context. Readers of both can see not only how Vermes's life informed his work, but also how the myriad cross-currents of Jewish-Christian relations must inform any such endeavor in the area of historical Jesus research.

A historian does not have to be Jewish in order to produce a Jewish Jesus: in 2001, thanks in part to the work of Vermes and scholars like him, a more or less Jewish Jesus is the one whom any historian, of any religious orientation or none, pretty much expects to find. That churches and synagogues, separately and together, are exploring and making their peace with the Jewishness of Jesus—again thanks in part to the work of Vermes and scholars like him—is, I think, an even more significant cultural fact. It shows the beginning of a way forward out of centuries of mutual suspicion, resentment, and—within living memory—much worse. For our culture, it is also the measure of recuperation from the shock of the Renaissance and the secularization of time and nature that followed in its wake, when the gap between history and theology (for Jews as well as for Christians) first started to make itself felt. We still live in that gap; but we need not be lost in it. ■

Immorality Play

By RUTH FRANKLIN

Flights of Love by Bernhard Schlink translated by John E. Woods

(Pantheon, 304 pp., $23)

THAT BAD BOOKS are the books most widely read is an entirely mundane phenomenon of contemporary culture. Every week the major book reviews assess a dozen books in a variety of genres, of varying quality but deemed of sufficient significance or originality or beauty to merit a thousand words or so. With only a few exceptions, these books then vanish forever: good books get reviewed, but bad books get bought.

Once in a while, though, books of "literary merit" do take a spin on the best-seller list. These are often just bad books in disguise—*Corelli's Mandolin*, or *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. With regard to style, both of those books are credible imitations of the real thing; but unlike the "designer" handbags hawked on the street, what gives away these knock-offs is not their detailing but the absence at their core. Under the weight of all their trappings—pseudo-historical documents, lengthy digressions on esoterica, winking self-referentiality—they shudder with emptiness.

The best recent example of the disguised bad book is surely Bernhard Schlink's *The Reader*. Schlink was a professor of constitutional law who wrote mystery novels in his spare time, but with the publication of *The Reader* in 1995 he erupted onto the literary scene in Germany and around the world. The book already ranks among the best-selling German paperbacks of all time, and around two million copies have sold in the United States alone, fueled largely by Oprah Winfrey's endorsement. *Der Spiegel* deemed Schlink's book "one of the greatest triumphs of German literature since the novel *The Tin Drum*." If Günter Grass's epic was the quintessential novel of the wartime generation, *The Reader* was aimed squarely at the "second generation," the lucky but oppressed ones born later.

There is every indication that *Flights of Love*, Schlink's first collection of short stories, may fare similarly. Sandwiched between J. K. Rowling and John Grisham, it has been a presence on the German best-seller lists since its publication last year. German critics have praised Schlink as a "master of the craft" and his stories as "virtually perfect." One writer for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has mordantly proposed that the stretch of highway between Frankfurt and Stuttgart be nicknamed "the *Flights of Love* Stretch," since it is the same duration as the playing time of the audio version of Schlink's volume. Oprah's vast flock will no doubt snap it up in its English translation.

Schlink's disguise is well-made. He is a master of appearances, but only of appearances. His books appear to have serious themes: in *The Reader*, the difficulties of the second generation in reconciling with the Nazi past; in *Flights of Love*, the jealousies and infidelities and sublimities of love affairs. Both books owe the entirety of their momentum to the machinations of plot, but the plot is spun charmingly and contrivingly enough that you hardly have a chance to discover that the characters are vacant, virtually without interior lives. Schlink's style is perfectly calibrated to appeal, spare enough to earn the intellectual-sounding description of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

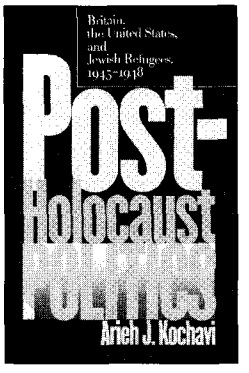
"minimalist," but more Calvin Klein than Donald Judd. The sex scenes in *The Reader* are submerged in a gentle haze of nostalgia, while the courtroom drama seems to glow with fluorescent light. Schlink's diction is simple, lucid, with a touch of allusiveness: just enough to give one the sense that something might be happening beneath the surface, but not enough to make it imperative to find out exactly what.

And Schlink's work is not only mediocre, it is also pernicious. What makes it pernicious is that it offers moral shortcuts as well as literary ones. The Holocaust was very much at the forefront of the German psyche in 1995, which saw the fifty-year anniversary of the liberation of the concentration camps and the end of World War II. The coming-to-terms-with-the-past movement, which had been muffled in the tumult following the crash of the Iron Curtain, surged up again. In the midst of the ceremonies and the public apologies and the debates about reparations, *The Reader*, which hints at very serious ethical questions but does not make an effort to provoke any kind of rigorous thought, offered an alternative: a way to feel as though one is therapeutically "working through" the problems of the past while in fact remaining comfortably aloof from them. No heavy lifting is required.

FROM THE START, *The Reader* offers itself as a parable. It is the 1950s, and Michael, the narrator, is ill with hepatitis—*Gelbsucht*, literally "yellow mania," as reminiscent of the yellow star of the doomed Jews as of the jaundice associated with the disease. The town in which he lives could be any West German town, with street names that are the run-of-the-mill equivalents of Main Street or Elm Street. His illness begins in the fall and ends with the coming of spring: "The colder and darker the old year turned, the weaker I became. Not until the new year did things start looking up." He meets Hanna when she discovers him vomiting in the courtyard of her apartment building; she makes him help her to clean up the mess and then leads him home. The implications are clear: postwar Germany is sick, and it can begin to heal only through its encounter with the Nazi past.

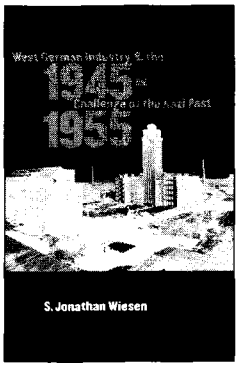
Michael's relationship with Hanna is steeped in moral difficulty from the start. After his recovery, he takes her a bouquet of flowers to thank her, but flees her apartment after she catches him watching her get dressed. Afterwards he scolds himself for his inability to stop fantasizing about her, while simultaneously devising excuses for seeing her again. "Did my moral upbringing somehow turn against itself?"

Postwar Positioning



Post-Holocaust Politics
Britain, the United States, and Jewish Refugees, 1945–1948
ARIEH J. KOCHAVI
"This important new study illustrates how postwar British foreign policy was designed and pursued to prevent Jewish survivors of the Holocaust from emigrating from Europe to Palestine. . . . Among the most important and interesting works in this field."—Charles W. Sydnor Jr., author of *Soldiers of Destruction*
400 pp. **$45.00 cloth**

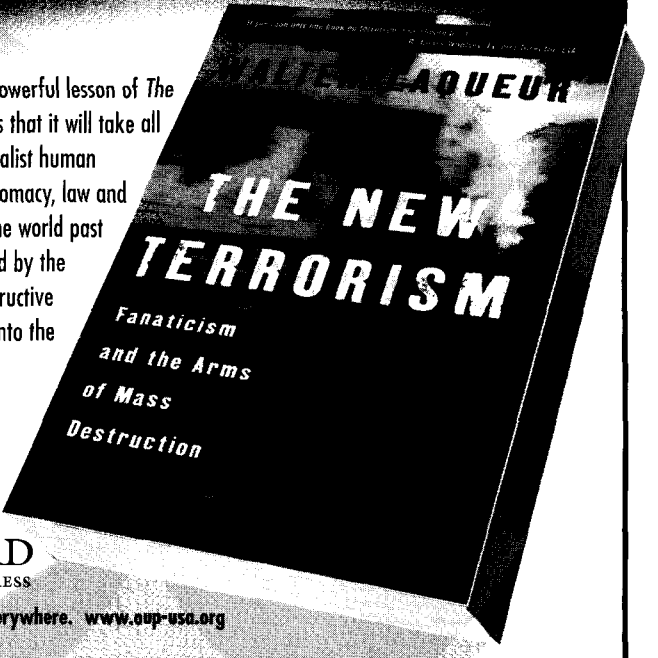
West German Industry and the Challenge of the Nazi Past, 1945–1955
S. JONATHAN WIESEN
"A sound and judicious appraisal . . . free of ideology and pointless recrimination."—Gerald D. Feldman, University of California, Berkeley
"A major contribution to our understanding of how German businessmen outlined a path from the Third Reich to the Bonn Republic."—Robert G. Moeller, University of California, Irvine
352 pp. **$39.95 cloth**



THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
publishing excellence since 1922 | at bookstores or 800-848-6224 | www.uncpress.unc.edu

"If you read only one book on terrorism, this should be it."
—James Woolsey, Former Director, CIA

"The implied but powerful lesson of *The New Terrorism*...is that it will take all the careful rationalist human inventions of diplomacy, law and politics to steer the world past the dangers posed by the possibility of destructive weapons falling into the hands of fanatics untouched by reason."
—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*



OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
At bookstores everywhere. www.oup-usa.org
$15.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he wonders. "If looking at someone with desire was as bad as satisfying the desire ... then why not the satisfaction and the act itself? ... That is how I rationalized it back then, making my desire an entry in a strange moral accounting, and silencing my bad conscience." Considering Hanna's past—is there anyone who does not know, or could not guess, the premise of *The Reader*?—these justifications for action despite one's better judgment take on an ominous tone. And so does Michael's explanation for finally going to see her again: "I don't mean to say that thinking and reaching decisions have no influence on behavior. But behavior does not merely enact whatever has already been thought through and decided. It has its own sources."

Much has been made of the eroticism of Michael and Hanna's relationship—particularly by the Oprah audience, which found the prospect of sex between a fifteen-year-old boy and a thirty-six-year-old woman "unhealthy." (Schlink has mocked this American preoccupation, commenting that "I have never experienced a discussion like this with readers in Germany or France.") But Schlink, layering on the symbolism, repeatedly associates Hanna with the maternal. Before she and Michael have sex for the first time, she greets him from the bath with an outstretched towel and dries him. Throughout the narrative Michael makes reference to the twenty-one-year gap between their ages, noting again and again that "she could be my mother." References to milk and to milkiness also are scattered through the text. And of course there is the central motif of reading aloud, typically an activity in which parents engage with their children, though *The Reader* reverses the roles. Germans will easily make the connection with *Germany, Pale Mother*, a well-known film made in 1980 that dealt graphically and hauntingly with the aftermath of the war, taking its title from a famous poem by Brecht. The "mother," of course, is the Nazi past, of which Michael is a child.

This becomes even more explicit in the second part of the novel, in which Michael, now a law student, recognizes Hanna among the concentration camp guards on trial in a case that his class is observing. It is the 1960s, and the first inquiries into the Nazi past are just getting under way. "We students in the seminar considered ourselves radical explorers," Michael says. "We all condemned our parents to shame, even if the only charge we could bring was that after 1945 they had tolerated the perpetrators in their midst." This is the classic dilemma of the second generation in Germany, which Peter Schneider and many others have thoroughly explored: that the "perpetrators" were in many cases one's own parents. Even if, as in Michael's case, one's parents were technically guilty of no crime—Michael's father lost his job as a philosophy professor for lecturing on Spinoza, and spent the war editing hiking maps—there could be no absolution from the general collective guilt.

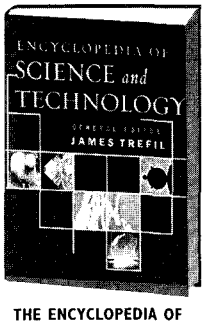
But Hanna, it turns out, is guilty of a heinous crime. With a few other guards, she led a group of several hundred women prisoners on a death march, and on the way the women took shelter in a church for the night. The church caught fire, and the guards, who had remained outside, allowed the prisoners to burn to death rather than unlock the doors. Hanna conducts herself oddly in the courtroom, appearing to have no knowledge of the normal procedures and speaking more openly than she should, and the lawyers for the other defendants are able to make her out to have been the ringleader. Finally the judge demands that Hanna give a handwriting sample so that the court can determine whether it was she who wrote a report about the incident, and rather than do so she confesses to writing the report and receives a life sentence.

Suddenly Michael realizes that Hanna is covering up the fact that she can neither read nor write—and more: that her desire to conceal her illiteracy has guided her steps throughout her life. For she joined the SS only after being offered a promo-

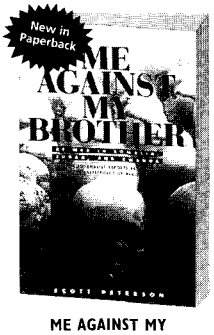
ROUTLEDGE

SMART READING

Destined to be the **leader in the field,** this revolutionary full-color, A-to-Z guide sets a new standard for science reference. The *Encyclopedia's* 1,000 entries combine **in-depth coverage** with a vivid graphic format to bring every facet of science, technology, and medicine into stunning focus.



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
Edited by James Trefil



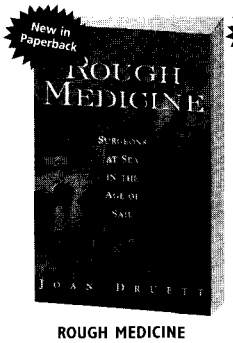
ME AGAINST MY BROTHER
Scott Peterson

*"A terribly **important** book."*
—The Christian Science Monitor

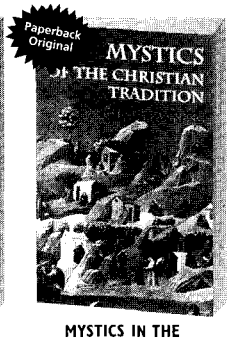
*"Peterson melds his eyewitness accounts with considerable research. His reporting is fresh with colorful observation...it makes for **powerful reading**."*
—Mark Bowden, author of *Black Hawk Down* and *Killing Pablo*

*"Joan Druett's latest work lives up to her reputation as one of our **foremost chroniclers** of maritime lore."*
—Roy Porter, author of *The Greatest Benefit to Mankind*

*"Those who enjoyed Patrick O'Brian's **eye for historical detail** will delight in Druett."*
—Publishers Weekly



ROUGH MEDICINE
Joan Druett



MYSTICS IN THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION
Steven Fanning

From visions and voices to self-torture, this **intriguing work** examines the lives and mystical experiences of almost one hundred Christian mystics from Jesus to the later Roman Catholic saints.

1.800.634.7064 ◆ www.routledge-ny.com

ROUTLEDGE
Taylor & Francis Group

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion at her factory job, to a position in which she would be unable to hide her illiteracy. The SS had been recruiting at her factory at the time, and so she signed up. The same situation occurred during her affair with Michael: the streetcar company where she had been working as a driver offered her a promotion, and to avoid being found out, she unceremoniously left town without saying goodbye, wounding Michael forever.

"WHY," MICHAEL WONDERS, would Hanna "opt for the horrible exposure as a criminal over the harmless exposure as an illiterate?" With its attempts to answer this question, which constitutes the moral center of *The Reader*, the novel falters in a way from which it cannot recover. The problem is not only that it is quite implausible that anyone would choose to be exposed as a Nazi rather than as an illiterate. It is also that Michael views Hanna's unusual trajectory—the fact that, owing to her illiteracy, she made truly terrible life decisions—as exonerating. "No, Hanna had not decided in favor of crime. She had decided against a promotion at Siemens, and fell into a job as a guard." But this is a ludicrous distinction. Michael has already acknowledged the truism that to decide against something is, practically speaking, as good as deciding for its alternative. And what about the people of his parents' generation whom he has already criticized for "tolerating the perpetrators in their midst"? One could easily argue that they simply happened to live next door to Nazi Party members—that they just "fell into" their circumstances as well.

If we accept Michael's assessment of Hanna's accidental Nazism, we have two choices. Either she is the tender exception to the usual brutishness—the book seems to support this interpretation, since the other defendants are depicted as crude and harsh—and so she is not really a Nazi, and so Michael's love for her does not really present that much of a problem. Or perhaps many others were, like her, victims of circumstance; and they, too, were motivated by convenience and the need for employment, not by ideology. Is it fair, then, or is it even possible, to punish those who regarded the SS as simply a line of work?

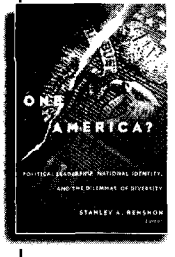
Schlink can offer no guidance out of this morass. "The pain I went through because of my love for Hanna was, in a way, the fate of my generation, a German fate.... I was guilty of having loved a criminal," Michael says, thus implicating the entire German second generation—for who among them is not "guilty" of having loved a parent or spouse or friend or relative who was either a Nazi or a Nazi sympathizer? And this, too, is wrong. One can love a criminal without also taking on the responsibility for his or her crime. Is the mother of a convicted murderer who pleads for mercy for her son also guilty? One assumes a measure of guilt only by abetting a crime, or by supporting the criminal in its conception or its execution. The second generation certainly has a responsibility to understand the crimes of its parents, but it is not guilty of them.

But what may be the most disturbing thing about *The Reader* is that Michael seems to believe that by learning to read, as she does in prison, Hanna takes an important step toward repentance for her crimes. Michael himself plays an important role in this development: he records books on tape and sends them to her, and by following along she teaches herself to read. Michael selects the books carefully—during their affair he had enjoyed reading Russian literature to her, but now he puts Hanna on a strict diet of German classics, starting with Goethe and Fontane and progressing up to the mid-twentieth century. He records the title of each one in a notebook:

> Taken together, the titles in the notebook testify to a great and fundamental confidence in bourgeois culture. I do not ever remember asking myself whether I should go beyond Kafka, Frisch,

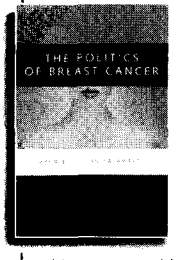
GEORGETOWN

ONE AMERICA?
Political Leadership, National Identity, and the Dilemmas of Diversity
Stanley A. Renshon, Editor



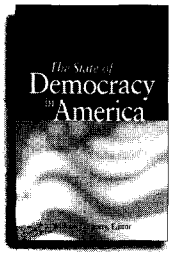
Distinguished contributors—among them, Richard D. Kahlenberg, Abigail Thernstrom, and Jim Sleeper—assess the role of national political leaders in maintaining or dissipating America's national identity, discussing fundamental issues such as affirmative action, dual citizenship, race, and English as the basic language.
320 pp., cloth, $69.95 · paper, $24.95

THE POLITICS OF BREAST CANCER
Maureen Hogan Casamayou

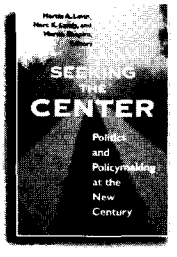


"Weaves an engaging story with solid theory . . . Rarely can I say that a political science text made me weep and made me rejoice; this one did both."—CHRISTINE L. DAY, UNIVERSITY OF NEW ORLEANS
208 pp., cloth, $60.00 · paper, $19.95.

WOMEN IN COMBAT
Civic Duty or Military Liability?
Lorry M. Fenner and Marie E. deYoung
"The authors bring both heat and light to bear on an issue that will remain central to America's military policy and planning."—DENNIS SHOWALTER, COLORADO COLLEGE
***Controversies in Public Policy* series**
192 pp., 6 x 9, cloth, $49.95 · paper, $19.95



THE STATE OF DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA
William Crotty, Editor
"This book brilliantly dissects the achievements and limitations of our American democracy today. A must-read for those who wish to rethink our democratic foundations."—JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS, WILLIAMS COLLEGE
Essential Texts in American Government
288 pp., paper, $29.95



SEEKING THE CENTER
Politics and Policymaking at the New Century
Martin A. Levin, Marc K. Landy, and Martin Shapiro, Editors
"The editors and their all-star cast persuasively argue that moderate policies can produce substantial change. Seeking the Center *is an excellent 'one-stop-shop' describing and explaining American public policy at the turn of the [twenty-first] century."*—JOHN J. COLEMAN, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
448 pp., cloth, $64.95 · paper, $29.95

AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES OR FROM
GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY PRESS
c/o Hopkins Fulfillment Service
P.O. Box 50370, Baltimore, MD 21211
Phone: 800-537-5487 or 410-516-6995 • Fax: 410-516-6998
www.georgetown.edu/publications/gup

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson, Bachmann, and Lenz, and read experimental literature, literature in which I did not recognize the story or like any of the characters. To me it was obvious that experimental literature was experimenting with the reader, and Hanna didn't need that and neither did I.

But the evidence of history demonstrates that Michael's "confidence in bourgeois culture" is misplaced. It is well known that Hitler enjoyed Wagner and that Goebbels was a fan of Shakespeare; and that "ordinary Germans" had the highest rate of literacy in Europe. In the face of this evidence, only a naïf could have such faith in the humanizing power of literacy and of literature. Cynthia Ozick has concluded, for this reason, that Schlink's characterization of Hanna is calculated, and suspects that she is "the product, conscious or not, of a desire to divert from the culpability of a normally educated population in a nation famed for *Kultur*."

Once Hanna is able to read, she turns systematically to books about the Holocaust, of which she manages to amass a small library—Primo Levi, Elie Wiesel, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, "books on women in the camps, both prisoners and guards." Michael interprets this as a sign that Hanna has "dealt with it [her past] intensively." And this, again, poses a contradiction. For Michael himself has acknowledged that books can have the effect of distancing us from history:

> Today there are so many books and films that the world of the camps is part of our collective imagination and completes our ordinary everyday one. Our imagination knows its way around in it, and since the television series *Holocaust* and movies like *Sophie's Choice* and especially *Schindler's List*, actually moves in it, not just registering, but supplementing and embellishing it. Back then, the imagination was almost static: the shattering fact of the world of the camps seemed properly beyond its operations. The few images derived from Allied photographs and the testimony of survivors flashed on the mind again and again, until they froze into clichés.

Hanna, presumably, is in no danger of allowing the Holocaust to freeze into clichés; she has her own memories to draw upon, and need not depend on Steven Spielberg. Tacked onto the ending of *The Reader*, Hanna's dutiful absorption of the Holocaust studies curriculum seems no more than a cheap sympathy-rousing device.

Camouflage (Useless Bay, Whidbey Island)

How untangle one gray from the other
When they're all one color: sea, heron, sky?
An odd color: changeable and steady . . .
The sort of thing a pearl's elderly mother
Might put on once her husband passed away
But, still, for widows' weeds, luminescent.
I've seen a moon this shade—tentative, crescent,
A shifting maze of storm clouds in its way—
Manage, nonetheless, to rear its head
Just as this heron does, despite the cloud
Precisely the same color, right behind him. . . .
He feels it too, doesn't he, both storm and calm?
A flash of lightning, thunder, disarray,
Then that gray union—sea, sky, heron, me.

Jacqueline Osherow

Flights of Love is much less ambitious than *The Reader*, and so its failures are less spectacular. Strangely uneven, it includes a small handful of respectable stories and several more of bewildering incompetence. Schlink has branched out a bit: only one story deals explicitly with the aftermath of World War II. The rest touch on other aspects of what one critic has called "the theme park of Germany": the relationships between East Germans and West Germans, between Jews and Germans, between German men and German women. One has the sense of a mind choking, having bitten off more than it can chew.

The first story in the collection, "Girl with Lizard," is the most accomplished. Here Schlink is on familiar territory—the crimes and the misdemeanors of the Nazi past—and the story takes up many of *The Reader*'s themes and motifs. Again the plot turns on an absurdly obvious revelation that is coyly concealed until its exposure renders it an anticlimax. Again it is the 1950s, and again a young boy is obsessed, though this time the object of his affection appears to be somewhat more innocent: the painting that hangs in his father's study. The family leads an elegant bourgeois life, but the boy (who is never named) has the sense that "his parents . . . seemed to be holding back, hiding something." Soon it becomes clear that the painting, which depicts a girl and a lizard, is at least one of the things that they are hiding; when he wants to use it for a school project, his father tells him that it must be kept private. "Don't you keep things just to yourself sometimes, too?" is the only explanation.

Just before he is to start college, the boy visits an art museum and discovers the work of a painter named René Dalmann, including a masterpiece lost in the war, *Lizard with Girl*, that is the mirror-image of his painting of the girl and the lizard. He learns that the French-born Dalmann fled from Berlin back to Strasbourg with his Jewish wife around the time of the notorious exhibition of Degenerate Art, in which Dalmann's work was displayed; and after the German invasion of Strasbourg they were never heard from again. Meanwhile the boy grows increasingly obsessed with the painting; he talks to the girl with the lizard, and when he brings girls back to his room he feels that he is cheating on her.

For a moment it looks as if the boy will seriously engage with the Nazi past: he removes the frame from the painting, revealing parts of it that were previously hidden, including the signature, which is of course René Dalmann's. Thus the mystery, if it was a mystery at all, is solved; but there is more. The boy goes home and confronts his mother about the painting's history (his father has since died), and he learns that his father, who was serving as a judge in Strasbourg during the late 1930s, had an affair with the artist's wife and probably acquired the painting by blackmail. Years later his father would lose his job when it was revealed that during the war he had condemned to death an officer whom he had himself turned in for helping Jews. And if this were not enough, the boy learns that when his mother confronted his father about the affair, he raped her, and their son's conception resulted.

These melodramatic revelations throw the boy even further into a tailspin. And it suddenly dawns on him that he is repeating the steps of his parents:

> He was standing in the middle of the room and looking at this order. The order of books in the bookcase, which reminded him of the ordered books in his father's bookcase. The same shabby tidiness that his mother had summoned up to counter the family's decline. *Girl with Lizard*, no longer in its golden frame but a canvas stretched on wood, yet as dominating as it ever was in his parents' house. And just as had been the case at home, the painting was a treasure, a mystery, a window

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

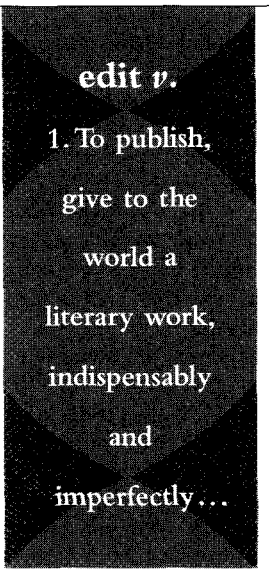
onto beauty and freedom, and at the same time a commanding, controlling power to whom sacrifices would have to be made.

That night he takes the painting to the beach and throws it onto a bonfire, and as it blazes the *Girl with Lizard* canvas curls back to reveal the other lost Dalmann painting, *Lizard with Girl*, concealed beneath it. Then both are consumed.

Like Michael in *The Reader*, the nameless boy in "Girl with Lizard" appears at first to be making an effort to come to terms with the Nazi past, in this case by investigating the history of the painting. And like Michael, in the end he fails to properly come to grips with it. But where *The Reader* ends with a lame attempt to bring about Hanna's rehabilitation through literacy, in "Girl with Lizard" Schlink does not shrink from his character's failure. Though the burning of the painting could be read as a purifying gesture—its immolation redeems the sins of the boy's father in coming to own it—it is more likely a gesture of futility, a misguided attempt to incinerate the past and start anew. Perhaps burning the painting is the only way in which the boy is able to handle the past. But the past cannot be incinerated, and the boy will forever be haunted by the destruction of not one but two great works of art—the story's last sad turn.

SINCE SCHLINK HAS trouble sustaining a distinct idea or metaphor over the course of an entire story, he is most readable when, as in "Girl with Lizard," the events of a story are gripping enough to carry it along. In "The Circumcision," one of the lower points of *Flights of Love*, he leaves the characters largely plotless, leaving them to their own devices to fill pages with conversation and argument. Andi, a German exchange student in America, is in love with Sarah, who is Jewish and a descendant of Holocaust survivors. Their relationship grows fraught with the tension between their cultures. Andi does not want to convert formally to Judaism, so he asks a friend who is a doctor to circumcise him, hoping this gesture will save their increasingly combative relationship. But when he returns from Germany, where he underwent the operation, Sarah does not notice the change; and when he points it out, she fails to understand what has taken place, assuming that he must always have been circumcised.

Though Schlink's depiction of Sarah and her family has an undeniable ring of truth, it is hard to think of a similarly stereotypical portrayal of Jews in all of contemporary literature. Certainly many



Research and training in editorial methods and in creating editions constitute an important academic discipline: the textually sound, contextually annotated edition is central to the many aspects of intellectual life. Current technologies for storing and disseminating information, new legal considerations concerning copyright and intellectual property, and recent theorizing about texts, authorship, and publishing now play a substantial role in editing. The Editorial Institute at Boston University offers advanced degrees (M.A. and Ph.D.) in Editorial Studies. With the support of an Advisory Committee drawn from many disciplines at the University (art history, classics, English, history, law, modern foreign languages, philosophy, political science, and theology), the Institute is co-directed by Archie Burnett, Geoffrey Hill, and Christopher Ricks.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY *Editorial* INSTITUTE

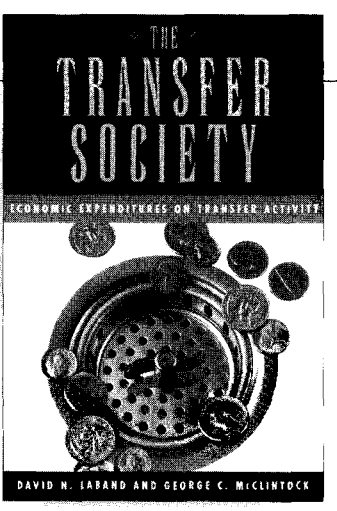
An equal opportunity, affirmative action institution

Some financial aid is available. For more information about the Editorial Institute, or for a copy of our brochure, please visit the Web site at www.bu.edu/editinst, or contact us:

Editorial Institute, Boston University
725 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Massachusetts 02215
617/353-6631 • *editinst@bu.edu*

"A courageous attempt to measure the waste of social value involved in securing and preventing transfers, privately and publicly."

—Prof. James Buchanan
Nobel Laureate



How much do Americans spend each year taking wealth from others or protecting their own wealth from being "redistributed"? From locks to lobbyists, cops to campaigns, Americans spend over $400 billion a year on either taking someone else's wealth or protecting their own. This book makes a significant contribution to both political science and economics in terms a layman can understand.

The Transfer Society: Economic Expenditures on Transfer Activity
by David N. Laband and George C. McClintock
100 pages, cloth $19.95, paper $8.95

CATO INSTITUTE

At bookstores, or call 1-800-767-1241 (noon–9 p.m. eastern time, Monday–Friday)
Cato Institute • 1000 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20001 **www.cato.org**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Jews hold opinions about Judaism and about Germans similar to those represented in "The Circumcision," but Schlink's unsympathetic, deadpan recitation of them is weirdly lacking in perspective. "He must not be lost. Not one more must be allowed to be lost," one of Sarah's elderly relatives intones upon the bar mitzvah of his great-nephew. Sarah's sister unapologetically tells Andi that the worst thing that she can imagine happening to her young sons is for them to marry non-Jewish women, and cites statistics about intermarriage. Sarah criticizes Andi's analytic tendencies, and when he takes her on a trip to Germany she makes fun of the country's orderliness and cleanliness: "Everything here looks as if you'd just finished the job." It is hard to imagine why a woman with such stereotypically narrow-minded relatives and attitudes would ever date a German man in the first place. (And certainly it would not escape such a woman's attention that her boyfriend was uncircumcised.)

But Andi's obtuseness is even more difficult to understand. When Sarah's sister makes her pronouncement, he wonders: "Was what Rachel had said the same as if he'd said the worst thing for him would be for his son to marry a non-German, a non-Aryan, a Jew, or a black? ... As a German, wasn't he allowed to think that like every religion Judaism lives from being voluntarily chosen and dies when that is no longer the case? Did Rachel believe ... that the Jews were in fact a chosen people?" Later, he asks Sarah: "How would you feel if I were to say to you that I love you even though you're Jewish? That my friends look for what is Jewish about you? That they actually think it's a bad thing that I'm going with a Jewish girl, but still like you anyway?"

Both Sarah and Andi are so insensitive to the other's concerns that it is no surprise that their relationship suffers. The mystery in this story is what brought them together in the first place, since Schlink makes no attempt to depict either as a person rather than a stereotype. By the time we get to Andi's circumcision—"What sort of religion is it that isn't content with the symbol of surrender, but instead demands that the surrender leave an irreversible physical mark? A surrender that the mind may betray, but to which the body must forever be faithful?"—we, too, have lost all sympathy.

Of the remaining five stories in *Flights of Love,* four take infidelity, both men's and women's, as their subject. Two of these are generally inoffensive, and even mildly evocative. In "A Little Fling," another creature of its time, the narrator, a West German man, becomes friendly with an East German couple. Their relationship unravels after the fall of the Wall, when he sleeps with the wife after her discovery that her husband spied for the Stasi. Though the story is hampered by Schlink's romantic clichés—the narrator continually longs for the woman to let her hair down—the friendship among the three is sketched generously and elegantly, and the narrator's relationship with the couple's child is especially affecting.

In "The Other Man," a widower learns from reading his wife's letters that she once had a brief affair. He seeks out her former lover and strikes up a friendship with him, only to find that he is a phony and an imposter. The reasons presented for the wife's interest in this strange figure are not as interesting as Schlink thinks they are: "Lisa stayed with you because she loved you," the man tells the widower, "but she was happy with me. And I'll tell you why that was. Because I'm a braggart, a blowhard, a loser. Because I'm not the monster of efficiency, righteousness, and peevishness that you are. Because I make the world pretty. You see only what it presents to you on the surface, and not what's hidden underneath." But Schlink has again taken a peculiar scenario and spun something human out of it.

All that is good in these stories, though, is erased by the bizarre "Sugar Peas," another story that consists of nothing aside from its meandering and incredible plot. Thomas, a successful architect married to his business partner, is cheating on his wife with two different women, the gallery owner who represents his paintings and a much younger dental student. (One of this story's most plausible elements is that the architect finds painting to be a highly profitable sideline.) Their demands on him increase, he lacks the will to end any of the three relationships, and one day he simply runs away and spends a year traveling around Europe dressed as a monk, severing contact with all of them. (With two of these women he has children.) Then, in a freak accident, his cassock gets caught in the doors of a train and he is paralyzed. After several months Thomas is transferred to a hospital in Berlin, and when his rehabilitation is over his dentist girlfriend picks him up and takes him back to the apartment where he used to live. His wife and his other girlfriend are waiting. They explain that as payback for his disappearance, he must transfer the rights to all of his future work to them, or they will take revenge. Here is the dentist:

> "You're a cripple in a wheelchair and you need help.... Don't be silly and force us to turn off the elevator and cut telephone service or let you develop a bed sore or two or a urinary tract infection. Besides, you'll have your reputation as an architect, an artist, and the founder of a dental clinic empire. If you won't play along, then we'll find a young artist who can paint in your place, and Jutta will design the bridges, and I'll take care of myself and my dental clinics. Meanwhile you'll be stuck up here, without an elevator or telephone, and we'll have shutters put on the windows."

It is hard to decide what is more depressing, the women's tone of glee or the resignation with which Thomas submits to their abuse. Though neither men nor women come off especially well in *Flights of Love* generally, "Sugar Peas" truly verges on misogyny in its depiction of the cruelty of women scorned.

The Reader and *Flights of Love* have been praised for their impeccable contemporaneity, their aura of being exactly and faithfully of their time. In 1995, a season of commemorations, Schlink delivered *The Reader* as if on cue. *Flights of Love*, too, is indeed a "theme park" of all the German obsessions of the 1990s: the transformations wrought by the fall of the Wall, the uneasy cohabitation of Germans and Jews, the emotional and financial issues surrounding restitution of property stolen or lost during the war.

But books that are so precisely of a particular moment set themselves a limit that is very difficult to transcend. The characters and the situations that they present are fresh in the mind, but they are so familiar as to be indistinguishable from clichés. One thinks of Salman Rushdie's recent disaster *Fury*, a romp through the New York of last year—who knew that so soon it would seem a paradise?—with knowing glances at Jennifer Lopez and Hillary Clinton. Populating one's novel with the characters of yesterday is just another literary shortcut: since evoking them involves no creative strain on the part of the writer, the reader's imagination remains uninspired as well, and what ensues is a cartoon rather than a fully-formed person.

Like mascots at the theme park, Schlink's protagonists stamp their way through their predetermined plots. Morality plays, with their rigid archetypes and their easy allegory, have been popular for centuries. But Schlink has come up with something new: the morality play without a moral. His disguise may get him as far as the best-seller list, but after that he is on his own. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trying Not to Awake

By FINTAN O'TOOLE

Irish Classics by Declan Kiberd

(Harvard University Press, 704 pp., $35)

IN 1945, THE centenary of the Great Famine in Ireland, the Irish Folklore Commission tried to capture what the living remembered of the dead. The Famine of 1845–1852 was arguably the single most important sequence of events in all of recorded Irish history. Even on a global scale, the catastrophe was immense. In absolute terms, many more people died of hunger and consequent diseases in, for example, northern China in 1877–1878, the Ukraine in 1932–1933, or Bengal in 1940–1943; but proportionally the million or so direct victims of the Irish Famine from a population of eight million make it the deadliest such disaster in recorded history.

Its intimacy and intensity, its occurrence at the heart of the greatest and wealthiest empire that the world had ever known, and the sheer longevity of its demographic effects, which persist to this day, all suggest that the Great Famine ought to have the kind of status in Irish culture that the Holocaust has in Jewish culture. Modern Ireland was born with these deaths. They ought to haunt popular memory, and also the national literary movement that defined itself precisely as an outgrowth of that folk culture. Anyone approaching the material collected in 1945, moreover, might expect that stories collected during World War II, when Ireland was maintaining a morally uncomfortable neutrality in the face of war and genocide, would tend to emphasize, by way of extenuating circumstances, Ireland's own peculiar suffering.

What the folklorists found instead was an extraordinary compound of silence, willful amnesia, and detachment. Some of those interviewed were old enough to have been born during the Famine years. Most were the children of people who had lived through the Famine. Since the interviewers were local volunteers, rural suspicion of outsiders asking questions is unlikely to have been a factor. The survey did come up with some vivid and shocking memories of the suffering and the death of named individuals, but a reluctance to talk was far more common. "There is further information available about people who died of the hunger and so forth," one interviewer wrote, "but there is difficulty obtaining it, because the descendants of those people do not want such facts known or talked about." When the Famine was acknowledged, it was often as something that happened elsewhere, in some other village or district. A common form of denial was the insistence that memories of people starving in the area really referred to strangers who had arrived from other places.

In County Cavan, the folklore collector was told that "I never heard of anybody dying in this part of the country at that time." In County Galway, they reported that "people round here were not too badly off during the Famine." In County Mayo, "I never heard that many died from about here. Not of hunger." In fact, Galway and Mayo were among the counties with the highest death rates. In a village such as Dubh Tuama in County Mayo, from which the folklore collectors reported that "the Famine did not afflict people here as much as it did others," census returns show that the population actually fell in the Famine period from four hundred fifty-five to two hundred eighteen.

Contrary to the outside perception of the Irish as a people unbreakably wedded to their status as victims, wallowing in self-pity and past grievances, what is at work here is a desperate desire to replace history with fiction. "History," says James Joyce's alter ego Stephen Dedalus in a much-quoted but little-analyzed passage in *Ulysses*, "is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." The implication that historical events are somehow unreal, or that the true Irish reality is yet to come into existence, betrays a quite remarkable frame of mind. Equally remarkable is that many of Joyce's compatriots felt this same desire to regard history as a bad dream that would vanish as they rubbed the sleep from their eyes and bathed in the relief of realizing that all the horrible images that had haunted them were only figments of the imagination.

UNLIKE JOYCE, THOUGH, they woke from the nightmare not into the clear-eyed dawn of a meticulous realism, but into another kind of dream world, a world of strategic silences, willful occlusions, and skillfully evasive narratives. They did not generally write about historical reality. One of the neglected fascinations of Irish literature, indeed, is the relative weakness of the historical novel. While the death of Gaelic Scotland, for example, provided material for the foundation of the genre in the work of Walter Scott, the death of Gaelic Ireland found few fictional echoes.

The reasons are twofold. For a start, Scott's interest in the Gaelic clans of the Scottish Highlands is, as Tom Nairn has pointed out, valedictory. As with the place of native peoples in American culture, fictional re-creation follows closely on complete conquest. When the threat is gone, the romantic engagement can begin. In Ireland, the native threat remained too obviously alive to be wrapped in the luxurious mourning of the historical novel. Moreover, history in Ireland had no last chapter. The same struggles between native and colonizer seem to recur in slightly altered forms, so that the distinction between the past and the present that is vital to the historical novel remains unavailable. Inevitably, the re-emergence of Catholic-Protestant conflict in Northern Ireland since 1968 has reinforced this tendency to see history as a story that cannot be written because it never ends.

Another constant absence is anything like the naturalistic tradition in European literature. For a shorthand account of this absence, the transformation of a simple image—the mirror held up to nature—will suffice. Stendhal, in *The Red and The Black*, could describe the novel as "a mirror walking along a high road." Four years later, his nearest Irish equivalent, Maria Edgeworth, wrote to her brother that "it is impossible to draw Ireland as she is now in the book of fiction—realities are too strong, party passions too violent, to bear to see, or care to look at their faces in a looking-glass. The people would only break the glass and curse the fool who held the mirror up to nature—distorted nature in a fever." Half a century later, Oscar Wilde, in *The Decay of Lying*, has one of the speakers complain that the notion of art as a mirror "would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking-glass." In *Ulysses*, Joyce takes up the image again, with Stephen Dedalus pointing bitterly to Buck Mulligan's broken shaving mirror: "It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a servant."

The feverish, fragmented, distorted image that is reflected in a cracked mirror

FINTAN O'TOOLE is chief theater critic of *The Irish Times*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remains the best metaphor for Irish literature. One of the reasons, indeed, why attempts to explain in direct sociological terms the hugely disproportionate place of Ireland in global literary culture are so unconvincing is that the relationship of the books to the society that produces them is anything but direct. If there is some kind of collective imaginative energy that can account for the emergence of so many great writers from such a small and geographically marginal European culture, it is not to be found in some ludicrous abstraction such as "the Celtic spirit," or in a vulgar Marxist calibration of economic base to intellectual superstructure. It is, rather, the energy generated by vacuums. What we encounter is the imagination occupying intolerable voids, distracting from unfathomable realities, filling in unbearable silences. Such a force creates not a serene immemorial tradition, but a series of elusive strategies. Writers think up ways of trying to escape history.

FOR ALL HIS unsentimental realism, Joyce himself was an escapologist in the Houdini class. Hanging over both *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is the feeling that history stopped with the fall of Joyce's political hero Charles Stewart Parnell, and what remains is an entropic purgatory of paralysis. In *Ulysses*, he comes up with a different method of flight from history, expanding a single day so that it seems to fill the human universe and then preserving it in his own magnificent prose so that it remains alive but unchanging forever. In *Finnegans Wake*, he replaces linear time with a circular notion of history in which, since everything has happened before and will happen again, no particular event can ever be said to have really happened in the here and now.

Before and after Joyce, Irish writers used other techniques of evasion. One such strategy with a direct relationship to the Famine is a fiction that has no interest in being read as part of a historical continuity because it longs for the obliteration of the conditions from which it emerged. Thus William Carleton, in 1847, in the dedication of his novel *The Black Prophet*, whose images of famine were becoming real on a hitherto unimaginable scale, to the British Prime Minister Lord John Russell: "the writer trusts that as it is the first Tale of Irish Famine ever to be dedicated to an English Prime Minister, your Lordship's enlarged and enlightened policy will put it out of the power of any succeeding author ever to write another."

This is a literary death-wish, a passionate desire *not* to found a tradition; and it is echoed a century later in the work of Samuel Beckett, haunted as it is by the feeling that silence would be a great mercy. When Pozzo in *Waiting for Godot* says that human beings "give birth astride of a grave" and Vladimir elaborates the image into "down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave-digger puts on the forceps," Beckett is employing a paradox that has long appealed to Irish writers. When, in *All That Fall*, he has Mr. Rooney remark to his wife, "Do you know, Maddy, sometimes one would think you were struggling with a dead language," and has his wife reply that English "will be dead in time, just like our own poor dear Gaelic," he reminds us that the long experience of watching a language die is one of the peculiar riches of the Irish heritage.

A CONTINUAL FLIRTATION with extinction, indeed, is one of the sources of the vitality of Irish literature. A recurring theme of Declan Kiberd's witty, accessible, and often brilliantly written book is that, in the way the country has been imagined by its writers, "Ireland was forever dying and getting born again." At least from the sixteenth century onwards, Gaelic Ireland thought of itself as a culture threatened with obliteration by the advance of the English and the Scots. As Kiberd puts it: "Gaelic Ireland always seemed to be dying, if not at the funeral of a lord, then on the deathbed of a poet, if not in the loss of native speakers to death or emigration, then in the sheer impoverishment of the words in the spoken language. The very tradition seemed to draw sustenance from the prospect of its own death. Like monks who slept in their coffins as memento mori, the Irish seemed to grow vital at the prospect of an imminent death." Protestant Ireland, meanwhile, was continually imagining its own doom at the hands of the dark and restless natives. And even as the Protestant Ascendancy lost its power in the early twentieth century, the rising Catholic nationalist movement was gripped by the fear that political independence would come too late to save a distinctive Irish culture from complete absorption into English forms and values, so that all that the putative new state would inherit would be a cultural corpse.

Meanwhile, from the Famine until the 1950s, mass emigration provided a concrete sense of decline as families and villages disappeared and the population slowly dwindled. At different times, and from very different perspectives, Irish writers were, as Kiberd wittily expresses it, "granted the gift of perpetual old age." As a strategy for escaping history, this was impeccable. As Swift's ancient, deathless Struldbruggs discovered on the island of Laputa, being forever old allows you to forget almost everything.

Another strategy of avoidance that has been adopted by Irish writers is the sublimation of real horrors into imaginary ones. It is hardly accidental that the main body of Irish fiction in the nineteenth century, when the English were using the novel to give an imaginative structure to industrial society and the Americans to elaborate potent national myths, is Gothic horror. The urban Protestant middle class in Ireland produced its fair share of Victorian novelists; but the work of Charles Maturin, Sheridan Le Fanu, and Bram Stoker is as far from English social realism as the lesbian vampire of Le Fanu's *Carmilla* is from Jane Austen's *Emma*. For them, the dead become the undead: Maturin's Melmoth the Wanderer, Le Fanu's ghosts, Stoker's Dracula. What is Dracula, after all, if not Joyce's nightmare of history become literal, the past refusing to lie down but returning to haunt the uneasy dreams of nice Protestant gentlewomen? His Transylvania is really a province not of Romania, but of Ireland. This strategy, too, has its resonances in the work of later writers, from Yeats to Elizabeth Bowen. Even to contemporary Irish writers such as Dermot Bolger, Marina Carr, and Conor McPherson, the ghost story remains irresistible.

A THIRD TECHNIQUE of evasion is to escape from history into myth. The so-called Irish Literary Revival of the turn of the nineteenth century was marked by an almost obsessive interest in the ancient Gaelic sagas of Cuchulain and Fionn MacCumhail. These Iron Age stories written down by early medieval monks seemed timeless. And the appeal of timelessness was especially strong to the Protestant writers of the Revival. Lady Augusta Gregory's estate in County Galway, Coole Park—the setting for such magnificent Yeats poems as "The Wild Swans at Coole," "Upon a House Shaken by Land Agitation," and "Coole Park, 1929"—was the unofficial headquarters of the Revival. Tourists today can still see the great copper beech tree that bears the carved initials of Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey, George Russell, and Yeats.

It was also a place where thousands of Famine refugees had come to look for work and many had died. Augusta Gregory's husband Sir William had also introduced in the British Parliament the legislation (known as the Gregory clause) that allowed Famine victims to be evicted from their land. As the historian James Donnelly observed: "throughout the rest of the Famine years, the Gregory clause or 'Gregoryism' became a byword for the worst miseries of the disaster—eviction, exile, disease and death." Giving Gregory-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism a new meaning and re-imagining the surviving peasants as the bearers of an immemorial tradition was an especially inventive way of escaping this history.

By insisting that "the Irish peasantry of the hills and coast speak an exuberant language and have a primitive grace and wildness due to the wild country they live in," Yeats, Lady Gregory, and John Synge could make the apparent "wildness" of a peasantry decimated by famine and emigration an expression of timeless landscape rather than of recent history. By imagining the Irish future as a revivified version of the distant past, they could also gloss over both the trauma of the recent past and the rather banal reality of the Catholic middle class that had emerged from the Famine as the new power in the land. Yeats, in his determination to "Dream of the noble and the beggar-man," and in his final injunction to the Irish poets of the future to "Sing the peasantry, and then / Hard-riding country gentlemen," managed to eclipse all that lay in the middle, the modernizing nation that was born amid the deaths of the Famine years. In this effort to fuse the peasantry and the nobility into an imagined nation, nothing could be more useful than the ancient sagas—stories about heroic aristocrats that had been kept alive in the oral tradition of peasants, thus fusing the two acceptable classes into one set of available myths.

That this attempt to found a modern literature on an evasive revival of ancient myths did not become a desiccated dead end owes much to the quality of the revivers and not a little to the nature of the mythology itself. Ireland's foundation myth, the *Book of Invasions*, is partly a medieval concoction, partly a compilation of genuinely ancient stories. It claims that the first expedition to Ireland was made by fifty-four people: the goddess Cessair; her father, Bith; her brother, Ladra; the helmsman Fintan the White, son of the Ocean; and fifty maidens, one from every nation on the earth. Cessair was drowned by a great flood. Bith died in the North. Ladra was so exhausted from making love to the maidens that he gave up and died. Only Fintan the White survived. He did so because of his ability to change shape, turning himself into a fish, a falcon, an eagle. From as far back as anyone could remember, in other words, Irish literary culture has been concerned with the fate of travelers in a dangerous place. And it has survived by changing its shape, staying in motion, and adapting to the prevailing elements.

Far from representing the secure base in the distant past on which a conservative revival could be built, the ancient material was itself constructed around elisions,

THE SHALEM CENTER

SENIOR FELLOWSHIPS AT THE SHALEM CENTER IN JERUSALEM

The Shalem Center supports the research and writing of original books on: Zionist and Jewish history, Jewish social thought and religion, Israeli culture, legal and constitutional issues, political philosophy, educational policy, economics, and foreign affairs.

In 2002, the Center will award a number of Senior Fellowships to highly qualified individuals from Israel and abroad. Senior Fellows join the scholarly community at the Center's Jerusalem facility.

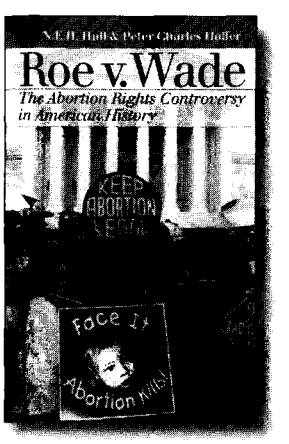
Applications must be postmarked by December 1, 2001. For information contact:

The Shalem Center, 5505 Connecticut Avenue, NW, No. 1140, Washington, DC 20015
Tel.: 1-877-298-7300 Fax: 1-888-766-1506 E-mail: research@shalem.org.il
www.shalem.org.il

Roe v. Wade

The Abortion Rights Controversy in American History

N. E. H. Hull and Peter Charles Hoffer



"Much more than a compact account of the Supreme Court's basic abortion decisions, This book ranges widely to locate the constitutional and political controversies over abortion in the context of social movements and women's history. An astute and balanced guide to a much-debated subject."—**Mark V. Tushnet**, author of *Abortion: Constitutional Issues*

"A panoramic history of the abortion debate in America from 1800 through the Clinton years, written in an exceptionally engaging fashion."—**Karen O'Connor**, director of the Women & Politics Institute at American University and author of *No Neutral Ground: Abortion Politics in an Age of Absolutes*

Landmark Law Cases and American Society
328 pages, Cloth $35.00, Paper $15.95

Available at bookstores or from the press.

VISA and MasterCard accepted.

University Press of Kansas
2501 West 15th Street • Lawrence KS 66049
Phone (785) 864-4155 • Fax (785) 864-4586
www.kansaspress.ku.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occlusions, and silences. What the likes of Gregory, Yeats, and Synge found when they looked at this material was a set of texts as slippery and unstable as their own situation. This in fact is what made it so potent for the writers of the early twentieth century. By resisting their desire for a secure bedrock in the past, the ancient material actually forced them to be modern, so much so that the myths they engaged with remain a vital presence for self-consciously modernist Irish writers, from the comic novelist Flann O'Brien to the stern poet Thomas Kinsella and the avant-garde playwright Tom MacIntyre. Even the most deliberately demotic writers of the late twentieth century, at odds with the pieties of Irish tradition and in touch with transatlantic popular culture, such as the Ulster poets James Simmons and Paul Muldoon or the Dublin novelist Roddy Doyle, have made good use of the myths. Doyle's most recent novel, *A Star Called Henry*, is a perfect illustration of the displacement of history by myth, retelling the events of the Irish war of independence, from the Easter Rising of 1916, in the form of the Gaelic heroic sagas.

WHY, THEN, DOES this body of ancient myth remain so crucially influential? Not because it offers a firm foundation in the past on which to build a coherent tradition, but because it is itself so strange and angular. Strictly speaking, Irish literature is an import. Before the fifth and sixth centuries C. E., when literacy arrived on the island as part of the package of Christianity, the island's sophisticated culture of stories, myths, and poems was entirely oral. Owing to this relatively late introduction of writing into a highly developed verbal culture, Ireland had, apart from the classical literature of Greek and Latin, the earliest vernacular literature in Europe. Very quickly, literate native monks adapted the Latin alphabet for the writing of the Gaelic language and began to use their new skills to set down in writing large parts of their inherited body of epics, poems, legal documents, and genealogies.

The oral tradition did not go away, of course, and the line between the spoken (or the sung) word and the written word would remain blurred for at least another thousand years. As late as 1773, *Caoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire*, Eibhlín Dubh Ní Chonaill's poetic lament for her murdered husband Art, one of the greatest works of modern Gaelic literature, presents scholars with the same kind of difficulty that the *Odyssey* does. How much is a mere transcription of a traditional oral formula and how much is the product of an individual authorial vision? Are Homer or Eibhlín Dubh Ní Chonaill authors in our sense, or merely hooks on which to hang the work of many minds and many generations? Such questions underline the difficulty of assimilating one whole stream of Irish writing—literature in the Gaelic language—into contemporary notions of what literature is. As Kiberd remarks, "literate cultures place a premium on individuality and go in dread of clichés: but almost one-third of *Caoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire* is based on the time-honoured conventions of an essentially oral civilisation."

Likewise, in the English language, some vestige of the prestige of the spoken word still clings to modern Irish literature. The centrality of the theater, where words are written to be spoken, in the culture that produced Oliver Goldsmith, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, John Synge, Sean O'Casey, Samuel Beckett, and a teeming tribe of living playwrights, is obvious. Sheridan's almost pathological reluctance to publish his plays or his political speeches gives some sense of this peculiar feeling that writing was still a pale imitation of speech. So, too, does Yeats's insistence that Wilde's writings stumbled after his speech: "his plays and dialogues have what merit they possess from being now an imitation, now a record, of his talk." So, alas, does the well-founded belief that much of the best work of some Irish writers of the 1950s and 1960s was improvised in Dublin pubs and driven from memory by the following morning's hangover.

FROM THE START, those anonymous monks who were the first Irish writers had an angular relationship to this oral culture. The very act of writing was implicated in an encounter between tradition and innovation. It represented the impact of Roman Christianity on a pagan culture that had persisted outside the Roman Empire. When the Roman alphabet was used to give a new form to Gaelic narrative and poetry, there was a self-conscious act of mediation between two worlds. The writers already occupied a shifting borderland between speech and writing, between a universal culture and a local one, between the one true God and the old polytheistic paganism. This sense of occupying not open ground, but a thin margin between bland universality and a dead tradition, has remained.

So have two of the linguistic strategies that were characteristic of those first Irish writers. One was a fascination with language itself, and a realization that the relationship between words and things was dizzyingly arbitrary. From their own particular circumstances, the earliest Irish writers developed the notion that written language could be most powerful when it was pushed to the edge of its own destruction. Through the invention of new words or the use of old words with new meanings, they could compete with the oral tradition by using written words for their sound rather than for their sense.

In *The Name of the Rose*, Umberto Eco has his hero William of Baskerville read a passage evoking the sea from the *Hisperica Famina*, an extraordinary collection of Latin verse essays that was composed in Ireland in the seventh century and uses polyglot puns and multilingual wordplay. "I didn't understand the meaning," recalls Eco's narrator, "but as William read he rolled the words in his mouth so that you seemed to hear the sound of the waves and the sea foam." This willingness to push written language beyond the limits of meaning and into a realm of evocation through sound is a feature of Irish writing up to and beyond the most direct descendant of the *Hisperica Famina*, Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

THE OTHER SEED sown by the first Irish writers is the notion that literature consists as much in what is not said as in what is directly articulated, in the gaps and the silences as well as the explicit asseverations. In putting the oral tradition into writing, they were aware that much of it was simply unacceptable in the new Christian context. After all, they were Christian churchmen dealing with pagan stories. Though they left in a remarkable amount, we can never know how much they chose to leave out. What scholars do know is that they suppressed a great deal, and that they tried to fit the rest into the Christian context within which they themselves worked.

Indeed, they most likely behaved towards the stories that they inherited very much as the early-twentieth-century Protestant intellectuals of the Irish Revival behaved towards the texts to which they in turn fell heir from the monks. As Lady Gregory informed her readers in the preface to her version of the Cuchulain epic, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, in 1902: "I left out a good deal I thought you would not care about for one reason or another." She almost certainly knew that her readers would have cared a great deal for the scenes of seduction, copulation, and incest that she decided to excise. In a sense, though, she was honoring the traditional material more than she was censoring it.

The tradition of leaving out a good deal was the most enduring legacy of the first Irish writers. It is also the great temptation of Irish critics, or at least of those critics who want to see individual works as component parts of a single national tradition. This attempt is doomed to failure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simply because the broken mirror can never throw back a single clear image. The critics thus have to engage in the same evasive strategies as the writers, avoiding what does not quite fit, and staying silent in the face of what cannot be spoken about in the available language. The bad side of this is that too much of the awkward reality is sacrificed in the search for an unattainable coherence. The good side is that, as with the writers, the evasive strategies have a captivating energy of their own. Declan Kiberd's *Irish Classics* shows both sides to the full.

IRISH LITERATURE BEING what it is, the very notion of an Irish classic inevitably invites trouble. Soon after the beginning of the Revival with the foundation of the Irish Literary Society in 1892, Yeats suggested that a publishing company be founded to re-issue out-of-print Irish classics under the title of the Library of Ireland. All was going well until a distinguished Irish patriot named Sir Charles Gavan Duffy declared an interest in the project, outmaneuvered Yeats, and took control. The ensuing row bore out Brendan Behan's later dictum that the first item on the agenda of any Irish organization is the split.

It also demonstrated that, even then, it was impossible to separate the notion of an Irish classic from competing political and literary perspectives. This was proved again a decade ago, when the Field Day Company, a theatrical and literary enterprise involving Seamus Heaney, Brian Friel, the actor Stephen Rea, and the critic Seamus Deane, ran into similar trouble with its enormous multi-million-word, three-volume *Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing*. It was intended to establish an accepted national canon of texts, but it aroused such anger, especially among feminist writers and critics, that an additional volume had to be commissioned and is due to appear this year.

To add to the usual difficulties inherent in the construction of literary canons, there is in the Irish case a fundamental problem of national definition. If Irish literature is writing done in Ireland with some relationship to the place, then many English writers from Edmund Spenser (who wrote much of *The Faerie Queen* in County Cork) onwards have to be included. And in a culture shaped by mass emigration, what of the Irish diaspora? Arguably, no account of Irish drama can properly exclude Eugene O'Neill. Surely *A Long Day's Journey Into Night*, with its relentless exposure of the Irish Catholic psyche, is no less an Irish play than *Waiting for Godot*, which was written in French. And if you seek an archetypal Irish Catholic family novel in the 1990s, the best place to look is Alice McDermott's *Charming Billy*, which happens to be American.

Literary boundaries turn out to be as arbitrary as political ones. Colm Tóibín's *Penguin Book of Irish Fiction* includes Anthony Trollope's "Irish" novels and Robert Tressell's "English" socialist classic *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*. Another such anthology, David Pierce's *Irish Writing in the Twentieth Century*, contains work by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Anthony Burgess, William Kennedy, and Mary Gordon. If the effect seems odd, the oddness is entirely apposite.

DECLAN KIBERD DEALS with these problems by ignoring them. Even then, he cannot escape basic contradictions. He acknowledges that there is no official body of Irish literature, that "the only persistent tradition in Irish culture was the largely successful attempt to subvert all claims to make any tradition official." Yet he limits himself, as he admits in his introduction, to "the treatment of dead artists whose reputation seems secure." What is an official tradition if not the work of dead artists with secure reputations? Likewise, Kiberd believes that a classic is partly defined by "its usefulness and resonance in the here-and-now," but by refusing to deal with any living writer he omits that entire dimension of contemporary resonance.

As with his last big book, *Inventing Ireland*, which appeared in 1995, Kiberd attempts to impose a coherence on the diversity of Irish writing by focusing almost exclusively on one overarching theme: the contentious relationship between Ireland and England, and, within Ireland, between Anglo-Irish and Gaelic cultures. His basic impulse in discussing Gaelic poets and writers alongside Swift, Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Edgeworth, George Moore, Wilde, Yeats, Joyce, and Shaw is to seek the fusion of these two streams into what he calls "a truly comprehensive national culture." Benign as such cultural nationalism is in the context of the Northern Ireland peace process, it also tends to devalue work that shows little interest in England, Ireland, Protestantism, or Catholicism. Yet Irish writers have always been as interested as their counterparts anywhere else in sex, death, money, class, alcohol, cities, nature, and all the other things that make life absorbing. This is especially true of living Irish writers, which may be one of the reasons why Kiberd avoids them.

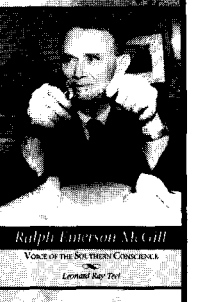
Within the peculiar limits that he imposes, though, Kiberd is a joy to read. The other side of his insistence on a "national culture" is that he is genuinely interested in being read by the nation, and not just by the academy. Never patronizing or simplistic, he is not ashamed of being lucid, engaging, and witty. He has the courage to ignore the deconstructionist strictures on relating writers to writing, history to literature, and human dilemmas to texts. Always interesting and usually illuminating, the individual essays are never so consumed by their own cleverness that they forget to communicate the pleasure of reading. If, stirred by Kiberd's energy and intelligence, the reader goes back to the texts and finds them far too slippery to be comfortably classical, so much the better. ■

NEW FROM TENNESSEE

Ralph Emerson McGill

VOICE OF THE SOUTHERN CONSCIENCE

Leonard Ray Teel



In this new biography of the Atlanta newspaper editor who dared to question the Jim Crow system in the South, Leonard Ray Teel presents a compelling portrait of a man who embodied twentieth-century liberalism in all its complexities and contradictions.

592 pages, illustrations

ISBN 1-57233-133-X, $50.00 cloth

ISBN 1-57233-135-6, $24.95 paperback

Shipping & handling: $4.00 for first book, $1.00 for each additional book

UT Press Online: http://sunsite.utk.edu/utpress/

The University of Tennessee Press

KNOXVILLE 37996-4108

ADVERTISE WITH

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SMALL SPACE PROGRAM.

Contact Toby Skinte at

(212) 465-8447

for reservations and information.

Put Your Message in Front of 100,000 Consumers!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Heroes

WHO DOES ARI Fleischer think he is? "There are reminders to all Americans that they need to watch what they say, watch what they do, and this is not a time for remarks like that; *there never is.*" With those scolding words, the president's press secretary became responsible for the administration's first disgrace in Operation Enduring Freedom. A briefing on the founding documents of the United States would instruct the civics teacher at the blue curtain that this is not a time for remarks like that; there never is. Fleischer's little lesson was galling for a variety of reasons. It was a startling misrepresentation of the American spirit in philosophy and politics. It exemplified a coarse patriotism in an hour of fine patriotism. And it was a great gift to the two-bit Randolph Bournes of the American left, who are always congratulating themselves not only on the correctness of their opinions but also on the courage of their opinions. One of the enduring comedies of American life is the notion that criticism of the American government is a species of heroism.

CONSIDER THE MARTYRDOM OF BILL Maher. Fleischer's un-American homily was provoked by a remark by Maher in which he compared the American military unfavorably to the levelers of the World Trade Center. "We have been the cowards lobbing cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away," he fearlessly asserted. "That's cowardly." Never mind that the significant fact about Al Qaeda's pilots is not that they were prepared to take their own lives for what they believed, but that they were prepared to take other people's lives for what they believed. Never mind, too, that it is the duty of every self-respecting society to make itself stronger than those who would destroy it. To argue with Maher's understanding of morality and strategy would be to mistake patter for thought. For a long time now Maher has been the smirking personification of the American confusion of show business with dissent. He is the critic of whom every establishment dreams: the one who is in it for the laughs. He is network television's idea of a dangerous man; which is to say, an essentially undangerous man. (Oh, for Lenny Bruce's imitation of Bill Maher!) As a consequence of Maher's crack, "Politically Incorrect" lost a few sponsors, and a few affiliates of ABC pulled or pushed back the show. And we call this a free country! But then two delightfully American things happened. First, the hero of political heterodoxy took it back: "In no way was I intending to say, nor have I ever thought, that the men and women who defend our nation in uniform are anything but courageous and valiant, and I offer my apologies to anyone who took it wrong." But the men and women in uniform who defend our nation are precisely the people who lob cruise missiles from two thousand miles away, and Maher said precisely that *those people are anything but courageous* and valiant. The mendacity of his apology was fully the match of government at its worst. And John Peter Zenger continued: "My criticism was meant for politicians who, fearing public reaction, have not allowed our military to do the job they are obviously ready, willing, and able to do." Do you follow? He was not dissenting from the left. He was dissenting from the right. He was just a jingoist who misspoke. And then the second thing happened: martyrdom turned out to be a good career move. On the nights after Maher's apparently inexpedient comment, "Politically Incorrect" picked up approximately a million more viewers. Fearing public opinion, indeed. Maher owes Fleischer a drink. The system worked.

ELSEWHERE IN AMERICA, HOWEVER, conscience refused to be silenced. The American Civil Liberties Union ran an advertisement that showed the parchment of the Constitution shorn of all its hallowed words except the preamble. (You know, the one that includes "provide for the common defense" among the purposes of the nation.) In *The New York Times*, Blaine Harden proclaimed that "[i]n lock step with times like these, loose lips have been slapped shut," and provided an example of loose lips with this grotesque description of the weeks since September 11 this way: "As it has during every major military conflict since World War I, a nationalist undertow that is culturally conformist, ethnically exclusive and belligerently militaristic began to silence dissent, spread fear among immigrants and lock up people without explanation." Obviously the tragedy has blunted the man's senses. In the next morning's paper, Richard Reeves issued a warning that "patriotism calls out the censor" and chillingly adduced Tocqueville. In a fit of Fleischerism, a columnist in Texas City, Texas, was fired for criticizing the president and a columnist in Grants Pass, Oregon, was dismissed for attacking the president for having "skedaddled" to a "Nebraska hole" on September 11. These are the only real thwartings of the ethos of free speech that have so far been recorded.

NO, IT IS NOT THE RIGHT OF DISSENT that needs to be defended against Operation Enduring Freedom. It is the romance of dissent. This is how one contrarianism-artist explained the predicament of the lonely partisan of truth on September 13:

> With cellphones still bleeping piteously from under the rubble, it probably seems indecent to most people to ask if the United States has ever done anything to attract such awful hatred. Indeed, the very thought, for the present, is taboo. Some senators and congressmen have spoken of the loathing felt by certain unnamed and sinister elements for the freedom and prosperity of America, as if it were only natural that such a happy and successful country should inspire envy and jealousy. But that is the limit of permissible thought.

Who wants to think permissibly? So let us transgress the limit, and throw caution to the winds, and act like genuine intellectuals, and endanger our livelihoods, and risk the loss of friends and lovers, and think impermissible thoughts. To wit: Osama bin Laden is a shy, enigmatic, and cruelly misunderstood individual. There is nothing more urgent in the world than the satisfaction of the Palestinians, and the attacks on New York and Washington would not have happened if Israeli tanks had not spent a few hours in Jenin last month. Capitalism and democracy are the cunning devices of imperialism. The United States has brought mainly misery upon the nations of the earth. Saddam Hussein is an innocent victim of America's surrender to Zionism. Terrorism is a form of political criticism. The use of force against terrorists is not different from the use of force by terrorists. A greater measure of vigilance in America is really a greater measure of racism in America.

IT WILL BE PLAIN, I HOPE, THAT those propositions are not heroic. They are idiotic. The "permissibility" of a thought has nothing to do with its truth or its falsity. It has to do only with the vanity of the individual who thinks it. But no matter. America is permissive (which is why America has been attacked). And we are one people. These heroes will have to be defended by those heroes, I mean the actual ones.

LEON WIESELTIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Positive Impact of School Choice on Black Students

Following a rigorous independent review, a prestigious scholarly journal has accepted for publication a major study on the impact of school choice programs in three American cities.

The study found that African American students who were *randomly* offered school vouchers made statistically significant gains in academic achievement. On average, these African American students — in Washington, D.C., New York City, and Dayton, Ohio — scored 6.3 points higher in math and reading than a comparable group of students who did not receive vouchers.

Parental School Choice is Widespread — Unless You're Poor.

The study said this gain for African Americans equals about "one-third of the black-white test score gap nationwide." The study did not find statistically significant gains for voucher students in other racial or ethnic groups.

This noteworthy study is scheduled to appear in the April 2002 issue of *The Journal of Policy Analysis and Management*, a leading scholarly journal devoted to issues of public policy.

The study's authors are William G. Howell, assistant professor of political science, University of Wisconsin–Madison; Patrick J. Wolf, assistant professor of public policy, Georgetown University; Paul E. Peterson, director of Harvard University's Program on Education Policy and Governance; and David E. Campbell, a Harvard research associate.

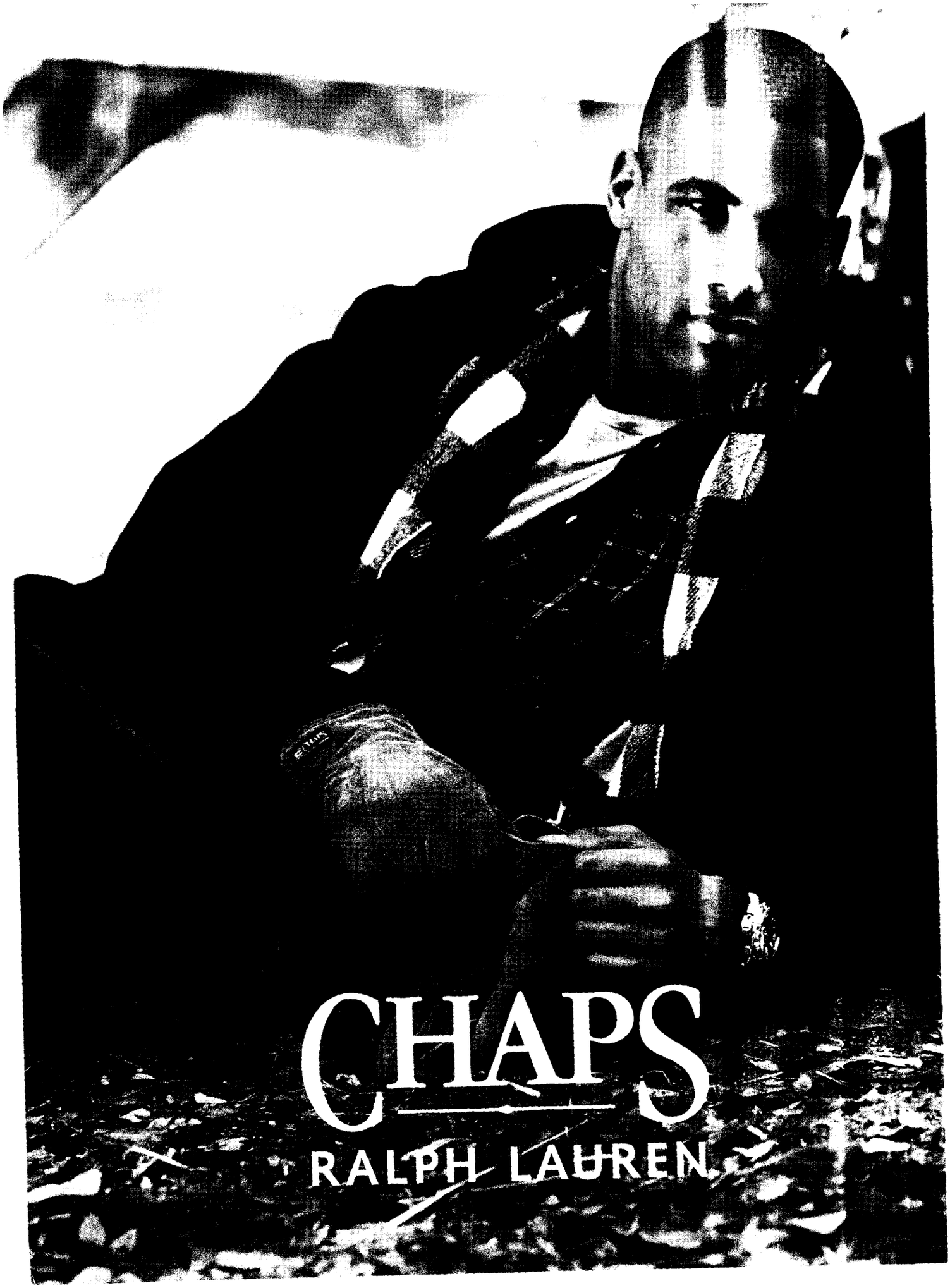
With other colleagues, members of this team have produced an extensive body of scholarly evidence on the impact of school choice programs. Following an independent review of their work, Harvard University economist Caroline Hoxby said "all of their studies use" high-quality methods that let observers objectively "learn how vouchers affect achievement" (see interview in *School Reform News*, September 2001). Professor Hoxby is an internationally recognized research expert.

An archive of this team's school choice research is available through Harvard's Program on Education Policy and Governance at www.ksg.harvard.edu/pepg/.

baeo
Black Alliance for Educational Options

For more information go to: www.schoolchoiceinfo.org or www.baeo.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED